Beginning John Wayne Series

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

14250

Fou… …in

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Chappaquiddick Ten Years Later: The Torments of Teddy

Terrorism Time Bomb

Duke Triumphant: Tribute to a Great American

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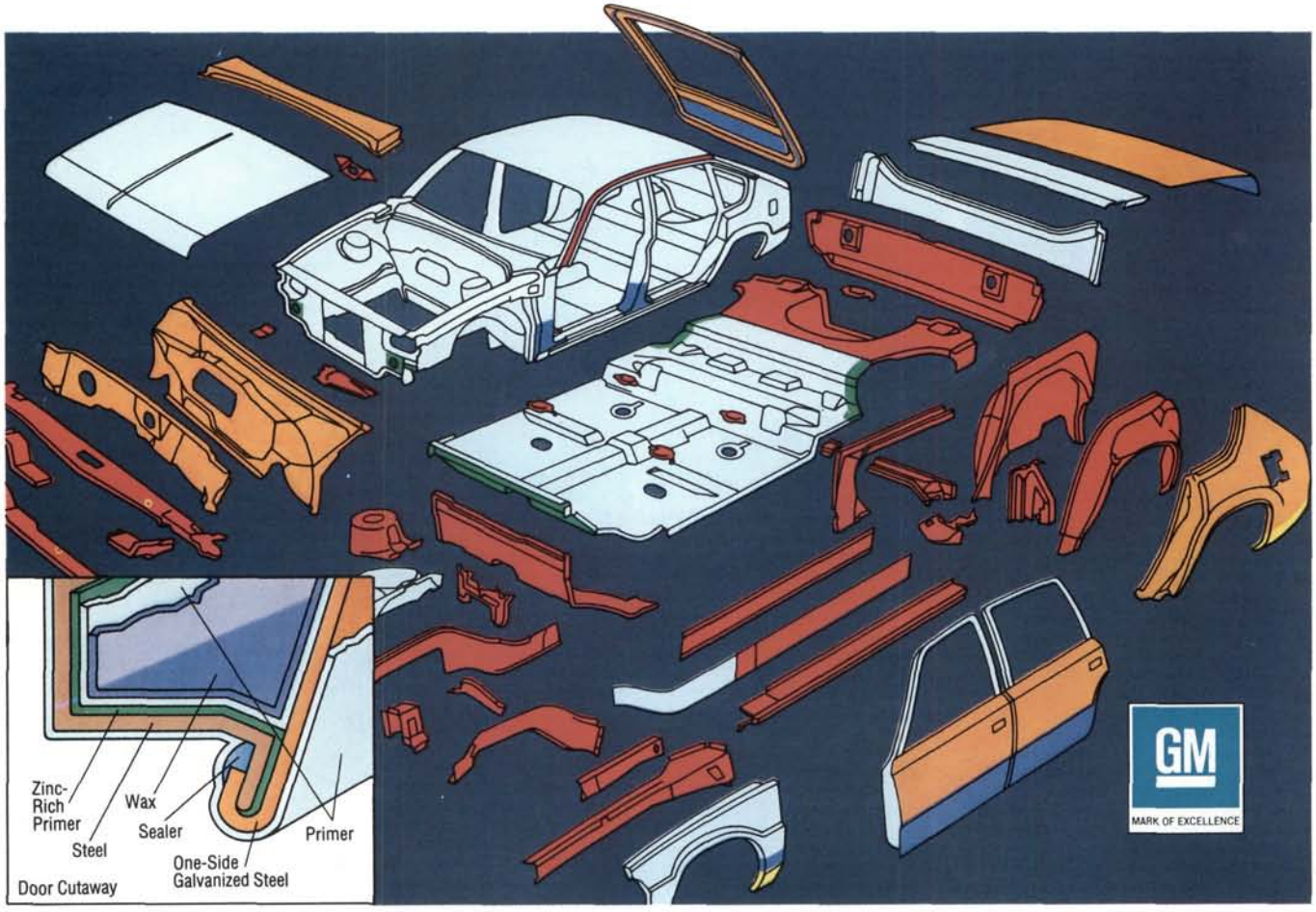
GM's New Front-Wheel-Drive Cars

Designed for durability. With everything you see in color to help make them last.



The new front-wheel-drive Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark have a mission. They're designed to fight rust tooth and nail so they'll last and look good for a long, long time.

Take a look at our diagram. Everything you see in color represents an area that has been protected by one or more corrosion-resisting treatments. All metal surfaces, including the light blue, have received a durable prime coat.

In addition, the red and orange areas are special metals like galvanized steel (one or both sides) or Zincrometal.®

The dark blues represent special sealers and waxes to help keep moisture away from sensitive metal areas.

The greens are additional primers rich in rust-inhibiting zinc.

And yellow represents plastisol materials designed to help protect exposed painted surfaces against stone damage.

What's more, these new cars use a larger proportion of galvanized steel than any other GM car. And in areas that are particularly vulnerable to corrosion, we even protect the galvanized. A quick glance at the cutaway diagram of a typical door will show you just how much goes into it to fight rust.

We're proud of the new Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark. We want to help them retain their good looks.

GM's Front-Runners for the '80s.

Look into buying or leasing at your GM dealers today.

Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega, Buick Skylark.

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How a phone call got a part-time bachelor off the hook.

Based on an actual call made to the toll-free 24-hour Whirlpool Cool-Line® service.

(Telephone Rings)

Cool-Line Consultant: Whirlpool Cool-Line. May I help you?

Man: If you don't she's going to kill me.

Consultant: What happened?

Man: It's our new self-cleaning oven. I think I ruined it. What can I do?

Consultant: We're here to help. Tell me about it.

Man: My wife is in the hospital. So for a week I've been batching it. Today she's coming home. So I decided to clean the oven for her. I turned the knob to CLEAN, but the oven won't heat up. And the oven door won't close. Can I get a serviceman out here fast?

Consultant: You really don't have to call a Whirlpool franchised Tech-Care® representative. Even though your warranty does cover it.

Man: I can never understand warranties.

Consultant: Ours are written so you can. But I think we can fix that oven over the phone. When a self-cleaning oven is turned to CLEAN, an automatic safety arm hooks the door closed. If your oven door wasn't closed when you turned it to CLEAN, the arm's blocking the door open.

Man: How can I get the door closed?

Consultant: Look on the edge of the oven for a small button. It operates the oven light and is part of the safety interlock system. Push the button in until you hear the motor stop running.

Man: Okay, the motor's running. Now it stopped.

Consultant: With the button still pushed in, turn the control dial back to OFF. The lock should retract.

Man: It's working! Now the door closes.

Consultant: Your oven will heat up, too.

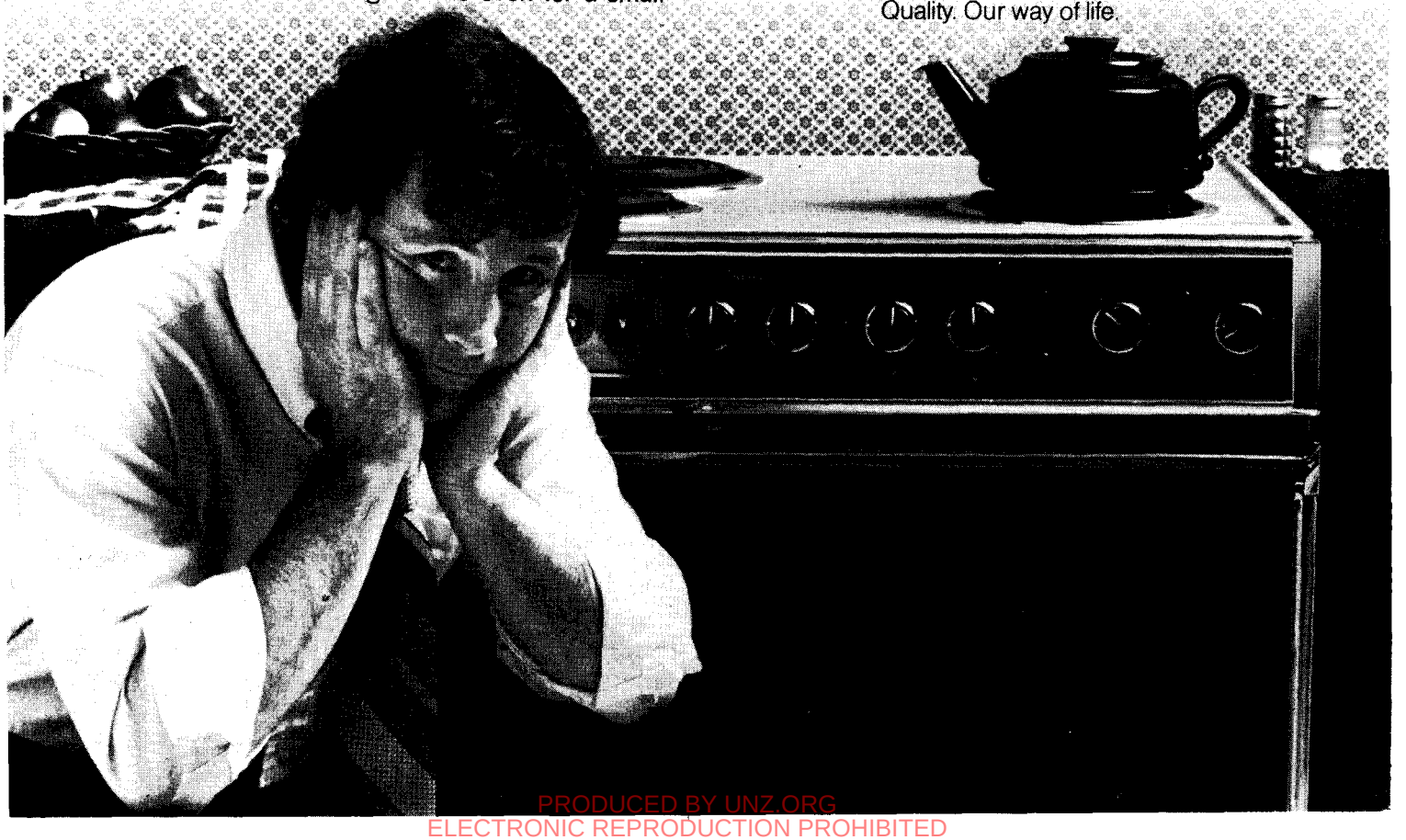
Man: You really saved me. Now I've got to pick up my wife and...new baby.

Consultant: Call again if we can help with your Whirlpool appliances. And congratulations on your baby.

This is the kind of two-way communication we've been having with our Whirlpool Cool-Line service for the past eleven years. It's just one example of the continuing concern we have for customers who purchase quality Whirlpool appliances.

If you ever have a question or problem with your Whirlpool appliance, call our toll-free 24-hour Cool-Line service at 800-253-1301. In Alaska and Hawaii, the number is 800-253-1121. In Michigan, call 800-632-2243.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances
Quality. Our way of life.



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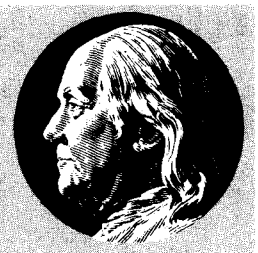
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN

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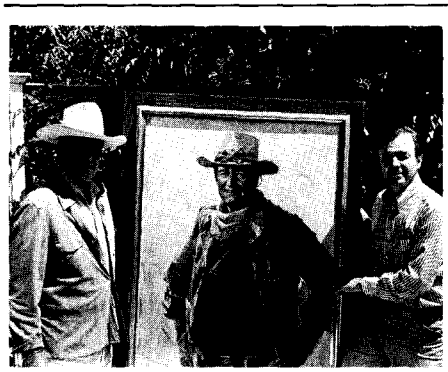

Studio Nine Inc

Artist Everett Raymond Kinstler is shown at the unveiling of our cover painting at Duke's Newport Beach home. Duke had recently recovered from a serious operation and Kinstler remarked how well he looked. Gesturing toward the portrait Duke said, "I'd rather look like him. I like that fellow in the portrait . . . and you know why? I look at him, and I *know* he's ready."

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Telex 27-440
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Bob Bernbach,
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KANSAS
Charles Kroll
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SAN FRANCISCO
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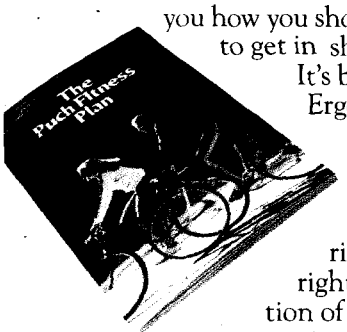
Where's it written you gotta suffer to get in shape?

We've just never bought the idea that exercise should give you a big pain. In fact, we figured that getting in shape should be a lot of fun. And our line of Puch bicycles proves our point.

Introducing the Puch Fitness Machines. We call them the Fitness Machines because we specifically designed Puch bicycles to not only firm up your muscles but to also increase the efficiency of your lungs, your heart and your blood circulation. In other words, to get your body to its maximum fitness while you're pedalling through the park, to the store or just cruising around the neighborhood.

To get you started, we'll give you a free copy of "The Puch Fitness Plan." Written by fitness experts, it tells you how you should use your Fitness Machine to get in shape at your own pace.



It's based on the principle of Ergonomics. Think of your body as the engine and the Puch as the machine. When the engine is moving the machine, the body is using the right muscles (the thighs) in the right motion (a smooth rotary action of the feet) at the right speed for a sustained period of time.

That's the whole idea behind the design of the Puch frames. The frame geometry is designed to place your body in the best riding position. The seat and head tubes are angled to distribute your weight perfectly over the front and rear wheels for the most efficient use of your energy.

To give you the best possible handling, the front fork has a slight forward curvature (that's called the "rake") so that it absorbs road shock and smooths out your ride.

So you see, the Puch frames are more than just something to hang the wheels on. They are the perfect attunement between your engine (your body) and your machine (your Puch).

Your Puch dealer is trained to fit your body to the right machine. In fact, he has a Puch Fitness Machine to fit you and your budget. So put your body on the path to fitness. Because it doesn't have to hurt to have fun getting fit anymore.

To get your free copy of "The Puch Fitness Plan" and the name of your nearest Puch dealer, send your name and address to Steyr Daimler Puch of America Corp., Box 7777, Dept. L, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

THE WORLD IS TURNING TO US.

PUCH

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Wayne to be proud of our Duke Triumphant
sent him our manuscripts and he sent us these
mmentary which we share here with our readers.
on page 57 and will continue in ensuing issues.

JOHN WAYNE

9570 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 400
Beverly Hills, California 90212
April 27, 1979

Dr. Cory SerVaas
The Curtis Publishing Company
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I was certainly complimented upon receiving part of the material that you are using in your "Saturday Evening Post" edition.

I received a call from Harry Jackson that you wish a sculpture for the cover-----pretty good for a country boy--- and that goes for both Jackson and me.

If you wish to correct some slight misinformation, I will include it in this letter; but actually, who cares; the mood and the feeling are most complimentary.

At any rate, for your own information, these are some facts.

I was born on May 26, 1907.

Concerning Yakima Canutt, he gained the nickname Yakima because he was from Washington and a couple of fellows from Yakima, Washington, made a bet on a, shall we say, drunken Sunday afternoon that they could ride any of the rough string horses that the rodeo ramrod had in for the bucking events. This is before the rodeo. Yak was about 17 years old. The two fellows couldn't ride the horse, and Yak was standing on the side unknown at that time and said, "Well, I am from Yakima, and I can ride him," and they said, "Well step aboard." And he did and immediately staked his claim into that territory by nose diving into the ground; and from then on, they called him Yakima. His right name is Ennos Cannut, of Irish ancestry.

Quite obviously, I didn't copy Yak's walk because we don't have any where near similar strides.

Yak used to play the heavy in a lot of the Saturday matinee movies that we made and would also double me if the stunt was too tough.

There was a place called Kernville back in those days. It was a beautiful little western town close to the Kern River, so it had pleasant vegetation and trees in its square. It is now at the bottom of a man-made lake to keep it from interfering with progress.

In those days, it was a haven for some pretty rough customers, some of whom didn't take too kindly to Yak. I saw a couple of

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them chivvi and challenge him and watched his reactions. When in real trouble he had a half humorous glint in his eye and talked very straight and very direct to his opponent. You had a feeling that there was a steel spring waiting to be released; but when he played a heavy in my pictures he made grimaces and raised his voice and snarled. I tried to explain to him that his REAL attitude was better than his REEL attitude for motion pictures. He didn't react to it, but I did; and I copied his REAL attitude when I face odds before the magic box.

I never used a mechanical horse in my life. To do close ups on "Stagecoach" with six lines in your hand, I suggested the use of elastic like that used in arm exercisers on the opposite end of the reins to give them a look of natural movement in close ups when using back projection.

It was then that Marion became John Wayne because Marion would not look good on the marquee. I liked that unknown, but the minor executive that was a fan of Mad Anthony Wayne was Winfield Sheehan, the head of William Fox Studios; and he suggested the use of that name because the General had been tough and a non-conformist.

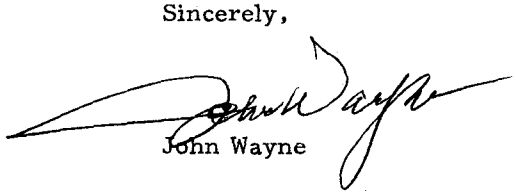
Actually, I told Zolotow that I was hired on as an Assistant for a George O'Brien western (I was actually hired as an actor but it was understood I would act as an Assistant---a scrounger today they would call them a Location Manager.) One of my jobs was to get 400 head of cattle into Blue Canyon which was 150 miles from any paved road. A preacher who had a little church on the Hopi Reservation agreed to help me gather them. In gathering those cattle, we horse-backed into Monument Valley.

For ten years I held that back as a possible future location. Finally when Jack Ford decided to use me for a lead in "Stagecoach," he said, "Now if I could only find a fresh, picturesque area to represent the West of the 1800's." I promptly suggested Monument Valley. He promptly suggested that I was hired as the actor and not the director; but he took note of what I had said and upon his return from location hunting, I was standing with some of the crew when he approached and said, "I have found the most colorful location that can ever be used for a picture." Then he looked directly at me and said, "Monument Valley." And I assure you from that moment on Jack Ford discovered Monument Valley.

In 1923, I was still in high school and John Ford did not make "The Covered Wagon." He made "The Iron Horse" with George O'Brien.

Those first westerns were not exactly films to be long remembered. I don't use the phrase "lousier than."

Sincerely,



JW/ps

John Wayne

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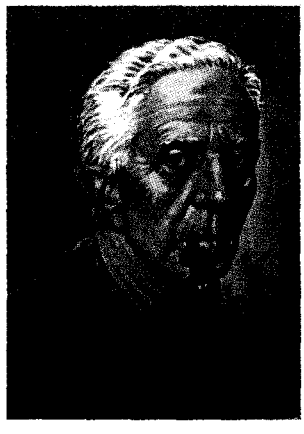
THE WONDERFUL WORLD

An important new collection of twelve porcelain bells featuring Saturday Evening Post classics by Norman Rockwell never before reproduced on collector bells.

Limited Edition Deadline: August 31, 1979.

COLLECTIBLES FOR ENDURING PLEASURE

Owning collectibles such as these can bring lasting enjoyment to you and future generations of your family. If some future generation should sell your collection for more than you paid, which is possible but far from certain, that would be a welcome bonus. But do not collect as an investment; collect for the sheer satisfaction of owning meaningful and important objects.



For more than 60 years, Norman Rockwell held up a mirror to America. We looked and saw reflections of ourselves: the way we live, love, laugh, cry—the way we feel about family, friends, neighbors, community, and country.

No other artist has looked so kindly

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Bells shown smaller than actual size of 5⅜" in height.

OF NORMAN ROCKWELL

on human nature. Norman Rockwell's wit was gentle, his wisdom genial, his warmth genuine. His paintings were inspired works of genius. How fortunate we are to have them—his lasting legacy to America!

Norman Rockwell was at his very best when painting covers for **The Saturday Evening Post**—perhaps because the Post, like Rockwell himself, was so perfectly attuned to the people. From 1916 to 1963, for two generations of Americans, Rockwell painted covers depicting life in America. It is impossible to think of Rockwell without thinking of the Post—and vice versa.

A magnificent tribute to America's best-loved artist.

Now, by authority of **The Saturday Evening Post,** twelve of Rockwell's most memorable paintings will appear—**for the first time**—on beautiful bells of fine Bavarian porcelain.

Represented on these twelve bells are all the qualities that made Rockwell America's best-loved artist: the celebration of everyday delights...the tender

(continued on next page)

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Shown above are six of the bells from the collection as you might display them in your home or office.

(continued from previous page)

recognition of human follies and foibles... the surprise of the eye-catching moment ...and, above all, Rockwell's love of people: his faith in humanity's basic goodness.

Bells of fine Bavarian porcelain

Each of the twelve bells in this officially authorized collection will be flawlessly crafted in fine Bavarian porcelain. A wide range of ceramic colors will be used to recreate Rockwell's brilliant mastery of lighting, shading, texture, and color. In addition to the reproduction of his painting, each bell will also bear the famous Norman Rockwell signature.

The porcelain will possess a remarkable luminous quality causing the colors to radiate with a jewel-like glow. As an exquisite finishing touch, two bands of precious 22 kt. gold will be hand-applied to each bell.

A limited edition

To further enhance its unique collecting status, **The Wonderful World of Norman Rockwell** bell collection will be issued in a limited edition available exclusively by advance subscription and only from the Danbury Mint. No bells will be sold separately and none will be available in stores. The attached application is guaranteed acceptance only if postmarked on or before August 31, 1979. The size of the U.S. edition will be forever limited to the number of sets reserved by this final deadline.

Convenient acquisition at a guaranteed price

To reserve your collection of Norman Rockwell bells, simply complete the attached reservation application. You need send no money now. The twelve individual bells will be issued at the convenient

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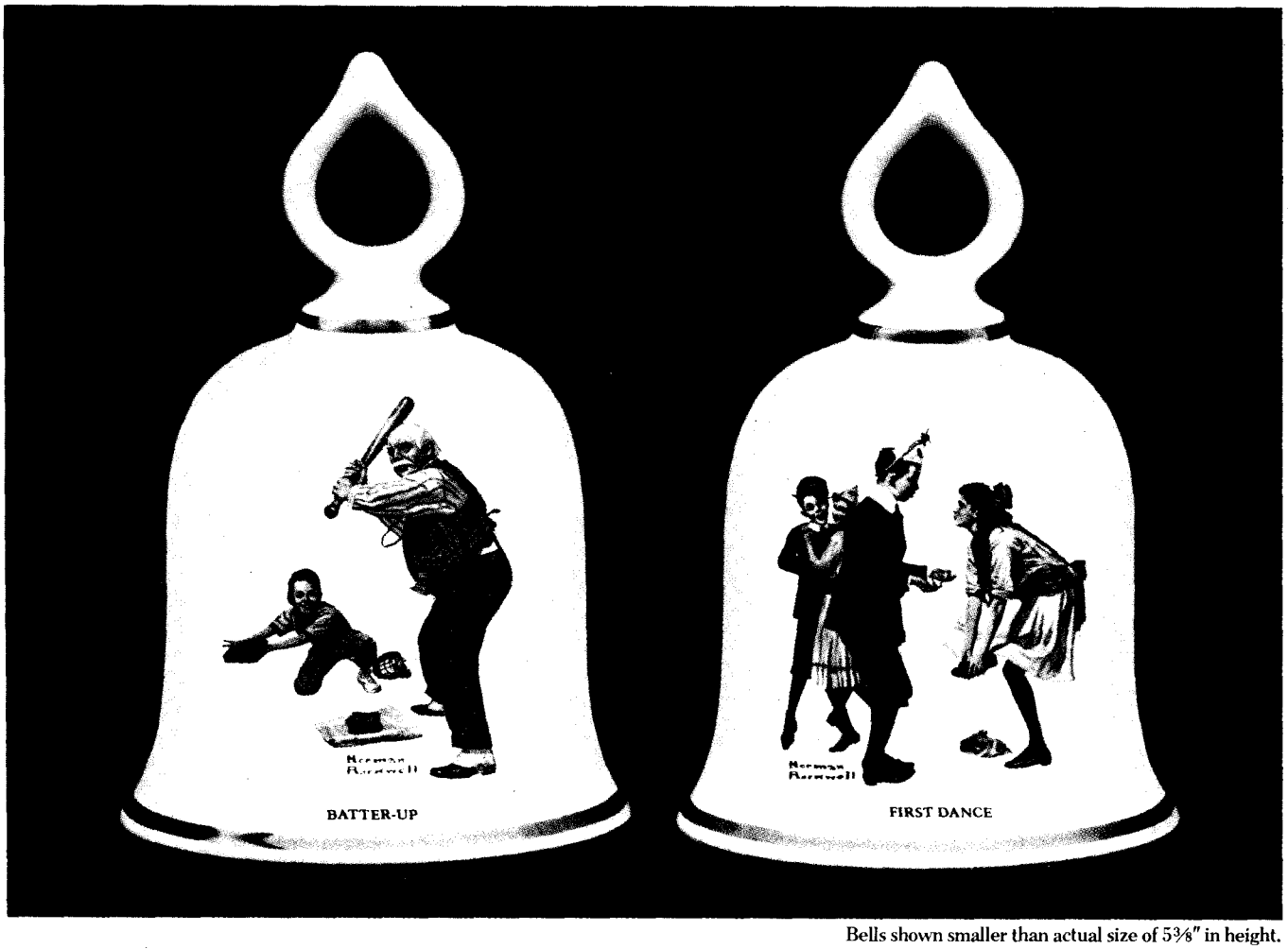

Bells shown smaller than actual size of 5⅜" in height.

rate of one every two months. You will be billed for each of your bells at two-month intervals, and the original issue price is guaranteed for each bell throughout the entire collection.

Satisfaction assured

If you should receive any bell you are not completely satisfied with, you may return it for replacement or refund. Naturally, you may discontinue your subscription at any time.

Prompt action is essential

Remember, acceptance of your reservation can be guaranteed only until August 31, 1979. So please act promptly. In years to come, as everyone realizes that there will never again be an artist like Norman Rockwell, your limited edition collection is certain to become even more admired. Do reserve your bells today!

RESERVATION APPLICATION N5

The Wonderful World of Norman Rockwell
Bell Collection

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Guaranteed acceptance only if postmarked by August 31, 1979

Please accept my reservation application to **The Wonderful World of Norman Rockwell** bell collection. I understand this is a collection of 12 fine Bavarian porcelain bells featuring classic Norman Rockwell paintings never before reproduced on collector bells. The collection will be issued at the rate of one bell every two months at a cost of $27.50 per bell (plus $1.50 for postage and handling).

I understand I need send no money now. I will pay for each bell as billed at two-month intervals. I may cancel my subscription at any time, and any bell I am not completely satisfied with may be returned for replacement or refund.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Signature_____

☐ Check here if you want each bell charged, as it is shipped, to your

☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA.

Credit Card No. Expiration Date

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RON GUIDRY: THE CAJUN IS RAGIN'

Has success spoiled the hottest hurler in the major leagues? Not on your life. Here's one Yankee who's just a southern boy at heart.

by Hank Nuwer

A phone call breaks the stillness of a Louisiana night. A hand fumbles in the dark to locate a receiver alongside the bed.

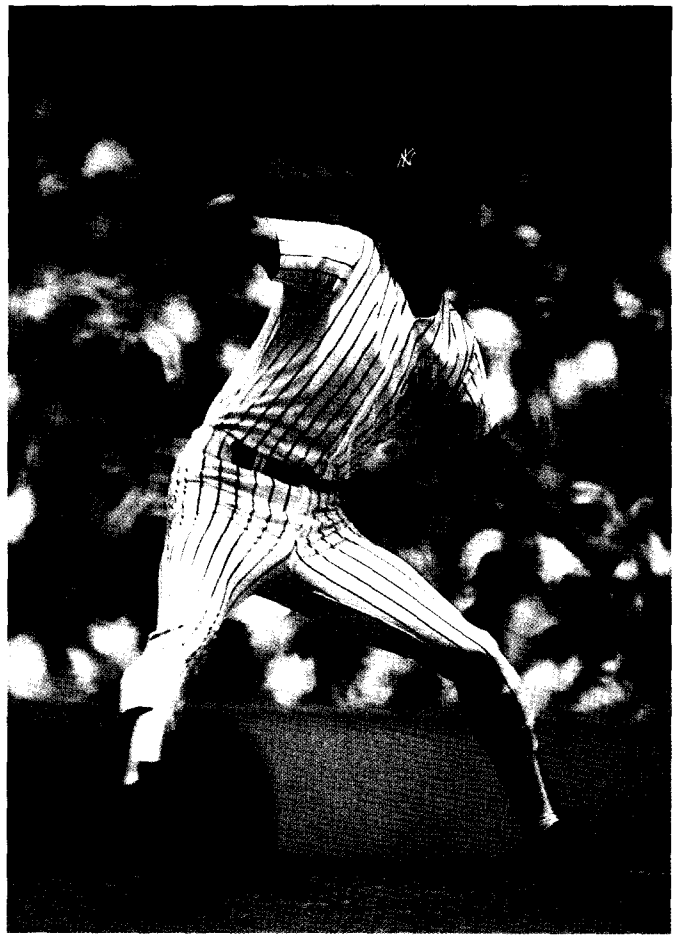
"How's your arm?" demands the caller.

"It's sore," responds a groggy voice. "Doc thinks he might have to cut it off."

A loud frightened squawk floats over the wire, but the phone is already back on the hook.

Life isn't easy for druggist Ron Guidry of Lafayette, Louisiana, these days. Ever since his cousin with the same darn name won 25 games against three losses for the World Champion New York Yankees last season, Ron's phone hasn't stopped jangling. His ball-playing relative has had the good sense to obtain an unlisted number, but a druggist must leave his in the telephone book. Can't tell when a patient might need a prescription.

"They wanna know if I'm the *real* Ron Guidry!" wails the frustrated pharmacist. "They're making me feel bad. Heck, I'm *real*, ain't I?"



This pitcher doesn't field the tough questions. "I tell the truth. If a writer distorts what I say, I'll call and give him my honest opinion of what I think of him, *too."*

The problem, of course, is that Cousin Ron, the pitcher, is so *unreal*. En route to leading the Yanks to their second consecutive World Championship in 1978, Guidry evolved into the game's greatest hero. No other pitcher excites the frenzy he arouses. When Guidry slips one strike past a hitter, a roar shakes Yankee Stadium. Two strikes stir up pandemonium. The third sends seismologists scurrying to take an earthquake reading. Last season, he set a club record with 248 strikeouts.

Guidry, who hails from soggy bayou country 180 miles west of New Orleans, is nicknamed the "Ragin' Cajun" by sports scribes. His 96-mph fastball is dubbed "Louisiana Lightnin'," and care packages of crawfish on ice are airfreighted to him at Yankee Stadium by a boyhood friend. What better place to interview the 28-year-old star than in Lafayette, Louisiana, I muse, as I stride up the seashell-paved driveway which leads to Guidry's dreamhouse.

The athlete greets me at the door. He is smaller than I had imagined, a slim six feet and 160 pounds at best, but as muscular as a quarter horse. His olive Banlon shirt is split along two seams, and his jeans have survived a hundred washings. The conversation opens with a discussion of the *other* Ron Guidry, and the pitcher assures me that the druggist's traumas have not been one-sided.

"My wife, Bonnie, can tell you that I'll have a nickel on Monday and on Friday will have five cents," grins Guidry, easing into a captain's chair in the kitchen. "I can tell you where practically every penny of my money goes." But suddenly, says Guidry, his checkbook began leaking money. "I looked into it right away," he says. "*I* sure wasn't writing all those checks."

An indignant visit to the bank provided an answer. It turned out that both the druggist and pitcher held accounts at the same branch. Bank employees had noted the famous name, ignored the account number, and charged all checks to the ballplayer's account. Ron Guidry, the druggist, had gained sweet—if temporary—revenge.

Bonnie Guidry enters the kitchen, and, as if on

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cue, the phone rings. Eavesdropping slightly while she slips the receiver under her ample harvest of blonde hair, I learn that she is going to model a wedding dress at some future function or another. Seeing us both listening in, Guidry's wife sends us packing upstairs. As we go, the hurler gives me an informal tour. He sees me gaping upward and explains that the cathedral-like walls are part of his design.

"I like high ceilings," Guidry says. "I always wanted a house with big openings because I don't want to feel crowded or like I am enclosed. This isn't really *that* big of a house; I don't have as many rooms as other people do. But you look at all my rooms and they are *big*. I like a lot of room to breathe."

An expensive glass chandelier, a rather elaborate fireplace, and a polished wood gunrack are the only signs of Guidry's newly won affluence. "We really don't have a lot of things that other people have," says Guidry, reading my thoughts, "but we don't need them. They're not what makes *us* happy." Guidry's voice is as melodious as an organ. He is of French-Acadian stock (the hardy Cajun people exiled from Nova Scotia in the mid-18th century) and he is proud of his heritage.

Upstairs, Guidry settles into a new sofa, and I flick on my tape recorder and plop down opposite him. Once the formality of showing his visitor some Southern hospitality is over, he becomes a study in body English during the interview. His left leg is dumped over his right away from me, and he displays more of his back than front. The reason for his reluctance becomes apparent when I ask for a voice reading. "Interview 65," he quips. Guidry's sudden popularity has hit him like a buzzsaw. Too many teeth are biting in at once. He explains that it isn't anything personal.

Ron and daughter Jamie demonstrate that Dad can do easily what a lot of pitchers can't—he's handling one here high and on the inside, and it's clear he's turning it into a big hit.

"Success hasn't really taken anything from me other than my time," says Guidry. "I've less time with my family and to work with kids. Less free time that I can do the things that I like to do."

All right, he is asked, what *do* you like to do?

"Hunt!" The word is fired like a gunshot. "Not that it's better than anything else. It's just what I like." Discussing the sport, it is apparent that Ron Guidry is serious as a heart attack about shooting. When he hunts, the Louisianan carts along five Remington shotguns. Each, he says, serves a different purpose. Hunting, insists Guidry, is a lot like pitching. "You let the game make the mistake," he says. "You try to size both up and you already know what your target is capable of." In baseball, "It's just a matter of outfoxing or outthinking the batter. When you think he's guessing, you burn him. Once you get him thinking, you've won half the battle." Tying his point together, Guidry says: "You study them [the batter and the bird]. Experience pays off playing ball and hunting."

Who, he is asked, is good at making the hunter the hunted?

"George Brett," responds Guidry, naming the oft-injured Kansas City Royals third baseman who singlehandedly tried to deoxidize New York during the championship playoffs last fall.

"Even though he's a lefthander against [my] lefthanded pitching, George is a guy I have more trouble with than anybody else. You take for granted that no matter what you throw, he can hit it. You can almost concede him a hit every time he comes up. But when you concede him three or four hits every game right off the bat, you have a better chance if you make him hit it to the opposite field because he's not going to hurt you. If he gets a single to left field, you've stopped his power.

"And once you do face Brett and you get him out, you forget about him and go get the next guys. But when you know he's coming up an inning or two later, you want to make sure that you get those guys preceding him out. You sure don't want him up there to bat with one or two outs and a couple guys on base. You have to be tougher with the guys who don't hit as well as George does. Check Brett's average against me. It's tremendous. It might be .500. But check and see how many runs he drives in against me. It might be two runs. I don't care if a guy gets 25 hits off me; it's the end result that counts."

An unusual man, this Ronald Ames Guidry. What other major league hurler would admit to conceding *anyone* a hit as part of his overall strategy? Guidry is equally candid when he discusses his only flaw as a hurler—his pickoff move to first base.

"I'll admit that I don't have the best move. I'll throw over there once in a while, and I'll only pick off a guy once in a while. When I get a guy he's

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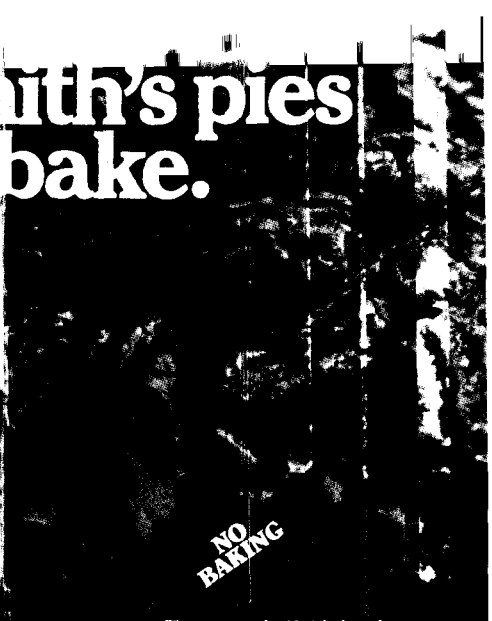

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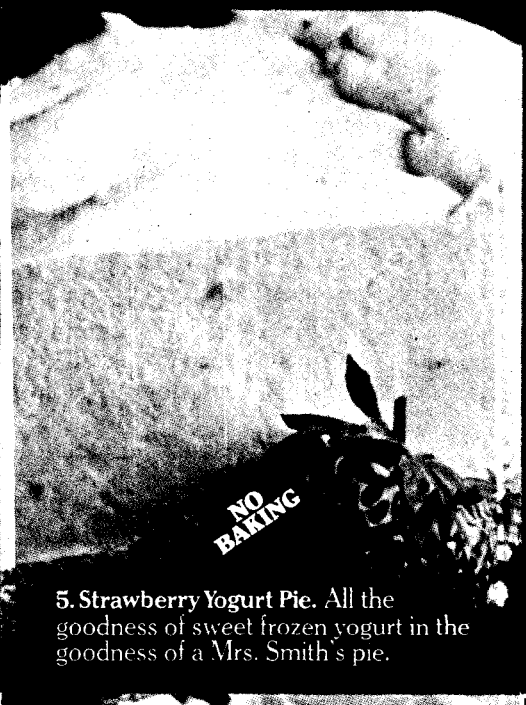

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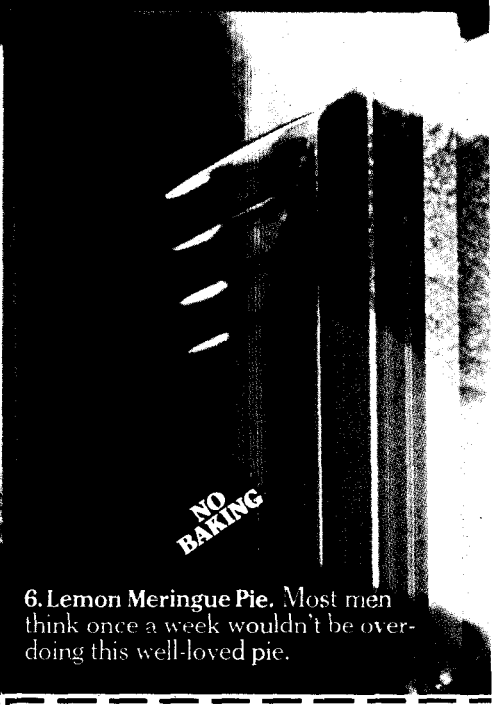
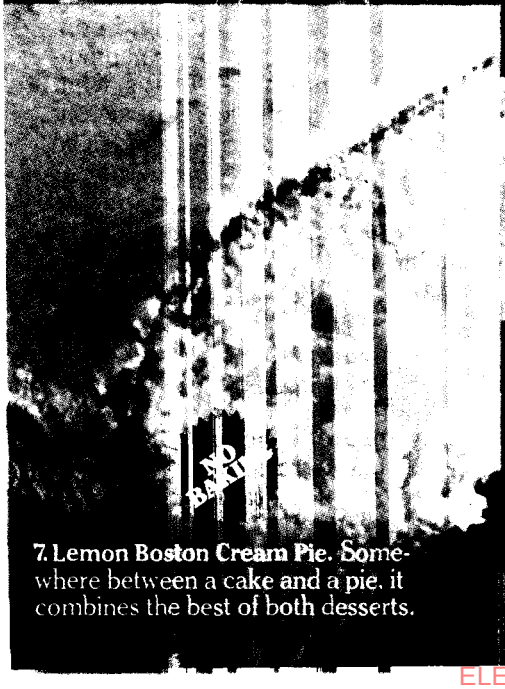
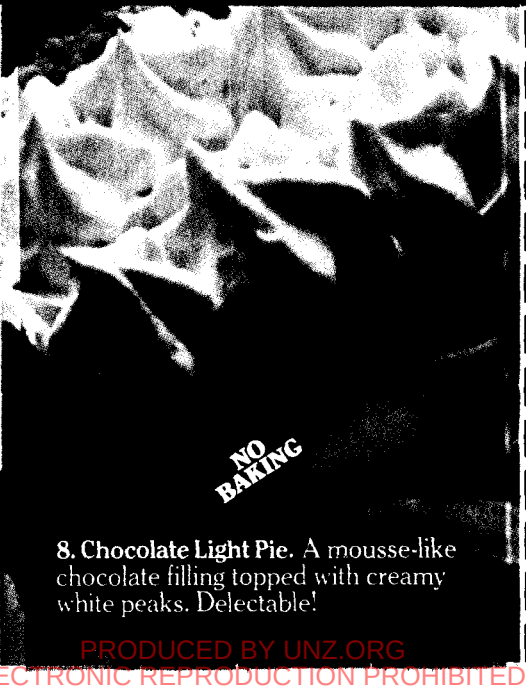


6. Lemon Meringue Pie. Most men think once a week wouldn't be overdoing this well-loved pie.



7. Lemon Boston Cream Pie. Somewhere between a cake and a pie, it combines the best of both desserts.



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running toward second and they [his fielders] get him picked off. I guess right, that's all, and I don't do it often—maybe three-four times a year. But still, it cuts down on running. If a guy is on first, it pays off for me to have the ability to strike out an average of one guy an inning. I concentrate more on the batter. I don't feel that I have to get a good move to keep the guy over there. I have confidence that I can get a guy out at the plate anytime."

Get batters out he does and so often that he is rated as the Yankee's all-time "stopper." In 1978, an incredible 14 of his wins followed New York defeats. Guidry was the pitcher of record in the single game playoff victory against Boston last fall which gave his club the American League East title. He also wrapped up the pennant against K.C. by sticking the Royals with a defeat in the crucial fourth championship series. And if all that isn't enough, check the record book to see what certain Cajun moved down the L.A. Dodgers in the third game of the World Series.

During the Hot Stove season last winter, Guidry's heroics earned him every prestigious award in baseball . . .save one. He was named winner of the Cy Young Award in the American League, Man of the Year by *Sporting News*, Performer of the Year by *Sport* magazine, and American League Player of the Year. But Guidry was *not* named the American League's Most Valuable Player. That award went to Boston's powerful Jim Rice, and it rankles Guidry.

The Guidrys, who met in high school, have come a long way from the days when sophomore Bonnie was reluctant to date senior Ron. "He was the big stud in school," she grins.

"I had a good year, and he had a good year. But it seems Rice had a better year than I did because he was voted MVP," says Guidry. "I think he was voted that award because he is an everyday player. That's the only reason. I *don't* think his season was better than mine. If I played with Boston and Rice played with New York, I think Boston would have won."

When Guidry speaks of star catcher Thurman Munson, a discernible tinge of awe is in his voice. "I've got confidence in Thurman's calls," he says. But the batterymate admits that Munson, built like a coffin and equally ominous, can be intimidating. "Thurman barks at everyone," says Guidry. "He comes out to the mound and says, 'You have to throw to the mitt today because you have nothing. Your fastball is slow and your slider's not breaking.'

"He gets you to thinking, 'Well, jeez, is that true?' You've been throwing a fastball and guys are swinging late, but deep down he's got you thinking it's not good enough. So he makes you start throwing to spots, and with that good fastball you're that much harder to hit."

"That fastball" is Guidry's bread and butter—or, at today's prices, caviar and cracker—pitch. "I don't need to knock a guy down to gain his respect," insists the Cajun. "I throw him fastballs to gain it, and I throw them right down the middle if I have to. When he can't hit them, I've got his respect."

Guidry is checking his watch and informs me that he must leave soon to pick up fellow Yankee pitcher Ken Clay from the Lafayette airport. Clay is flying in from Virginia to give Louisiana's bird population a bad time. The conversation shifts to the topic of money to complete the interview. What, Guidry is asked, does he think about superstar Pete Rose's abandonment of the Cincinnati Reds for Philadelphia just for a few paltry million dollars? The implication is obvious. Will Guidry do the same one day?

"Personally," Guidry responds, "I would like to stay in New York until I'm finished playing. I broke a lot of records that guys had accumulated over a period of time. If I stay a while, it's going to give someone else something to shoot for." Again, a hunting term. Guidry's speech is full of them.

"If I decide to get more money some day," continues Guidry, "it will be nothing more than approaching baseball like a businessman. That's what Rose has done." The ballplayer strokes his swashbuckler's mustache. "I'll have to play with the idea so I don't have to wonder the rest of my life whether or not I made the right move."

Security is important to Guidry. His father, a muscular man who affects shirts open to the belly, still punches a time clock for the Southern Pacific railroad. "It's a job," shrugs Roland Guidry. The younger Guidry is aware of how ephemeral a ballplayer's career can be. Steel arms rust. A career-ending injury may be a slide away. A superstar like former Brooklyn Dodger Carl Furillo went from the pros to a hard-hat job fixing elevators in Manhattan.

Guidry reaches over to a coffee table and pulls a computer chess game onto his lap. It goes up in degree of difficulty from one to ten. Guidry sets it for number four. He makes a calculated first move. "The

Continued on page 118

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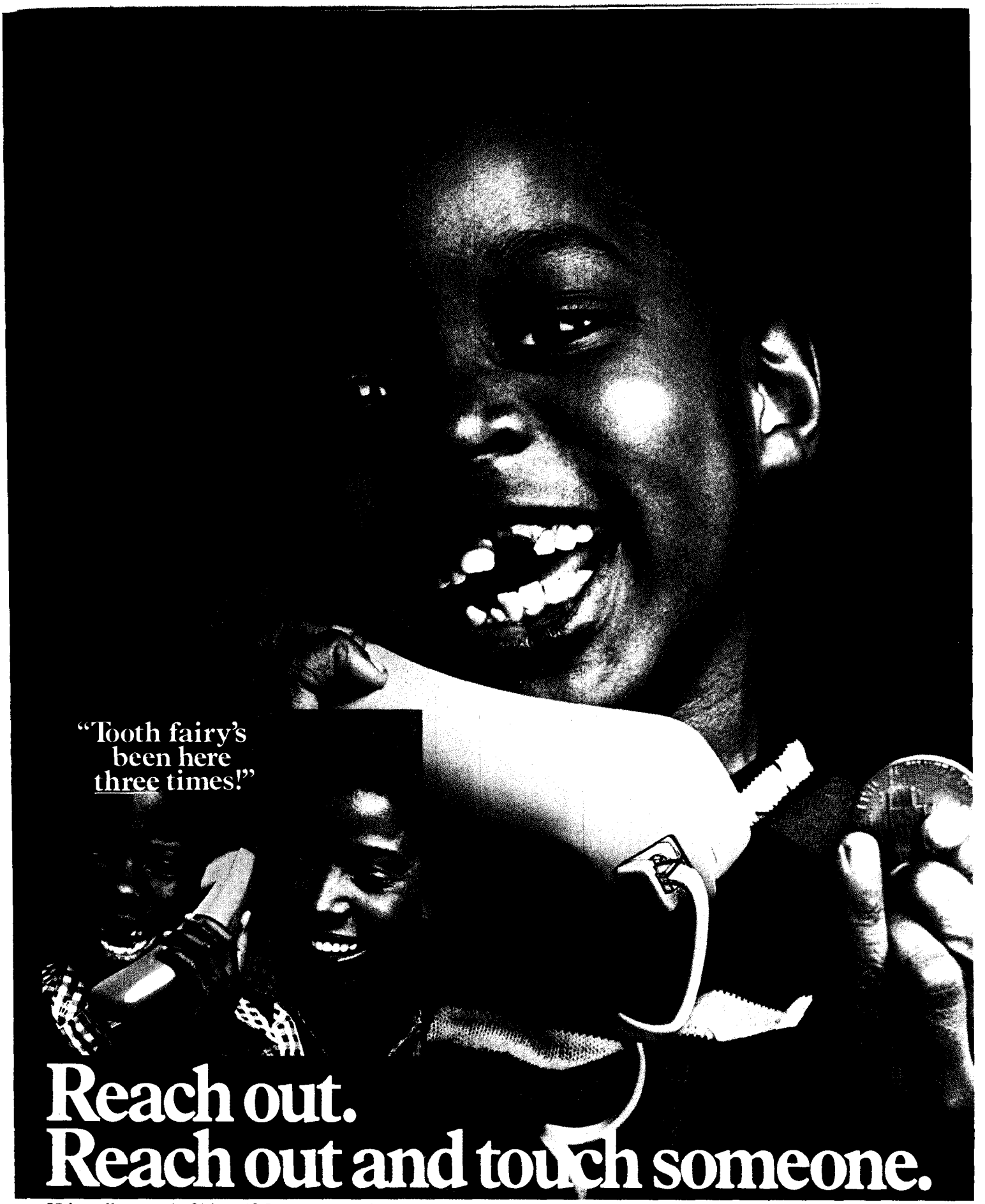

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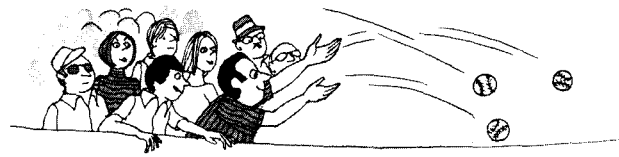
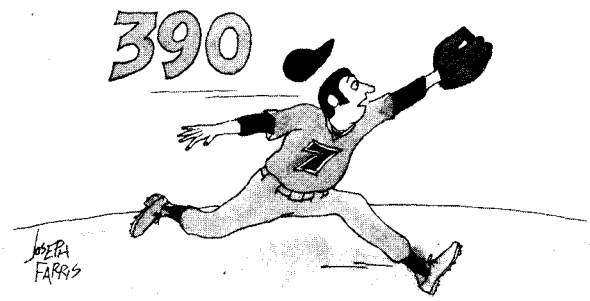
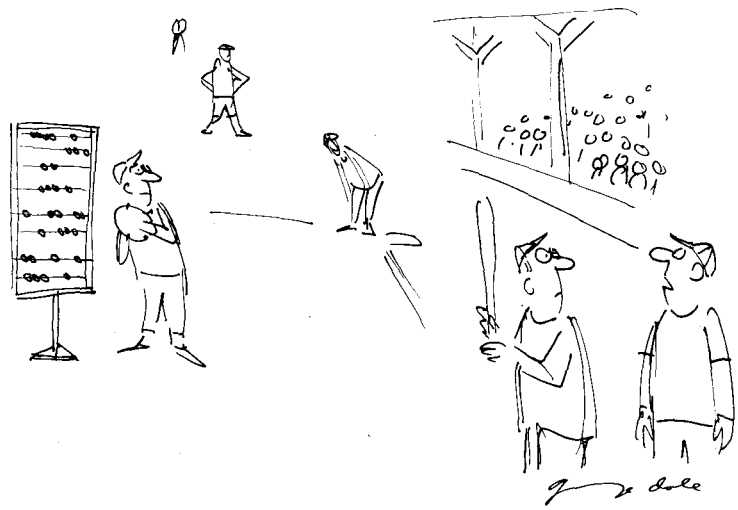




"Out, yet safe."



"He's developed quite an elaborate set of signals."

"Thanks for the offer, kid, but I'll spit on my own hands."

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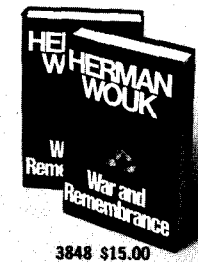

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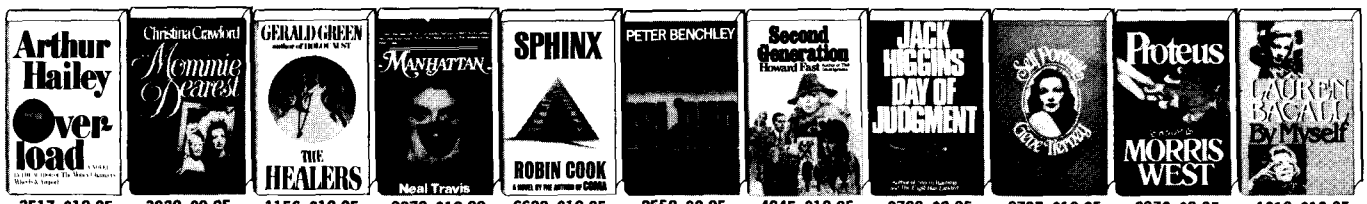

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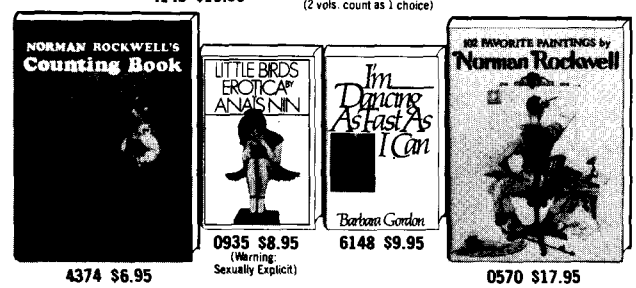

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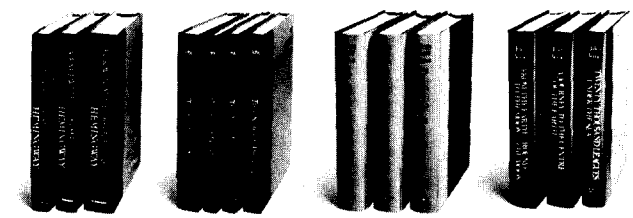

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SCIENCE FICTION

THE BLUE-PLATE SPECIAL

No diner was ever like this. The proprietors came in peace, and the food was out-of-this-world.

by Kem Bennett

Early one May morning a flying saucer hovered over Walker, California, and came quietly to earth on the outskirts of the town on Highway 399. It then lost the well-known shape of a flying saucer and acquired instead that of a roadside eating house, with neon signs saying "Charlie's Lunch—Steaks, Dogs, Burgers. Southern Fried Chicken a Specialty."

At six a trucker called Ollie Lindberg, new to the route and therefore lacking the habit of eating anyplace in particular, pulled his rig into the forecourt of Charlie's Lunch, got out, tried the door, found it open and walked inside. He never came out.

Not far away, a man in pajamas stood at his bedroom window, yawning. When he saw Charlie's Lunch in the distance, he blinked and frowned; turned away from the window, shaking his head and wondering if his eyes deceived him. Taking a second look, he was just in time to see a flying saucer take off from an empty lot on Highway 399. The police were at first cynical, but after they had examined Ollie Lindberg's deserted rig, they changed their tune.

Two days later, a restaurant landed near Greenway, Virginia, where it abducted a girl called Esmeralda Dingle, who dropped in for a soda on her way to work.

These events made happy times for the press. The newspapers went to town with banner headlines like "Sabre Jets Stand By," "Don't Use Strange Eateries," "Physicists Say It Can't Happen," and "Is This the Prelude to Invasion?" Then reports from France, where a saucer simulated a roadside bistro; and from England, where another displayed the versatility to turn itself into a mock-Tudor public house, complete with phony oak beams and plasterwork, spread the publicity over the face of the world. The only element of the world's population who failed to enjoy the sensation were the proprietors of the remoter eating places, whose trade fell off considerably.

The farmer stopped his station wagon on the main highway before turning into the dirt-road entrance to his farm. "This is as far as I go, friend. There's an intersection a mile up the road. Ain't nothing there but a gas station, but you should be able to thumb a ride into Gallup easy enough."

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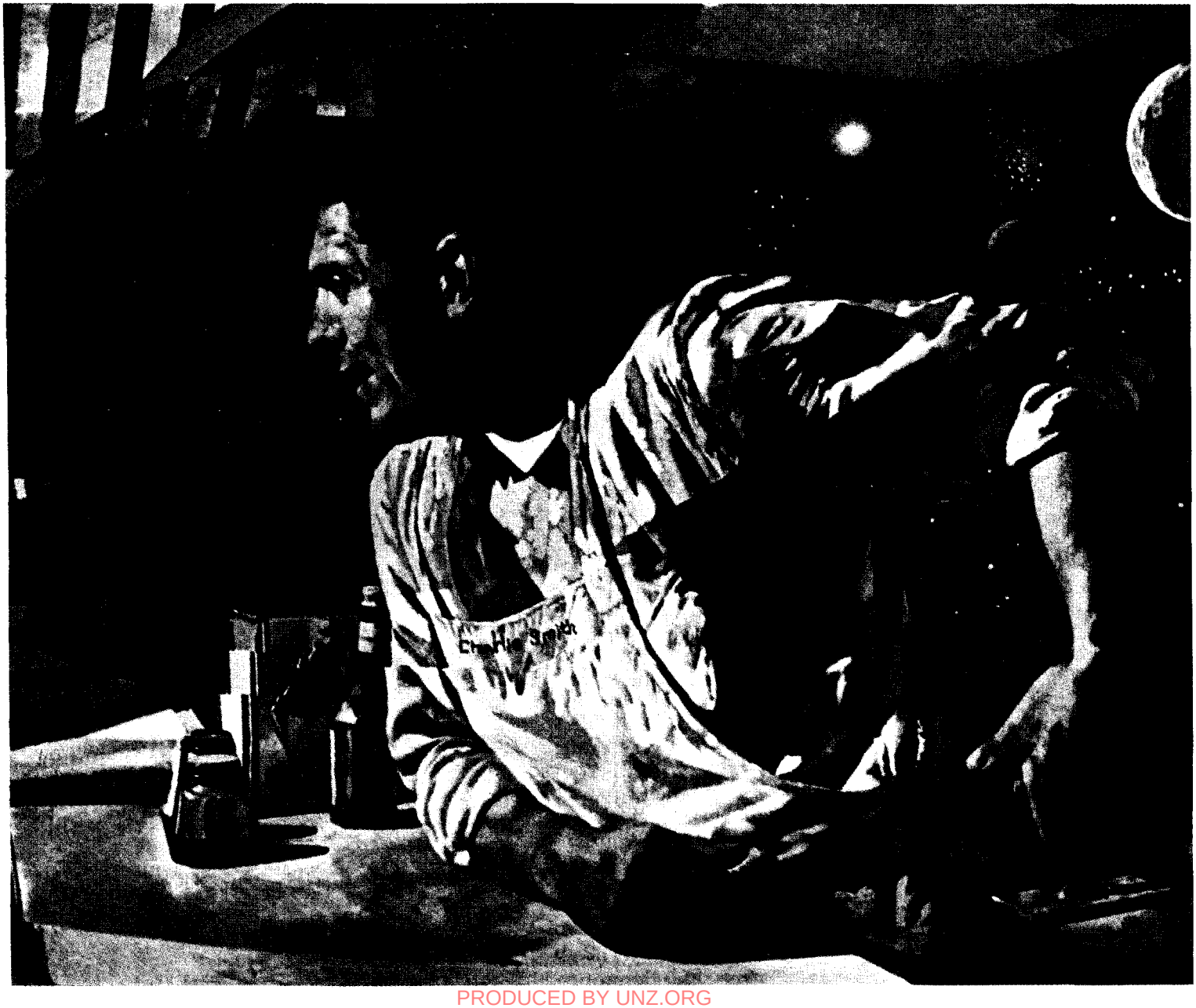
Jeremy thanked him, got out, fished his rucksack out of the back of the wagon, waved as the farmer drove down the dirt road, and then trudged off in the direction of the intersection. The vastness of America's Southwest stretched away for mile after mile on every side. Now for the first time this vastness pressed in on Jeremy, reminding him of his loneliness, his poverty and his utter lack of prospects. While he trudged he thought of Los Angeles, where he had been a writer until the panic impact of three-dimensional pictures had caused his studio to drop his option like a hot brick. Los Angeles meant the following things to Jeremy: success, three pictures, three years with money dripping out of his trousers pockets, marriage to an actress with plenty of shape, no scruples and a ratlike disdain for sinking ships, an imported car, and a house off Beverly Glen Boulevard in the Santa Monica Mountains. It had also meant two years with no pictures, less and less money, less and less house, car and actress.

Had he had the wit, he told himself as his tattered boots scuffed up the dust of the roadside, he would have got out quickly—while there was still enough money in the bank to buy him a ticket back to England. In England the 3-D scare was over before it ever arrived. In England, with Hollywood glamour and three credits to help him, he could hardly have failed to dig a living out of the picture business.

In England he might even have been able to go back to writing the sort of thing writers ought to write—novels, for example, or anyway short stories. Mug!

Five minutes later, Jeremy lifted his gaze from the dusty black surface of the highway, already warming up as the morning sun got into its stride, and looked ahead with narrowed eyes. In the distance he could see the intersection, marked by a transverse line of telegraph poles and two low, shacklike buildings. One of these he readily identified by its pumps as the gas station that the farmer had mentioned, and the other had



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the look of a roadside café.

He put his hand into his trousers pocket, feeling the shape and pleasant solidity of the silver quarter, which was all the money he possessed. Coffee? Or maybe a sandwich? Or a pack of cigarettes? His mouth watered. Forget the cigarettes.

Jeremy's pace increased. Head bent, rucksack pushing him forward and downward as he leaned into his stride, he drove his lankiness toward the intersection.

Then, sometime later, he stopped. "Ain't nothing there but a gas station," the farmer had said. Jeremy stared, frowning, toward the intersection. Two buildings—one of them, by now, unmistakably a gas station, and the other, equally unmistakably, an eating place. Recent headlines leaped into his mind's eye. Then he shrugged. *Don't be a fool, Jeremy, my boy; the farmer must have forgotten.*

But the farmer hadn't forgotten. At the roadside 200 yards from the intersection, a woman and two children cowered in the ditch while a man in greasy mechanic's overalls stood above them, staring toward the café. He had a shotgun in his hands.

"Good morning," Jeremy said.

The man turned. His eyes were bright with panic. "It's one of Them! I tell you it's one of Them!"

"How do you know?"

"Last night when we went to bed, it ain't there. This morning it is. It's one of Them, bud! It's got to be!"

"Well," Jeremy said, "fancy that."

"Come again?" The gas-station proprietor was looking at Jeremy as if he suspected he were a Martian. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm an Englishman. Flat broke. Trying to get home. I was a writer in Hollywood until the roof fell in."

"Oh." Part of the suspicion died out of the eyes of the man in overalls. "What are you gonna do?" he said.

Jeremy had his rucksack on the ground. He opened it and took out a pencil and a notebook. He was smiling. "I'm going to have a look at it."

"You must be crazy! You don't know what the thing'll do. You stay away from it, bud. Maybe it'll go away if we leave it alone."

Jeremy shook his head. "No. I don't think it'll do me any harm so long as I don't go in. I'm going to take a look."

The woman whispered, "Don't go, mister. Those things ain't natural."

Jeremy smiled at her. Then he walked away.

A pulse beat—thud, thud, thud—inside his head and in the soles of his feet. He hadn't felt anything like it since Anzio in 1944.

"Enjoying your new staple gun, Willett?"

This is it, an inward voice was saying. *This is your chance, Jeremy boy. Eyewitness account—syndicated all over the world. Why did I sell my camera? My heaven, this is it.* He started to wonder how much a first-class suite on the *Queen Elizabeth* would cost him.

"Rest-a-While Café," the sign said over the door. "Come in and Eat! Coffee, Franks, Hot Dogs. Our Beer is Cold!"

Jeremy stopped at a safe distance—30 yards. Was it safe? It felt safe. He propped his notebook on his knee, leaning with his back against a telegraph pole, and sketched the place with careful attention to detail. Then he scribbled down his thoughts. The windows revealed no movement. He waited.

Nothing happened. Jeremy took a few paces forward. A few more. Reluctantly, suspiciously, a few more again. He came to the porch and stopped. Could this—this monument of American ordinariness—be a flying saucer in disguise, a visitation, a creation of nonhuman beings? For heaven's sake!

In a moment of careless disbelief, he put his foot on the step of the porch. Nothing happened. He advanced. Nothing happened. He reached out his arm and gently opened the door. Inside there was a service counter, tables with plastic tops, peeling chromium fittings, behind the counter, a cash register, and a Man.

The Man was as tall as Jeremy—six feet and a little more. He had a brown face and graying hair, well-kept brown hands resting gently on the counter, and a warm welcoming smile. He wore a white apron with a name embroidered over the breast pocket—Charlie Smith.

"Good morning," he said in English. "What can I get you, friend?"

"Good morning. I—I don't know. I can't make up my mind whether to eat or not."

"I should if I were you," the Man said. "Got to eat to live, you know."

"The trouble is I'm pretty broke. What can you give me for 25 cents?"

"Are you an American?" the Man behind the bar asked.

"No. English."

"Down on your luck?"

"A bit."

The Man nodded sympathetically. "Can happen to anybody. Do you like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding?"

"Ye-es."

Continued on page 108

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PRAYER WORKS FOR AMERICA

ON THE 700 CLUB TV SHOW, YOU WATCH IT HAPPEN.
CHECK LOCAL TV LISTING FOR TIME AND CHANNEL

The 700 Club TV SHOW WITH HOST PAT ROBERTSON

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RELIGION

SCIENCE AND PRAYER: KEYS TO THE CITY OF FAITH

Target date is 1981 for completion of one of the most remarkable medical complexes in the world—the culmination of Oral Roberts' healing ministry that began in a "canvas cathedral" 32 years ago.

by Holly G. Miller

Even on a college campus where construction of new buildings is so commonplace that the director of university relations keeps a gold spade mounted over her desk for easy access, January 24, 1978, was special.

All the necessary elements were present: a U. S. congressman, Oklahoma's lieutenant governor, the state's attorney general, Tulsa's mayor, and 77 white doves. But this was no ordinary groundbreaking.

When the shovel gouged the frozen turf just south of Oral Roberts University, the healing ministry of the school's president approached its climax. The $100-million City of Faith Medical and Research Center was officially off the drawing board and on the map. Appropriately wielding the spade was Tulsa's favorite evangelist-in-residence, Oral Roberts, who also was celebrating his sixtieth birthday.

If the weather was cold and gray that blustery Tuesday morning, it matched the mood of the medical community just six miles down the road. Local doctors and hospital officials feared that Roberts' City of Faith, with its 60-story diagnostic clinic, 30-story hospital and 20-story research center, would only compound Tulsa's problem of having too many hospital beds for its population. With a 70 percent occupancy average, the city's five private hospitals didn't need any more competition.

Now, 18 months later, the controversy continues. And so does construction.

"We're not out beating a pan on the street corner trying to win people over, we're allowing it to occur," explained Dr. James E. Winslow, vice provost for health affairs at ORU. "I'd love to hold a public referendum on the issue right here in Tulsa. I'd probably spend most of my time prior to the vote thanking people for already supporting us."

Continued on following page

Construction continues on the City of Faith, and a frequent visitor to the building site is Oral Roberts (left). The medical complex will offer out-patient diagnosis, standard hospital services, and facilities for student internship and residence programs. The research center will focus on the cause and treatment of cancer and heart disease.

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Announcing

The Garden Birds
THIMBLE COLLECTION

by Peter Barrett

For just $9.75 each—a complete collection of 25 exquisite collector's thimbles in fine bone china, hand-decorated in 24kt gold, and portraying the world's best-loved garden birds.

A limited edition
Advance subscription deadline:
July 31, 1979.

THE BIRDS that visit us in our gardens are among the most delightful of all the creatures of nature. Soaring gracefully among the trees and flowers, they provide untold pleasure and inspiration with the richness of their color and the melody of their song.

Now, to remind us of the great joy birds bring into our lives, Franklin Porcelain will create *The Garden Birds Thimble Collection*. Delicate collector's thimbles in fine bone china designed by Peter Barrett, one of the world's most outstanding and gifted nature artists.

The beauty of birds—captured in remarkably detailed miniatures

Each individual thimble is small and delicate. Yet, every feature of each bird is accurately portrayed—in rich, natural color. This is the remarkable art of miniaturization, and Peter Barrett is a master of this most demanding art.

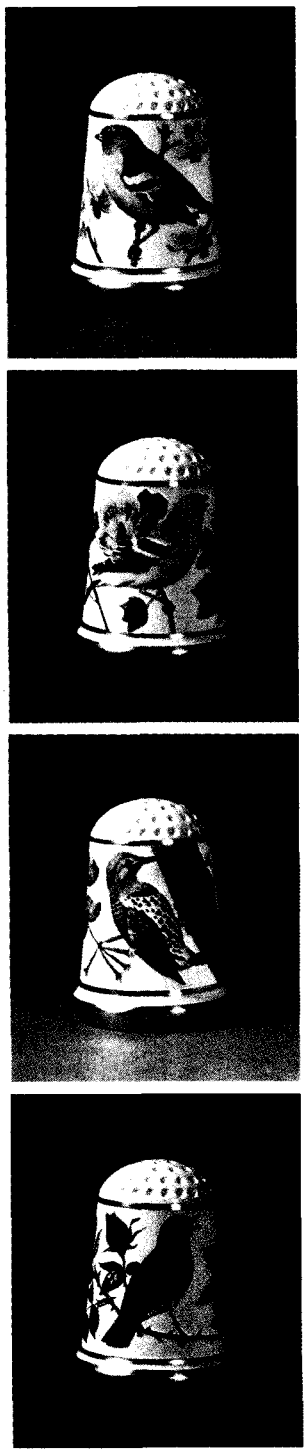
The garden birds he depicts are among the loveliest in the world: the stately Cardinal, the charming Nightingale, the flame-colored Scarlet Tanager, the Black-capped Chickadee, the elegant Blue Jay, the Chaffinch, the Robin...25 of the world's favorite garden birds, each portrayed in a natural setting.

The scientific name of the bird—in a graceful script—will be a part of the design of each thimble. And the finishing touch will be a pure 24kt gold border, skillfully applied to the thimble by hand.

One of the greatest pleasures of owning this collection is to display the thimbles in your home. And, to enable you to do so, a handsome, hardwood wall frame will be provided at no additional charge.

Available only for a limited time

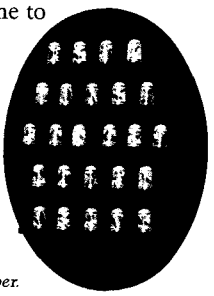
These fine bone china thimbles will be made available for a single year only. Thus, the collection will be offered *solely* during 1979 and will be permanently withdrawn at the end of the year. The original designs for the thimbles will then be retired, and this collection will never be offered again.



Thimbles shown approximately actual size.

A Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to the limited nature of the thimbles, will be provided. And an informative folder about the bird depicted will be included with each thimble. The price for each thimble is $9.75, and the collection will be issued at the rate of one per month.

Since it will take time to craft these bone china thimbles, it is important that the advance subscription application below be mailed no later than July 31, 1979.



This elegant wall frame will be provided to every subscriber.

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by Peter Barrett

Must be postmarked by July 31, 1979.
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I need send no money now. Bill me $9.75* for each thimble in advance of its shipment.

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FEELING FIT AT ORU

"Welcome to Oral Roberts University" says the plaque posted at the visitors' parking lot. What is missing is a postscript advising all who enter the futuristic, ivyless halls of mirror and chrome to come equipped with gym trunks and tennis shoes. The emphasis at ORU is on health, and the school's threefold purpose is clearly stated in its insignia: to educate the whole man in spirit, mind *and* body.

"It's nothing new," said Dr. Paul Brynteson, chairman of the physical education department. "President Roberts has always been interested in health and fitness. Preventive medicine—the idea that you can do something for yourself to be healthy—has been a concern at ORU since the beginning."

And in the beginning, which for ORU was September 1965, Roberts greeted the school's first class with a challenge: "Wholesomeness will be a way of life here. If your muscles are flabby, you will have to toughen them."

He wasn't kidding. Not only are all graduate and undergraduate students required to participate in a physical fitness program during their entire academic career, but faculty involvement is mandatory and is written into professors' contracts. Last year more than 1,400 ORU joggers tallied at least 100 miles each, with the entire student body jogging a total of 270,000 miles.

Any physical limitations are spotted during the exhaustive medical exam given incoming students, and special programs are designed for special needs. For instance, an overweight pupil who does not meet the standard for body fat or cardiovascular condition is placed under medical supervision and is prescribed an exercise/diet regimen with a built-in weight-loss goal of one pound per week. If he fails to achieve half of that goal after two semesters he is sent home to reassess himself and his commitment to the ORU lifestyle. This has occurred only ten times in the last five years.

"The lifestyle for students here is to strive for perfection," stated Bob Brooks, university athletic director. "We may never get there, but our goal is to do our best. In intercollegiate competition we want to play the best teams and we want to beat them. When our athletes are on the floor they are witnesses to what this university stands for. You can't be much of a witness if you're a loser."

The concern of the campus with physical excellence extends to the cafeteria, where every student's lunch tray is viewed as a training table. Fiber-rich foods such as nuts, seeds, and whole grain breads and pasta vie for favor with traditional feed-the-masses fare. All freshmen study nutrition, body composition and the cardiorespiratory system in their initial fitness class. During second semester they are required to become certified in CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation).

"We provide our students with sound principles they can live with the rest of their lives," said Brynteson. "I'm not aware of any other school that implements a fitness program to the extent we do. Of course, it all starts with President Roberts."

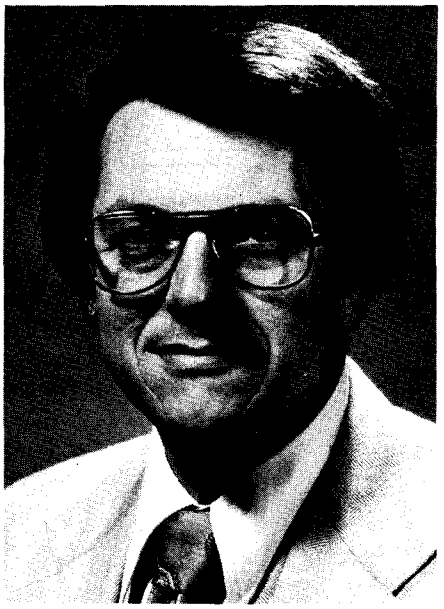
And President Roberts starts each day on a treadmill, walking for at least 30 minutes. So dedicated are he and his wife to their daily jaunt that when the treadmill wore out recently they leased a replacement until repairs could be made. Other administrators, faculty members, staffers and spouses follow suit, choosing a sport and doggedly sticking with it.

"Oh, I'm not tremendous," admitted Brynteson. "Students naturally assume because I'm chairman of the phys. ed. department that I must love to run. I tell them I don't love to run at all, but I do it because it's good for me." ☒

A treadmill test shows the student's exhaustion point and indicates level of fitness. Next, an aerobics program is designed to increase his endurance and strength.

Enthusiasm among charismatic Christians can best be traced in the black ink on the ledger book. The 777-bed structure (Phase I will include 294 beds) is being erected almost entirely debt-free, with contributors underwriting one square foot of concrete and steel for $38, or ten feet for $380.

To critics of the project Winslow states his argument simply: Unlike most hospitals, the City of Faith will not draw the majority of its patients from its home community, and therefore will not interfere with the business of neigh-



Dr. James E. Winslow, Jr. (top) was founding dean of the ORU School of Medicine before he was tapped to assist Dr. Carl Hamilton (above) in overseeing the City of Faith project. The facility eventually will boast a staff of 300 physicians and surgeons.

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boring facilities. Geared to meet the health care needs of Oral Roberts supporters around the world, the complex will serve 7½ million "partners" (donors), of which 6¼ million live beyond a day's drive of Tulsa. Winslow believes the influx of visitors and the possible overflow of patients eventually will benefit the city and its plethora of hospitals.

"I may be in a distinct minority today, but my position will be proven within ten years or less. The day will come when our 777 beds will not be enough," he stated in a confident manner.

Why would a person—even a devout believer in the Oral Roberts ministry—travel hundreds of miles to be treated at the City of Faith?

"If you know what a traditional hospital is, then you almost have to wipe the slate clean to understand what the City of Faith is. It represents a concept of medical treatment that is new to our society, but it is not new to the Christian faith," claimed Winslow.

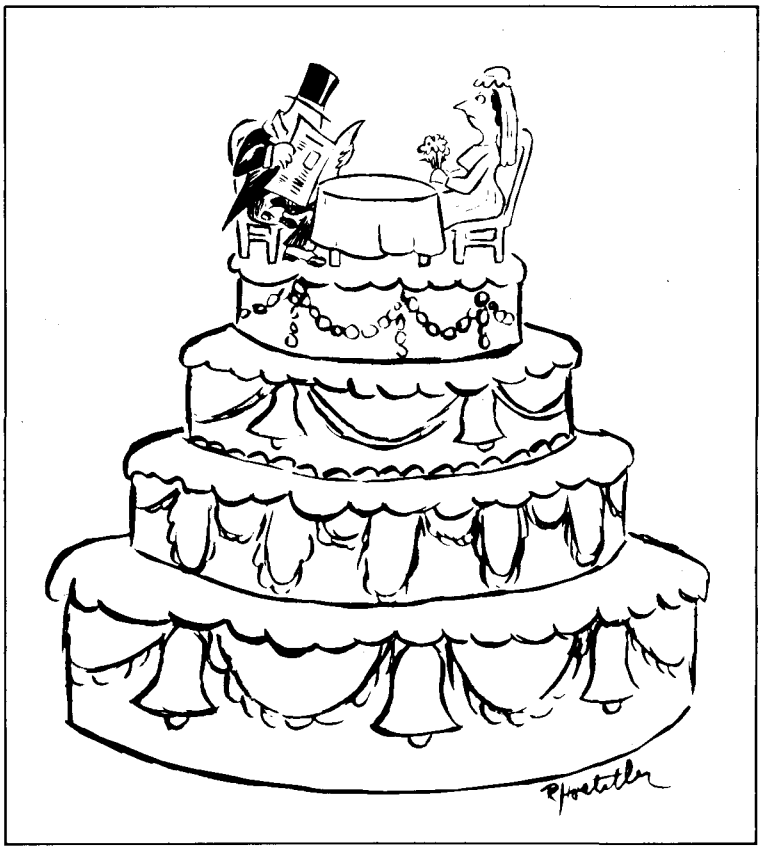
The focus of the complex will be on diagnosis, treatment and prevention of illness, with special emphasis placed on joining prayer and medical science for whole-person health care.

"The City of Faith and our new medical school represent the culmination of President Roberts' call into the healing ministry," said Dr. Carl Hamilton, long-time friend of the evangelist and provost of ORU. "The union of prayer and medicine is the climax, the logical apex, of what he has spent his entire life doing."

As Roberts envisions the project, each patient will be assigned a healing team consisting of a physician, a registered nurse and a prayer partner. The interior of the hospital will be designed in such a way that the healing team will be located in close proximity to the patient. The prayer partners, many of whom will be trained by the ORU School of Theology, will be on duty to counsel and pray with patients 24 hours a day.

"The St. Pauls [evangelists] and the St. Lukes [physicians] will work together as they did in the Bible and as Jesus taught," explained Roberts.

The team concept of healing also will extend to the patient and his family, who must share in the responsibility of achieving and maintaining good health, according to City of Faith planners. A great deal of emphasis will be placed on patient education with medical professionals imparting their knowledge during lectures, seminars and special programs.



"We don't have the fine details worked out, but one of the auditoriums in the visitors' center will be used for education programs for our patients and their families. I'd like to see the day come when the health care industry gets serious about patient education," urged Winslow. "My generation of physicians grew up in a time when we were overrun with business and we had no time to think about how to keep people from getting sick. The generation coming along now should have both the time and the inclination to be more interested in patient education."

Winslow also believes that a patient who returns for treatment at the City of Faith a second or third time may experience a diminishing need for drugs.

"Fear magnifies pain way out of proportion. It's a learning process. Any physician who takes time to talk with the patient, to develop a relationship with him, and to help him overcome his fear, will find less medicine is required to control the patient's pain. This is nothing new, but a lot of doctors don't take advantage of it."

While the City of Faith currently is under construction at the phenomenal rate of a floor per week, the most unusual physical features will be added later, as finishing touches. A stickler for symbolism, Roberts has specified that a wide stream of water will flow from the building complex to represent the River of Life in the City of God. Evergreens will line the stream to symbolize the Tree of Life, and a 60-foot sculpture of two joined hands will rise up from a fountain as a reminder that the hand of prayer is joined with the hand of medicine in the effort to heal humanity.

With the official opening of the facility still two years off, an active search for staff members has not yet been launched. Administrators foresee few problems, however, since their recent initiation into the recruitment arena was a resounding success. When Oral Roberts became the first man in this century to found his own medical school (December 1978), the university enjoyed the pleasant task of selecting, not seeking, a faculty.

"There are faculty who have been waiting all their professional lives for a school like the ORU School of Medicine," said Hamilton. "But from among those who have the academic credentials, ex-

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perience and professional standing, we also want persons who understand the mission and the ministry of the university and who willingly exemplify the necessary lifestyle."

Requirements for medical students are equally stringent. In addition to the usual application data, candidates are asked to complete a supplemental form dealing with personal commitments. ORU's first medical class, now in its second semester, consists of 20 men and women, less than half of whom did their undergraduate work at ORU. Ultimate plans call for 100 students per class for a total medical school enrollment of 400. Eventually these physicians-in-training will receive much of their clinical experience at the City of Faith.

While the dual launching of a medical school and a health care complex may seem ambitious by any standard, input and assistance have come from throughout the American medical profession. Winslow and Hamilton visited some 20 medical schools, countless hospitals and numerous "superclinics" in preparation for the ORU project. They often were accompanied by Oral Roberts.

"What we are trying to accomplish in eight or ten years is similar to what it took the Mayo Clinic 75 years to develop," explained Winslow. "But rather than looking upon us as some kind of jealous rival, Mayo's and several other facilities have done everything within their power to help keep us out of trouble. They've held nothing back. The people at the Scott and White Clinic (Temple, Texas) have worn themselves out trying to be helpful. I can call those people down there day or night and ask them how to handle a problem and they'll try to solve it."

Both Winslow and Hamilton hope that the enthusiasm expressed by colleagues thousands of miles away soon will be shared by persons closer to home, in Tulsa's own medical community. At the City of Faith groundbreaking on that wintry January morning in 1978, Mayor Bob LaFortune called upon citizens to reserve judgment on the project and follow Oral Roberts' advice to "give us ten years and then decide if we should exist." LaFortune acknowledged the doubts raised within the community about the City of Faith, but urged Tulsa residents to "have a little faith in Oral Roberts."

The ministry that was born in a canvas tent in 1947 and within 20 years had firmly established itself on its own $150-million college campus soon will culminate with the opening of a medical and research complex capable of handling an annual patient load of one million. The physical environment may have changed, but the purpose of the ministry remains the same—to heal the sick through science and prayer.

"People sometimes think Oral Roberts makes major decisions without having thoroughly worked them through," stated Dr. Hamilton. "But this isn't the case. The time is right to bring to a point of fruition all of the plans which have been germinating throughout his healing ministry. President Roberts often is asked who will succeed him, and his answer is the City of Faith. That unique combination of prayer and medicine is the successor, and we have the opportunity to be a part of it." ☒

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"Without taking her away from the family she dearly loves.

"For just $15 a month, you too can help a child like Marites.

"You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"You needn't send any money right away.

"Just send the coupon.

Dearest Marites ...

It's really nice to come home after a long day at work and find one of your letters waiting for me. Thank you. I enjoy hearing about your school and I'm glad you like it and are doing well. I agree ... some subjects are harder than others. You know what? I hated math, too. But if you keep up with your studying, it will seem a little easier.

I've been well and very busy. But not too busy to think about you every day. I hope your mother is feeling better. Having you home must be a great comfort to her. Please give her my love.

Say "hi" to your sisters from me. Take care of yourself and please write again soon. Your letters are precious to me.

I love you,
Sally

"We'll send you a child's picture and background information.

"We'll tell you the child's age, how the child lives, what the child wears, and how your 50¢ a day can help make a world of difference in a poor child's life.

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THE TIME BOMB OF TERRORISM

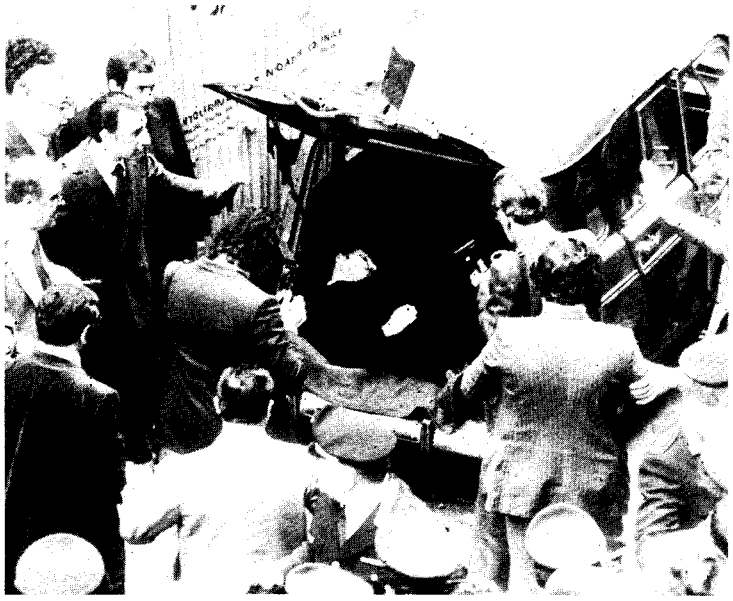
Terrorist blasts have ripped through Europe and the Middle East, and experts say the fuse is burning short in the U.S.

by Nick Thimmesch

Terrorism, the art of "killing one to frighten 10,000" (old Chinese saying) now stands as a sophisticated, international enterprise afflicting Europe and the Middle East far more than our United States. In recent years, there have not been alarming numbers of American victims of terrorism at home and abroad. But now, according to the best intelligence available, it is likely there will be a marked increase in the number of such attacks on U.S. citizens and property.

"I'm not a soothsayer," says Dr. Robert Kupperman, one of the State Department's top experts on terrorism, "but I'd have to say it's an odds-on bet that we're going to have some very serious problems in the next few years. We haven't seen much big-time terrorism in the U.S. yet, but you might say the clock is running."

F.B.I. Director William H. Webster, in discussing terrorism, remarked, "Experience tells us that when we have an epidemic like this around the world, it is very likely to come to the United States."



Italy, more than any other European nation, is suffering from a terrorist boom. In 1978, incidents jumped to 2,100 from 702 in 1975. In this photo, an obviously shocked and almost disbelieving crowd surrounds the car containing the body of Aldo Moro, the nation's leading political figure, who was kidnapped and murdered.

Senior officials in the Carter administration have had a confidential CIA memorandum in hand for nearly one year predicting that the U.S. will experience major terrorist attacks to begin in the 1979-80 period. The CIA believes that West European and Palestinian terrorists are in contact with American sympathizers of the Far Left, and that attacks on fuel and power facilities (including nuclear) and commercial aircraft are likely.

Americans see their share of domestic gore on TV and in the press. Some social critics feel the abundance of violence in the U.S. creates numbness to it. So what will it mean if suddenly we experience a rash of bombings, kidnappings and killings by terrorists?

There are a variety of reasons why the U.S. and anything American overseas are being targeted in this lethal game. Resentment against the success of the U.S. (its political stability compared with the rest of the world, and its high standard of living) festers in the minds of terrorists everywhere. There are people who cannot see, or who refuse to see, how they could make their own nations better; therefore, they believe that they must destroy. The United States is a living symbol of what they won't work to achieve; therefore they perversely regard it as evil.

Next, there's the deep involvement of the U.S. in the Middle East, with our government being the vital agent in the Egyptian-Israeli peace settlement. The U.S. is perceived by radical and even some moderate Arabs as the villain who sold out the aspirations of the Palestinians and denied them the justice they have long waited for.

If and when Palestinian terrorist units strike against U.S. citizens and property, it is very likely it will occur in the Middle East and in places other than the United States, although attacks here are not written off as impossible.

Finally, terrorists generally have intellects far above average, and are well aware of the political and security climate of nations they target for attack. In recent years, there has been great soul-searching in the U.S. as to the proper role of the F.B.I. and CIA in domestic and international security matters. Criticism of earlier practices and abuses by these agencies has turned Congress and the administration away from a policy of strict surveillance of suspected persons. Covert operations have been virtually ruled out.

Restraints imposed on the F.B.I., particularly its counter-intelligence program (COINTELPRO), and the guidelines set by former Attorney General Edward Levi, weakened the Bureau's capability to deal with extraordinary domestic security matters. Similarly, while the CIA still manages to collect information about international threats to American security, it is far less able to deal with them. Terrorists know this better than the American public does.

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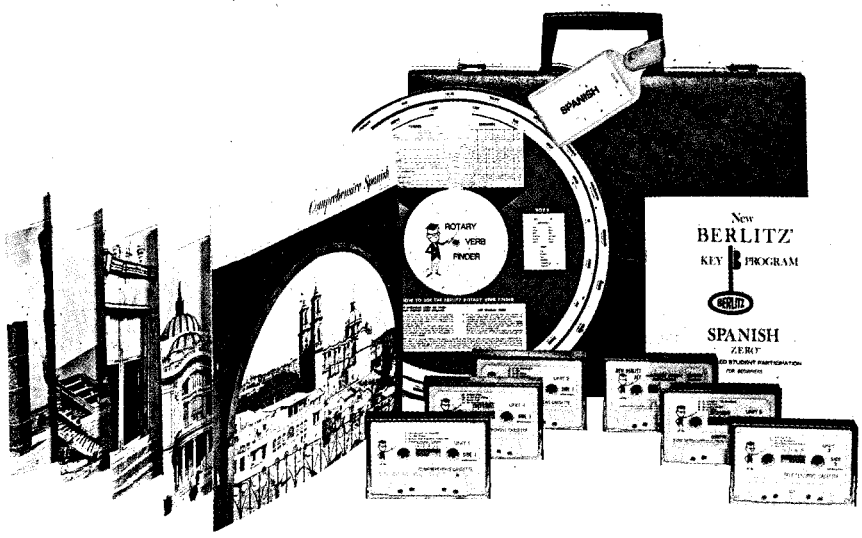
The best way to learn a foreign language is to live where it's spoken



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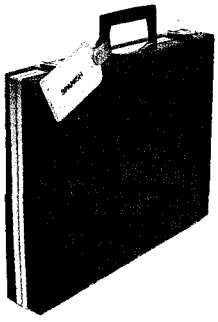

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Europeans understand terrorism far better than we, because they suffer the brunt of it. According to the CIA, Western Europe experienced 38 percent of all terrorist incidents in the 1968-78 decade, more than Latin America (27 percent) and the Middle East combined with North Africa (16) and all of North America (10).

Terrorism has been a tactic of guerrilla warfare for hundreds of years, and flourished in 19th-century Europe. It was used on behalf of truly downtrodden peoples living under cruel, autocratic rule. In Tsarist Russia, terrorists were not psychopaths, nihilists or amoral murderers. They often repented their deeds once the oppressors were finished off, and a measure of justice attained. Moreover, these 19th-century terrorists often acted independently, and were never part of international groups. They justified their lethal acts as the first blow for freedom, and as an opening to the establishment of democracy.

Today, terrorists are a different breed altogether. Many *are* psychopathic, nihilistic and amoral. They feel no need to repent whatsoever. Sometimes they operate in oppressive nations, but more often, they strike in free societies, vulnerable to terrorism. Moreover, they are internationalists. The three terrorists who killed 27 people, mostly Puerto Rican Catholic pilgrims, in Israel's Lod Airport in May 1972 were "Japanese Red Guards" acting on behalf of the Palestinian movement. But they had first visited North Korea, North Vietnam, Europe and Arab nations, to get advice, money and weapons from their revolutionary brothers before they pulled their machine guns at Lod.

Rhodesia is racked by attacks launched from neighboring Mozambique and Zambia. Killers swarm across the border, heavily armed with Russian weapons, intimidating and slaughtering the native Rhodesians. Marxist-supported terrorists have already killed over 2,500 black civilians, 390 white civilians and 680 security force personnel.

While the Soviet Union disavows any major role in sponsoring and supporting terrorism of this sort, countless terrorists have studied in the Patrice Lumumba Friendship University in Moscow. An African student was once quoted: "Originally, I went to Soviet Russia to Lumumba University to become a physician. But instead of medical studies, I was surprised to find myself being trained in making explosives and how to plant them in various strategic points of my homeland." It is not coincidental that the weapons used by terrorists are manufactured in Communist countries, and are of Soviet design.

While Marxist-Leninist doctrine does not recommend terror, neither does it reject it on moral grounds. Lenin once said: "We have never rejected terror on principle, nor can we do so." No, terror was not favored because it wasn't considered practical in the Lenin days, although it was used considerably in the Bolshevik revolution.

There is much academic debate as to what terrorism is. Yesterday's terrorists can become tomorrow's "freedom fighters" or "liberators," depending on whether the goals are achieved. Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin was regarded as a terrorist by the British (and many U.S. Jews as well) for his role in the blowing up of the King David Hotel, with great loss of life, and also by the Arabs for his connection with the massacre of Arab civilians at Dar Yassin. But today Mr. Begin is widely admired and respected as a fighter in the struggle to establish Israel. He also won the Nobel prize for peace in 1978.

Dr. Brian Crozier, director of the Institute for the Study of Conflict, London, defines terrorism simply: "Motivated violence for political ends." This definition distinguishes terrorism from both vandalism and non-political crime, but could include formal war. A better definition is offered by the Heritage Foundation's authority on terrorism, Samuel T. Francis: "The organized use of violence with the aim of promoting political or social change and emphasizing the ruthlessness and desperate dedication of its advocates through the brutality or destructiveness of their actions."

Perhaps Adolf Hitler's definition in *Mein Kampf* is the most cunningly accurate: "The one means that wins easiest over reason: *terror* and force."

Hitler and the Japanese warlords ravaged the people of the earth with World War II, and the surviving powers and the superpowers which emerged from that war have respected each other by not starting World War III. Instead, a global war of terrorism has developed in its place. It is fought by a people who believe that only they can right the wrongs of society. Oddly enough, many are sons and daughters of wealthy, privileged and even prominent people.

The most dramatic incident illustrating this was the destruction of a townhouse in New York's Greenwich Village, March 6, 1970. This expensive home was destroyed by an explosion set off when five members of the Weatherman Faction, a terrorist offshoot of the Students for a Democratic Society, made some horrible mistake while making crude dynamite bombs. Two young men and a young woman were killed in the blast. One matter of interest was that these young people mostly came from wealthy, socially prominent families.

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The celebrated terrorist, Ilyich Ramirez Sanchez, alias Carlos, was the son of a Venezuelan millionaire realtor. To read the backgrounds of West Germany's infamous Baader-Meinhof gang is to learn that they came from families in well-off, fortunate and comfortable circumstances.

Still, they and other terrorists not so bourgeois compile an annual record that does not go on the society pages. The number of terrorist incidents in the world has more than tripled on an annual basis since 1968. According to CIA statistics, the rise in terrorism is the sharpest in Western Europe, where incidents increased tenfold between 1968 and 1978.

Similarly, the Middle East and North Africa incidents more than tripled, according to CIA statistics. The number would be even greater if the CIA counted assassinations and cross-border operations associated with the Arab-Israeli conflict. But the agency doesn't, unless the incidents involve noncombatant nationals of nations outside the region. So when Arab terrorists kill Israelis, and Israeli military forces retaliate by bombing villages in Lebanon, the episode is not logged as terrorist, by CIA reckoning.

* * * * *

Here are some readings on terrorism in various parts of the world.

Italy, which suffers the most of any European nation, also got the most attention in 1978, with the Red Brigade's kidnapping and killing of Aldo Moro, the nation's leading political figure. Thus, those Red assassins stopped Moro from forming a new government and a necessary political compromise between his Christian Democrats and the Italian Communists. The Red Brigades are yesterday's bright, radical children who tried Communism, became impatient with it, and pursued a more revolutionary course.

Cunning and immoral, they love to kill and maim to deliver a symbolic message. So they shoot plant managers honored for increasing productivity, Communists who advocate a moderate policy, neo-fascists because of who they are, editors who courageously denounce the Red Brigades, and fat-cat politicians who best symbolize the failure of Italian politics (usually Christian Democrats).

They shoot at people's kneecaps to warn, at their heads to give the final message. They have killed upwards of 45 people, wounded another 90, and kidnapped 30. They have created a terrorism boom in Italy; incidents increased from 702 in 1975 to 2,100 in 1978.

Their ultimate goal, many believe, is to cause so much chaos and fear that Italians will again be drawn to fascism. Thus, with the Fascists in power, the Red Brigades argue they could truly liberate the people, and take power themselves through revolution.

This Rhodesian woman, aged 28, underwent unspeakable horrors at the hands of Mozambique terrorists. First, she was forced to witness the torture of her husband as they cut off his ears, lips and nose. Then they made her cook and eat his flesh in the sight of her seven-months' baby and 11-year-old. They beat her and broke her arm.

Meanwhile, the Red Brigades, though they cut ties with home, family and friends, live fairly conventional lives even in the underground. A Red Brigade handbook instructs Brigadiers to keep their homes modest, clean and well ordered, to shave and keep their hair cut, and to be good citizens by turning down radios at night and paying their bills promptly.

Still, with all the money they get from bank-robbing and kidnapping, the Red Brigades are quite rich, and operate on an annual budget estimated to be $5 million. Their work is careful and deliberate. A year's planning went into the Moro operation, which cost $1.5 million, and involved 60 Brigadiers. They don't live lavishly, but they don't like being without the amenities. When Brigadiers train in Arab terrorist camps, they are offended by the frugal conditions.

What is fascinating and also disheartening about the Red Brigades is the indifference most Italians feel about them. Author Morris West blames it on a "historical inheritance" of stupidity, a conviction built into the Italian system that change is impossible. An Italian will usually shrug or even smile when you ask, in anger, how he would feel if a terrorist's bullet ripped his sciatic nerve, or if he was crippled for life from being "kneecapped."

When I was in Italy last year, shortly after the Moro murder, I had lunch with an Italian minor executive who claimed terrorism tales were exaggerated. When we came out of the *ristorante*, the piazza was filled with people and fire trucks. A terrorist group had just fire-bombed the architecture school of the University of Rome. On two occasions when I was on

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a domestic air flight in Italy, I noticed that the cockpit door was open, thus providing easy access to a hijacker. Italians seem to be that casual.

Since the thousands of names on the Red Brigade's "hit" lists—which police have found—amount to a tiny tiny percentage of the population, the average Italian correctly assumes the terrorists are not after him, but after "them"—executives, managers, judges, politicians and journalists. So life and death go on in Italy.

Still, the Moro killing outraged Italians, who promptly and mistakenly took it out on the Communists by defeating them in the next elections. The Italian parliament passed three anti-terrorist laws in the wake of Moro, and there were promises of reform for the huge national police force. There are some signs of hope in Italy. About 150 members of the Brigade have been jailed. Police seem somewhat more determined to put this, Europe's largest terrorist organization, out of business. Arrests were made on the Moro killing, but the case is far from solved.

* * * * *

West Germany takes terrorism very seriously. The Germans lived through terror of the Left and Right in the Weimar Republic days of the '20s. They suffered the destruction of their nation under Hitler, with 10 million Germans being killed. So they crave and treasure the order and prosperity they now enjoy.

So when mindless terrorism broke out in the Federal Republic in the early '70s, German officialdom suffered *angst*. Would the *Rote Armee Fraktion* (Baader-Meinhof Gang) drive Germans into another right-wing mindset, with the accompanying loss of civil rights and liberties? Or, would permissive German laws allow this vicious, nihilistic gang to destroy the precious order?

Though their leaders had committed acts of violence since 1968, the gang didn't become prominent until May 1972, when it bombed a U.S. Army officers' club in Frankfort, U.S. Army Headquarters in Heidelberg, and several German police stations. The death toll: four U.S. servicemen. Baader-Meinhof soon became a feared name, for the gang robbed banks, bombed, kidnapped and murdered. It also helped the Black September Group murder 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Munich Olympic Games.

The gang's operations became more grandiose and more risky. In 1972, the leadership, including the founders—Horst Mahler, Andreas Baader and Ulrike Meinhof—were jailed. In 1974, West German police raided the gang's houses and confiscated large quantities of weapons. There were violent demonstrations against the trials of the leadership; the killing of a judge; the kidnapping of the Christian Democratic candidate for Mayor of West Berlin and his release in exchange for six imprisoned terrorists; and then, May 15, 1976, the suicide in prison of Ulrike Meinhof.

Desperate to force the release of the other Baader-Meinhof leaders, the gang within five months in 1977 killed Public Prosecutor Siegfried Buback, his chauffeur and bodyguard in Karlsruhe; murdered Dresden Bank Chairman Jürgen Ponto on his doorstep; and kidnapped industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer, killing his driver and three bodyguards in the act. Schleyer was held several weeks while the kidnappers demanded the release of 11 Baader-Meinhof leaders, and an award of $43,000 to each of them.

Meanwhile, the gang assisted a Palestinian group in hijacking a Lufthansa plane in Palma, and demanded release of the gang's leadership. For three days the plane flew aimlessly around the Middle East, finally landing in Aden, where the hijackers "executed" the pilot. The hijackers' leader, "Mahmoud," ordered the co-pilot to fly to Somalia. But there, 60 elite German commandoes stormed aboard the plane, killing three of the hijackers, wounding the fourth, and succeeding in the first German raid on foreign soil since World War II.

Mr. Chikombe Mazvida is the victim of Mozambique terrorists who tore and cut off his ears, nose and lips with knives and pliers, and then fed the flesh to his wife to eat. He survived, although in frightful condition. The terrorists burned his mother's genitals in order to prevent her from bearing any more "informers."

There were several important consequences of this burst of activity. The morning after the brilliant raid in Somalia, the bodies of Andreas Baader, Gudrin Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe were found in their prison cells. A fourth gang member was found with serious stab wounds but lived. They had heard of the failed hijacking and, according to an international team of doctors, committed suicide. Meanwhile, Schleyer's captors, also despairing, killed him with a single bullet in the head.

West Germans shook their fists, some demanding that the gang's bodies be dumped in a sewage plant rather than buried. There was a great cry for the death penalty. The Bundestag was to begin some of the most painful debates of its postwar years over how to deal with terrorism without again turning West Germany into a police state.

Government officials' homes in Bonn were already ringed by sandbags, coils of barbed wire and bunker-like sentry boxes. The streets were patrolled with armored vehicles looking like tanks. Older Europeans

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shuddered at the thought—not again? But reason prevailed, and while laws were tightened, no German iron-fist appeared.

Instead, there has been a painful analysis of why bright, privileged young Germans turned to such lethal nihilism. Where young Italian radicals turned to terrorism because they couldn't change the system through Communism, the Germans kidnapped and killed because they thought the system itself should be destroyed. They hated their parents, churches, government, economic system, the very generosity of the society which subsidized their university educations.

I spent two evenings with their sympathizers in student apartments in Cologne last summer, and came away agreeing with their great critic, Prof. Erwin Scheuch, who calls them "credit card revolutionaries" who want "revolution with civil service protection and retirement with honor."

The majority of Germans, particularly the older generation, worked hard for the strength and success of their nation, once in ruins. They abhor the extremes of Left and Right, and almost believe in an authoritarian Center. For the moment, the terrorism which could have thrown Germany to either extreme has waned, and everybody prays that it dies.

* * * * *

Terrorist killing in *Northern Ireland* has become so routine that the press gives it second attention. But between 1969 and 1976, 1,685 people were killed in this strife-torn area by terrorist violence. On the face of it, the agony of Northern Ireland seems to be caused by differences between Catholics (second-class citizens) and the Protestant majority. While it began this way, the violence now stems from forces disinterested in religion.

Moreover, the terrorists of the "Provisional" wing of the Irish Republican Army like to strike outside Ireland, as they did this spring when they killed Airey Neave, a senior member of Parliament and Tory Leader Margaret Thatcher's closest advisor. Neave, who would have become Mrs. Thatcher's Northern Ireland Secretary (and a hard-nosed one), was killed by a bomb in his car. His legs were blown off. The I.R.A. had failed in attempts to kill Members of Parliament in 1974 and 1975.

British police were aghast, because London had been free of such terror since Christmas 1975. There had been 263 bombings in London before that date, and 53 deaths—all at the hands of Irish terrorists. It must be pointed out that some killings were by anti-I.R.A. loyalists, terrorists themselves.

It is increasingly clear that these terrorists use the religious issue as an excuse to disrupt life throughout the United Kingdom. The "Provisionals" have links with the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, Trotskyist terrorists of the Fourth International, and Col. Qadhafi's Libyan regime.

There is now an effective campaign against Irish terrorism. In 1976, British and Northern Irish police arrested nearly 700 terrorists in Ireland. Another 100 Provisionals were jailed in 1977, and arrests continue. Moreover, a peace movement in Northern Ireland representing Catholics and Protestants wins growing support. Leaders of both religions have long condemned the tactics of terrorists.

There is one regrettable irony connected with Irish terrorism. Substantial financial help, even weapons, is received by these terrorists from sympathetic Irish-Catholic Americans, motivated by a sincere opposition to religious discrimination. What many of these Americans (particularly those who are conservative politically) don't realize is that they are supporting Far Left terrorism, not a noble band of Irishmen trying to right ancient wrongs.

Terrorism has frightening international overtones. Here, an Israeli soldier and ambulance attendants carry away the body of one of the 27 people killed at Israel's Lod Airport, April 1972. Their executioners were "Japanese Red Guards," who had visited North Vietnam and other communist countries for weapons and advice.

* * * * *

One development in *Middle East terrorism* is that it is being exported to Europe. Israeli oranges, for example, believed to have been poisoned by Arabs, were found in a dozen European cities in 1978. Then the Al Fatah, a moderate Palestinian guerrilla group, engaged in a terrorist vendetta with the Iraqi Black June organization in several European cities.

The Al Fatah is one of six terrorist groups in the paramilitary wing of the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO), led by Yasir Arafat. The most extreme unit is the Black September Organization (BSO) which murdered the Israeli athletes at Munich, killed two American diplomats and one Belgian in Khartoum, and attempted the assassinations of the queen mother and crown prince of Jordan.

Not that there is anything tame about the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), run by Dr. George Habash, a Christian; and the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, which only requires one more initial. Habash, trained as a pediatrician, helped organize the Japanese Red Guard attack on Lod Airport. The PDFLP concentrates on attacks on Israeli civilians, including the raids on

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CHAPPAQUIDDICK TEN YEARS LATER: THE TORMENTS OF TEDDY

Gone but not forgiven, the tragedy of July 1969 still looms as the major obstacle in Ted Kennedy's quest for the White House.

by William B. Furlong

It is buried now. Hurriedly but not deeply. Its monuments are the clipped, cryptic words of decade-old newspaper indexes: "*Young woman drowns, Kennedy escapes when auto driven by him plunges off bridge into pond on Chappaquiddick Is. near Martha's Vineyard. . . Jl 20, 1:1.*" This is the tenth summer since Chappaquiddick. And though the matter was buried much too quickly ("Those who love Ted Kennedy most cannot remember with comfort the week after Chappaquiddick," says one close friend of the senator's), it is not forgotten. The ghosts of Chappaquiddick are marching again. They are giving this summery season—normally a time of the scent of hay and sight of motes dancing in a sunbeam—the faint whiff of bon-bons laced with cyanide. For the central character in what happened at the bridge at Chappaquiddick, Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, is on the brink of personal and political decisions that may carry, for better or for worse, our destiny with his.

He is 47 now. His hair is carefully coiffed, his teeth are a dazzling white, his skin red and ruddy. He is a glowing figure, a charismatic one. He is the authentic bearer, and survivor, of the last great shining legend of our national character. He is a reflection of heightened tragedy: He lost his three brothers and a sister to violent deaths—to assassins or plane crashes—another sister is retarded, a son lost a leg to cancer, his wife fell into alcoholism and he himself broke his back in a plane crash in which two friends died. And yet he survived to become the dominant figure in American political life. He is the one man whom some in the American electorate want not only to reward with the Presidency but to enshrine, to crown and even to canonize.

Except for Chappaquiddick.

For he cannot escape the acts and the mists of doubt and distrust that it generated.

The known, the provable facts are scant. On the night of July 18, 1969, Senator Kennedy was attending a cookout involving some of his friends and assorted Kennedy staff members—past (i.e., his brother's) and present—at a cottage on the island of Chappaquiddick. Between 11:00 and 12:00—shortly after 11:15 p.m., by his own testimony—he left the cottage saying that he was going to catch the last ferry back to Martha's Vineyard. Instead of turning toward the ferry slip at a key intersection, he turned away

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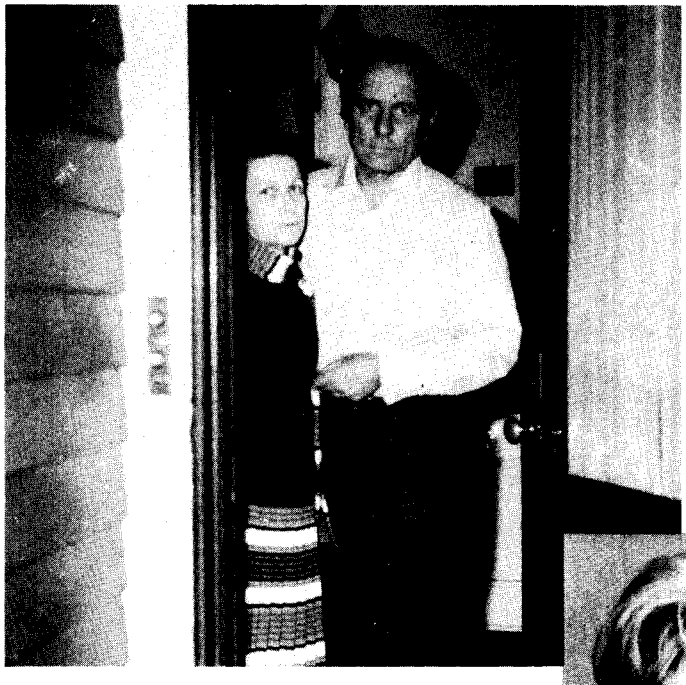

Blonde Mary Jo Kopechne, 28, (right) died when Senator Kennedy drove his car into a pond off Chappaquiddick Island after a bash involving six single girls and six married men, including himself, the host. Possibly she lived for awhile, breathing the air in the car and waiting for help. It never arrived. Kennedy first reported the accident nine hours later. Her parents (above) never heard the full story. But the Kennedys paid them, according to newspaper reports, "upwards of $150,000" and the Kopechnes moved from a nondescript suburb of Wilkes-Barre into a "$75,000 custom-built" home in the Pocono Mt. resort of Swiftwater, Pennsylvania.

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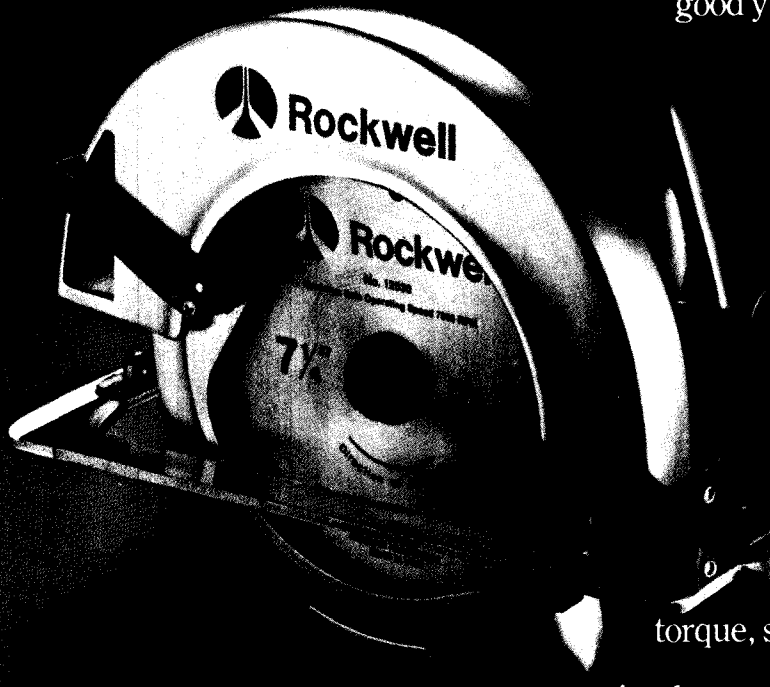

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from it and took a road which led down eventually to a beach. The car ran off a bridge and plunged into a tidal estuary called Poucha Pond, landing upside down in eight feet of water. Senator Kennedy fought his way out of the car and onto land. He left the scene of the accident and later the island without reporting the accident to authorities. A 28-year-old woman who was in the car, Mary Jo Kopechne, was trapped in the wreckage and died in it. The car and the body were recovered by the police the next morning, just before Senator Kennedy reported the accident. The senator was charged with a misdemeanor—leaving the scene of an accident. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two months in the House of Corrections. His sentence was immediately suspended so that he did not serve any time. He gathered his own advisors, and some of those who had served his brother, the late President John F. Kennedy, to write an explanation of the accident that he could read on national television. There appeared to be a great many people who were not satisfied with his explanation, and who still are not satisfied. In the absence of any other evidence, it is believed by many that the only reason he has not offered a full and candid explanation of what happened that night at Chappaquiddick is that the truth would deeply damage him personally and politically.

Teddy Kennedy, wife Joan and nephew Joe have all had driving problems. Pamela Kelley (inset), a victim of an auto ride with Joe Kennedy at the wheel, lives in a wheelchair due to paralysis. Her parents moved to a new home in Hyannis Port after a reported $1 million settlement from Kennedy interests.

Thus Chappaquiddick has left him ten years later with a legacy that is as profoundly important as that left him by his family. The Kennedys have always evoked strong emotions, pro and con, but there is a special hate for Ted Kennedy, one shaped and honed and hardened by Chappaquiddick, one so deep and virulent that it all but shames the American character. It has helped block him from a Presidential nomination in 1972. It blocked him again in 1976 after he'd devoted quite a bit of effort to positioning himself for the prospect of a race: Four days before the fifth anniversary of the incident at Chappaquiddick, the *New York Times Magazine* ran a searching, searing article called "Chappaquiddick + 5." It was researched and written by a meticulous, thorough reporter named Robert Sherrill, who belongs not to the hatemongers of the right but to the doubters of the left, and it cited all the unanswered questions about Chappaquiddick. The *Times*—no right-wing gazette itself—got more reader response from this one article than from any other article in its history and the questions that quickly came to swirl around Ted Kennedy made him look less than candid and forthright. A few weeks after the article appeared, Kennedy withdrew firmly and finally from the 1976 Presidential race. Since then there have been polls stating that the American people are forgetting about Chappaquiddick. But the polls do not even begin to address those questions that go beyond the facts of Chappaquiddick to the meaning of the event in terms of our times—to the next year more than the last ten years. For example, did Chappaquiddick reveal a deep character flaw that should bar Ted Kennedy from the Presidency? If he achieves the Presidency, is the nation in any danger because of this flaw? Did Chappaquiddick reflect a weakness-under-stress in Ted Kennedy? Did it reflect—in his willingness to get out of the car and away from the accident, leaving a girl to die there—that he feels that the Kennedys take care of themselves first, and death take the hindmost? Did it reflect—in his blundering reaction after the accident—that he cannot function well in high-pressure situations? And did it reflect that the kind of people he'd gather around him in a crisis situation—the "best and the brightest," as they were called in his brother John's administration—would zealously endeavor to keep the people from knowing what happened in the crisis and how the central figure reacted? Would they actually *mis*lead the American people in an effort to protect the reputation of their leader?

And behind all this is an enduring feeling—even a suspicion: that somehow the rules of society don't apply to the Kennedys. That they can get away with anything. Some people despise this insight. Others claim it is only right—it is part of the feeling they have that the Kennedys are the "royal family" of American society and thus should be above it all.

All of these questions come together, under the critical focus of Chappaquiddick, because of the speculation that Ted Kennedy will be a candidate for President in 1980. Unquestionably his candidacy will make Chappaquiddick a more acute issue. But there

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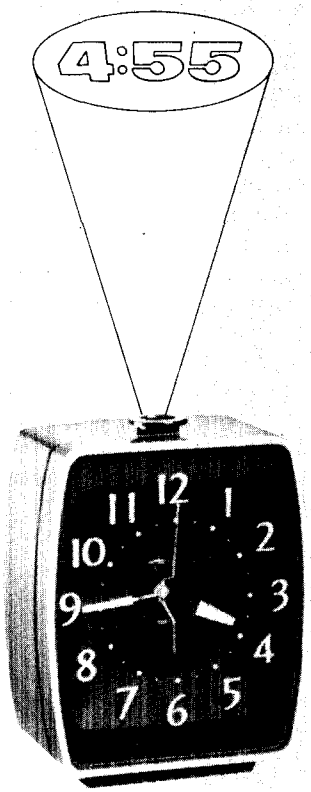

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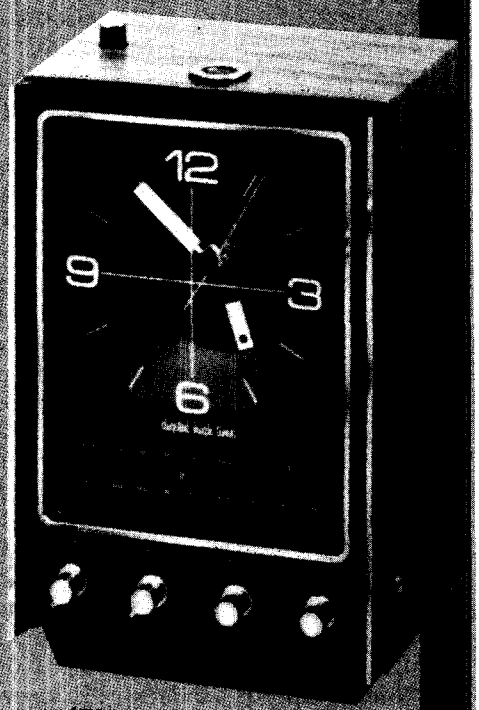

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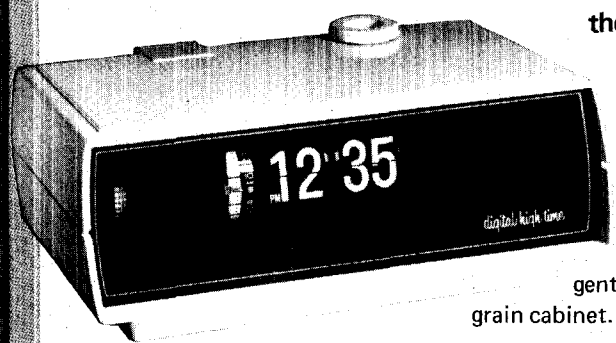

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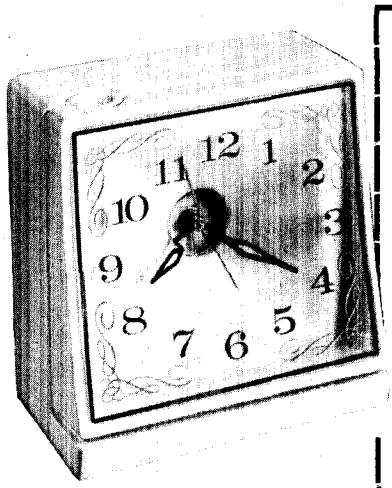

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are other questions which come up in the same context and, as the trees broke out in their summer foliage and the girls from the Senate offices began lunching on the lawn of the Capitol and Ted Kennedy glanced out the window of his second-floor office in the new (or Dirksen) Senate Office Building, he had to consider the impact and the meaning of those questions. For example:

Does it make any historic sense to seek the Presidential nomination, and the Presidency in 1980?

The hard fact is that, historically, the chances are slender. He'd have to dump Jimmy Carter and then win the White House. In fact, only one man in American history has ever defeated a President of his own party in the nominating process and—having seized the nomination—gone on to win the Presidency. (The precedent does not exactly send a thrill of expectation through the ranks of Ted Kennedy's supporters: It was James Buchanan, who dumped Franklin Pierce in 1856 and promptly went into the merciful oblivion of one term, before Lincoln succeeded him in the 1860 election.) But it is said that the times are changing, that people are more likely than ever before to change Presidents to get the man they want: Of the last nine presidents—going back 60 years to 1920—only two ever served two full terms (though, of course, one was Franklin Roosevelt, who served three full terms and a small part of a fourth). But the changing times are not entirely unprecedented in American history either: In a particular part of the 18th century, only *one* out of nine Presidents served two full terms, and Buchanan (setting the precedent as "times were changing") was the last of the one-termers—before the opposition party took over the White House for 24 consecutive years, and for 44 of the next 52 years. So if Ted Kennedy seeks to be a viable repetition in this once-around cycle, the precedent may not exactly send a thrill of expectation through the ranks of his fellow Democrats.

Does it make any political sense to try to win the Presidency at a time when the country is moving right while Ted Kennedy is moving left?

The hard fact is that his supporters see no problem in this—no problem in winning the election. But, as we have seen in recent years, being a successful President is entirely different from being a successful candidate. One can imagine a situation in which Ted Kennedy might be elected President simply because his personality—and his family name—are more popular than his policies. But then as President he'd very likely find out that his bedrock liberal policies—and the economic disruption they might cause—would have little favor in the country. And that no matter how well he organized his administration or his approach to Congress he would still find great resistance in the country to his liberal policies. And that means he would have to sacrifice a great deal of his personal popularity—before an election for a second term—in order to get his views hammered by hard-to-get votes in the Congress. And this in turn is not a noted characteristic of the Kennedys: "His brother, Jack, didn't often spend any of his popularity just to get a principle or policy accepted by the nation," says one sardonic critic.

People who live in glass houses

Does it make any personal sense to expose himself and his family to all the dangers of a Presidential campaign? And of accession to the Presidency? Particularly given the tragic history of his family?

The hard fact is that every individual who's been elected President in a year ending in zero (with the exception of those selected in 1800 and 1820) has died in office. The last victim of this curious string of events was Ted Kennedy's own brother, Jack (who was, you'll recall, elected in 1960). It would simply heighten the tragedy of the Kennedy family if Teddy comes to be remembered ultimately for the destruction of the dream rather than the glory of its success.

The way that Ted Kennedy is going about weighing these questions—and compensating for the problem of Chappaquiddick—is itself an endlessly fascinating study. For it involves his action, his attitude and his aptitude for office—in the Senate or in the White House.

"The best thing that Teddy has done in the last ten years is mature," says one woman, a confirmed admirer of his. This is somewhat in contrast with the past: "The only thing he wanted when he was

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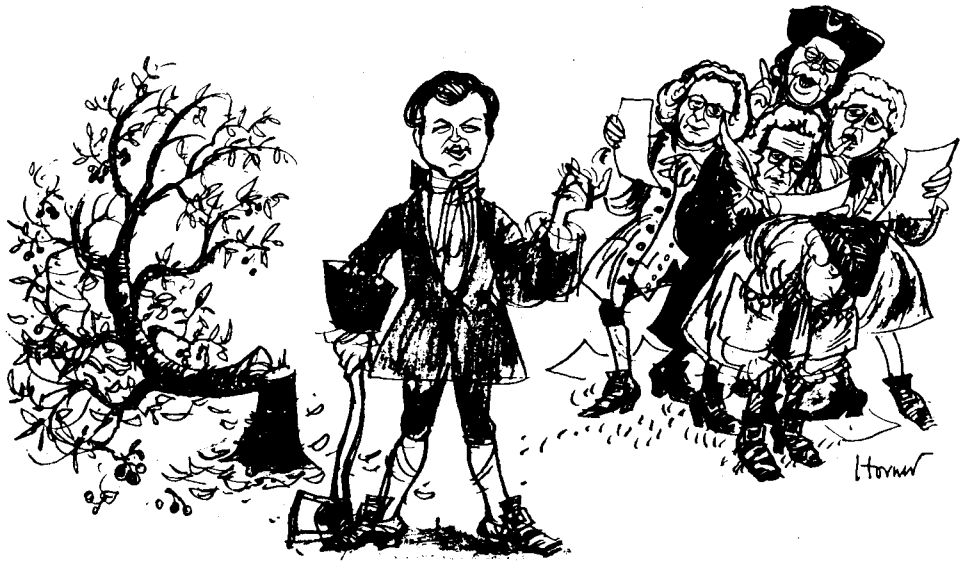
young—at least as far as I could see—was to be a playboy." Given the circumstances, the expectation was not unusual. He was very handsome, very rich, very personable, and he had three older brothers who were pushed to a different destiny. "He was the youngest of four brothers and he grew up never expecting that this [the Presidency] would come to *him*." His most famous plunge into playboy-ing was his womanizing. He has never quite denied it but he has never really admitted it either. Every time the public hears about a love affair involving Ted Kennedy, it is from the woman who was allegedly involved. Somehow women like to let the world know they've been to bed with Ted Kennedy, as if there is a particular cachet—though hardly an exclusive one—in having sexual relations with a Kennedy. This has not much hurt him in the Senate. ("The girls are just a superficial matter," says a friend.) But it could hurt him in the Presidency. For there are many who believe that the individual who occupies that office must place the highest possible priority on the Presidency and preserving it, if not for himself at least for the American people. In short, they feel it should not rank in urgency or importance below an active, illicit sex life. (This was one of the more disturbing aftermaths of the revelations of his brother John's alleged sex life in the White House—the sudden understanding that he put having illicit sex on so urgent a basis that the Presidency and his continuation in it were put gravely at risk. Indeed, JFK's reported involvement with a woman who also became the mistress of a top-level gangster might have so damaged the Presidency—by linking the Mafia through this sexual affair to the White House—that the institution of the Presidency could have been damaged for years. And that—whether he understood it or not—Jack Kennedy might have gone down in history as the man who crippled the Presidency as a faithful instrument of the American people.) In any case, the tales of Ted Kennedy's love life have affected his private life. Ted's wife Joan left their home in Virginia to go and live alone in their apartment in Boston, to study music, to go further to college, to rid herself of a disease called alcoholism, to remove herself from the more noxious and devastating gossip of Washington. Says a friend: "She needed to gain space"—to find an environment in which she could build her self-esteem free from the punishing pressures of the capital. Interestingly, the gossip appears to have lessened since Joan moved to Boston. "I haven't heard one bit of anything about Ted Kennedy with anybody else since last August," says one woman who is likely to know about such things. That, of course, may be an indication of greater maturity in Ted—or at least greater care—but it may also suggest that the original gossip was intended to hurt Joan, not Ted.



"Father, I cannot tell a lie, but my friends are doing their best . . . "

His home is not just a refuge but, for Senator Kennedy, a place of business. It is a low building, not archly traditional, all woods and glass and openness as one glances out the windows, expensive without seeming to be terribly large. (Some estimates place its cost—mounted on a rise above the Potomac River, just across the river from Washington—at a half-million dollars.) The room he tends to seek out most often is a study just to the left of the entrance-foyer (as one enters the house). It is a snug, atmospheric place with a huge fireplace, beamed ceilings, and a view of the woods and gardens out the windows. He settles there early in the morning after taking care of all the family and self-improvement duties. (He is an early riser—he's usually up by 6:00 a.m.—and he jogs and does calisthenics before having breakfast with the children.) Usually he starts by plunging into a bundle of work that he's carried home from the office. He starts his workday at home simply because it's so hard to get to work in Washington's rush-hour traffic. He could leave the house at 7:30 a.m. and get to his office on the Hill about 9:00 a.m. Or he can leave about 9:00 a.m. and get to the office about 9:15 or 9:20 a.m. The reason for the difference: The nearest bridge across the Potomac is two lanes wide, has merging traffic and red lights at both ends, and inspires long backups, often for several miles (and even past the driveway leading to his house) in the morning rush hour. Instead of sitting in his car in the rush-hour traffic for an hour or so, he sits at home and gets an hour's worth of work done. On many occasions, he'll have one or two of his aides come to his home early in the morning so they can preview the day's work, particularly the material which must be covered at the committee hearings which are the substance of congressional work. (It is easier for them to get to him than to get to the office: The rush-hour traffic out of the city is substantially thinner than the same-hour traffic into Washington.) In this way, Kennedy manages to put in 1-1½ hours of work before he even arrives at the office.

His office, Room 2241, is near the end of a second-floor corridor of the Dirksen Senate Office Build-

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ing. The hall is of marble and thickly paneled wood. His office has a brown salt-and-pepper carpet that is thinning, ever so slightly, at the entrance. The walls of the suite—which houses 30 or more people—are filled with everything from photos of himself and his family to a team picture of the 1978 Boston Red Sox. The small reception room is filled with visitors who fit the contrasting styles of Massachusetts life and Massachusetts politics. Ted Kennedy's office handles almost 450,000 letters a year; it handles 40,000 casework problems a year—from people who've lost, say, anything from their children in Europe to their social security cards in Worcester—to about 9,000 or 10,000 speech requests a year (he turns down more than 99 percent of them). Obviously he does not have to handle these and his other duties alone. One of his non-admirers estimates that he has 150 people answerable to him; an admirer puts the number at more than 200 and concedes that this is only a guess on the low side. There are nuances in the way that the professionals in Washington regard the interplay between Kennedy and his staff. "Jake Javits has as good or better a staff than Ted Kennedy," says one Washington professional. "But Javits is clearly the intellectual leader of his staff. He decides what they must do and how they must do it. They follow him; he doesn't follow them. But I get the feeling that, with Kennedy, the staff is more dominant. They have the intellectual leadership. They decide what to do and how to do it. I'm sure his presence motivates them. But I think they don't have to satisfy him intellectually the way that Javits' staff has to satisfy him. They just put it before him and it's more a matter of, 'Okay, I'll put it out.' "

For a long while, Ted Kennedy's reliance on his staff was painfully apparent. In those days, he had little to say at committee hearings that his staff didn't tell him to say. "Once there was a time when Kennedy, sitting at Senate hearings, resembled a ventriloquist's dummy, who was able to repeat only what he was told by an aide sitting behind him, says the left-leaning *New Republic*. That rarely happens today. He has not altogether overcome that need: "Every senator has times when he doesn't know *everything*—no matter what they might tell you," says one cynic. But now he has developed not only a technique for getting information—and questions—before the hearing but he has developed an understanding of the issues that might confront him.

Teddy's serious political statements have long been known to be exactly what his large and powerful staff want him to say—and when. Lately he has occasionally astonished Washington by becoming self-winding and sometimes even self-starting.

To many, this is only one mark of his growing maturity since the incident at Chappaquiddick. In the aftermath of Chappaquiddick, he seemed to sink into an interest that was more alcoholic than senatorial. His behavior seemed to suggest that he knew that he'd thrown away The Legacy and the opportunity and was punishing himself for it. For a long while he seemed to have no feel for, and no interest in, the substance or the details of life in the Senate. He'd been elected Whip—really the No. 1 aide to the Majority Leader—of the Senate in 1969, seven months before Chappaquiddick. By 1971, he'd so weakened himself in the Senate that his fellow Democrats threw him out of this office in favor of a more pedestrian personality (Robert Byrd of West Virginia) who liked to pay attention to details. (Byrd has since been rewarded by election as Majority Leader of the Senate.) The change in Kennedy since that open rebuff is notable. He not only knows that knowledge is power in politics but he has adjusted himself to using that power. He has demonstrated the change in a number of ways but in none of them so characteristically as the muscular way he began exercising control of the Senate Judiciary Committee when he became its chairman early this year. He knew his aim: to make the Judiciary Committee an active—and activist—instrument for liberal goals. For 23 years it was, under the chairmanship of now-retired Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, quite the opposite. If it wasn't following a conservative course, it wasn't doing anything. And Eastland seemed to think that doing nothing was better than accepting the danger of doing something that wasn't totally conservative.

The first thing that Kennedy did was exercise an influence in picking the new membership of the committee. When the last Congress opened in 1977, the Conservatives could expect to get a 9-8 (or 8-9) vote out of the 17-man committee. Thus the committee membership was virtually a standoff. But there were five vacancies created since then because of death or retirement. The way that Kennedy reconstituted the committee (including getting Senate rules changed so that another liberal, and his closest friend in the Senate, John Culver of Iowa, could keep his seat on the committee), the conservatives now have a 5-12 deficit or, at best, a 7-10 deficit. Having stacked the membership with liberals, Kennedy then proceeded to stack the staff with liberals. And he made sure that it was a staff loyal to him: He had the number of subcommittees reduced so that there would be fewer subcommittee chairmen competing with him for attention or developing staffs of their own that would not be totally loyal to him. He also had the rules

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changed away from the techniques that Eastland had used to make sure that nothing was done that Eastland didn't approve. For instance, Eastland often used the absence of a quorum to prevent the committee from going ahead with any work; Kennedy has introduced a rule permitting absent senators to offer their proxies to one of those present—say the committee chairman—so that a quorum can be called any time the committee chairman or one of his friends wants to pull the proxies from his pocket. Similarly, the rule which permitted one member of the committee to filibuster the entire committee—and thus prevent it from doing any work—was changed; now any ten members of the 17-man committee can vote to close debate, and thus end a filibuster.

The result of all this is that Kennedy and the liberals have come to dominate the committee with astonishing swiftness. Some lobbyists in Washington, stripped of their opportunities to delay what they didn't like, grumble that Strom Thurmond, a conservative who is the ranking Republican on the committee, is no match for Ted Kennedy. Other observers say that the Republicans on the committee cannot begin to cope with the furious pace that Ted Kennedy is setting, with two and sometimes even three committee hearings a day. "He's going to wear out the conservatives physically before he wears them out mentally," says one observer. (The committee hearing room and offices are only across the corridor and perhaps 15 steps from Kennedy's own offices; they are, of course, not quite so convenient for Republican members of the committee.) The pace has grown so fast that some observers—not altogether sympathetic—say that the Judiciary Committee has handled more business in two months under Ted Kennedy than in 23 years under James Eastland.

It's not only the pace but the direction of the committee which has changed. For Kennedy is using the Judiciary Committee to impose greater restrictions on American business. He's for changing some of the anti-trust laws in ways which would place harsher disciplines and penalties on business. He also introduced legislation—which had to go through his Judiciary Committee (where he could protect it from amendment)—restricting the mergers that business could initiate. All this and the prospect of even greater restrictions in the future—and changes in basic law affecting other aspects of American life. Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak reported that "one Senate Republican insider told us he wants Kennedy elected President because he can do less damage down at the White House than he can from the Judiciary Committee."

Ted Kennedy is not always successful in the "outfront" work on the Senate floor. "Even fellow Democrats say his presence in support of a measure automatically loses 20 or 30 votes," claim columnists Evans and Novak. But the real work of the Senate is rarely done on the floor. It is done in committee, behind the scenes, where the language of a bill is written or rewritten and where most of the agreement of the power blocs is negotiated. Kennedy knows how to carry out this work and how long it takes to carry it out. "I've never seen him quite the way he was when the Criminal Code revision bill passed the Senate," says Tom Southwick, one of his Senate aides. That was a 10-year effort. Most of those years were spent in writing a basic set of changes into the federal criminal code, trying to eliminate some of the confusing language ("There were like 40 different definitions of burglary—'burglary of a post office,' 'burglary of a military post. . . ' "). The years were also spent trying to eliminate some of the long-outdated provisions: "Did you know it's a federal crime to interfere with a carrier pigeon?" asks Southwick. "Or for any private citizen to write a letter to the head of a foreign state—it's a federal crime for you to write to the President of France or to Queen Elizabeth II?" And finally, the power blocs began lining up for and against some of the most controversial elements in the criminal code—the death penalty, for example, or the variety of sentencing and parole procedures. Finally in January 1977, Ted Kennedy began to put his muscle behind the criminal code revision. He sat down with Senator John McClellan of Arkansas, his senior on the Judiciary Committee (and chairman of the criminal procedures subcommittee) to work out the language they both could accept—as a conservative and as a liberal. Then Kennedy went to every other member of the committee—Republican and Democrat, liberal and conservative—to get their views, and their demands. He tried to comprise their views with his own and McClellan's, or warn them where other conflicts might develop. While all

'DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY DRIVING, JIMMY — I KNOW MY WAY AROUND HERE!'

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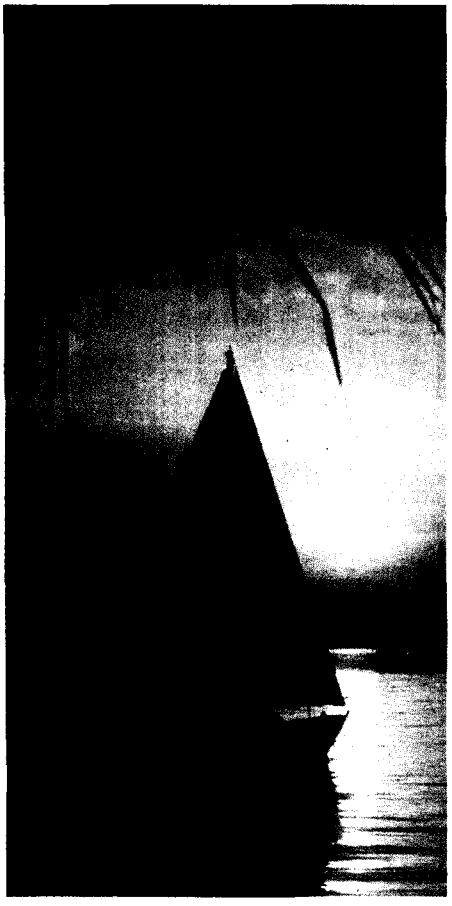

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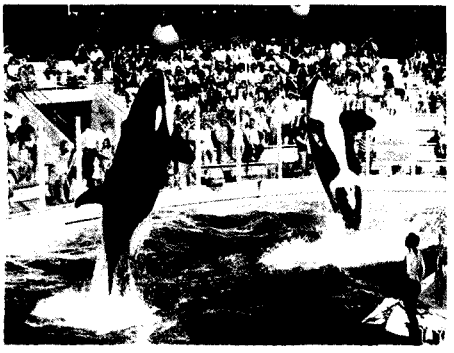

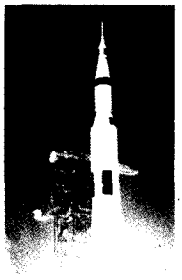

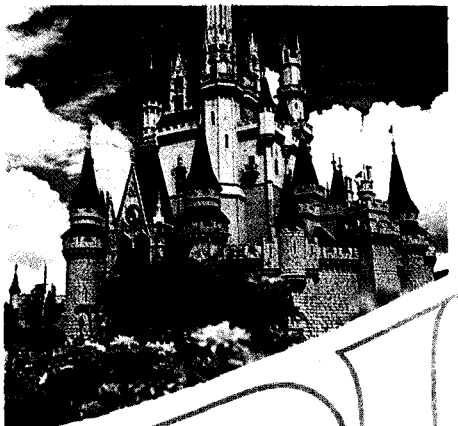

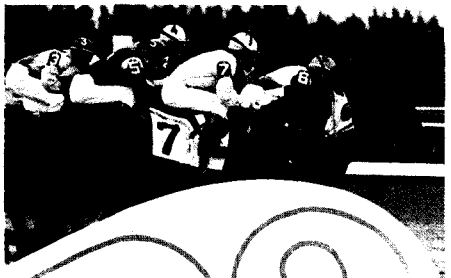

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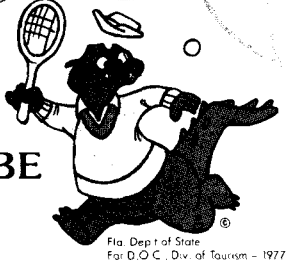

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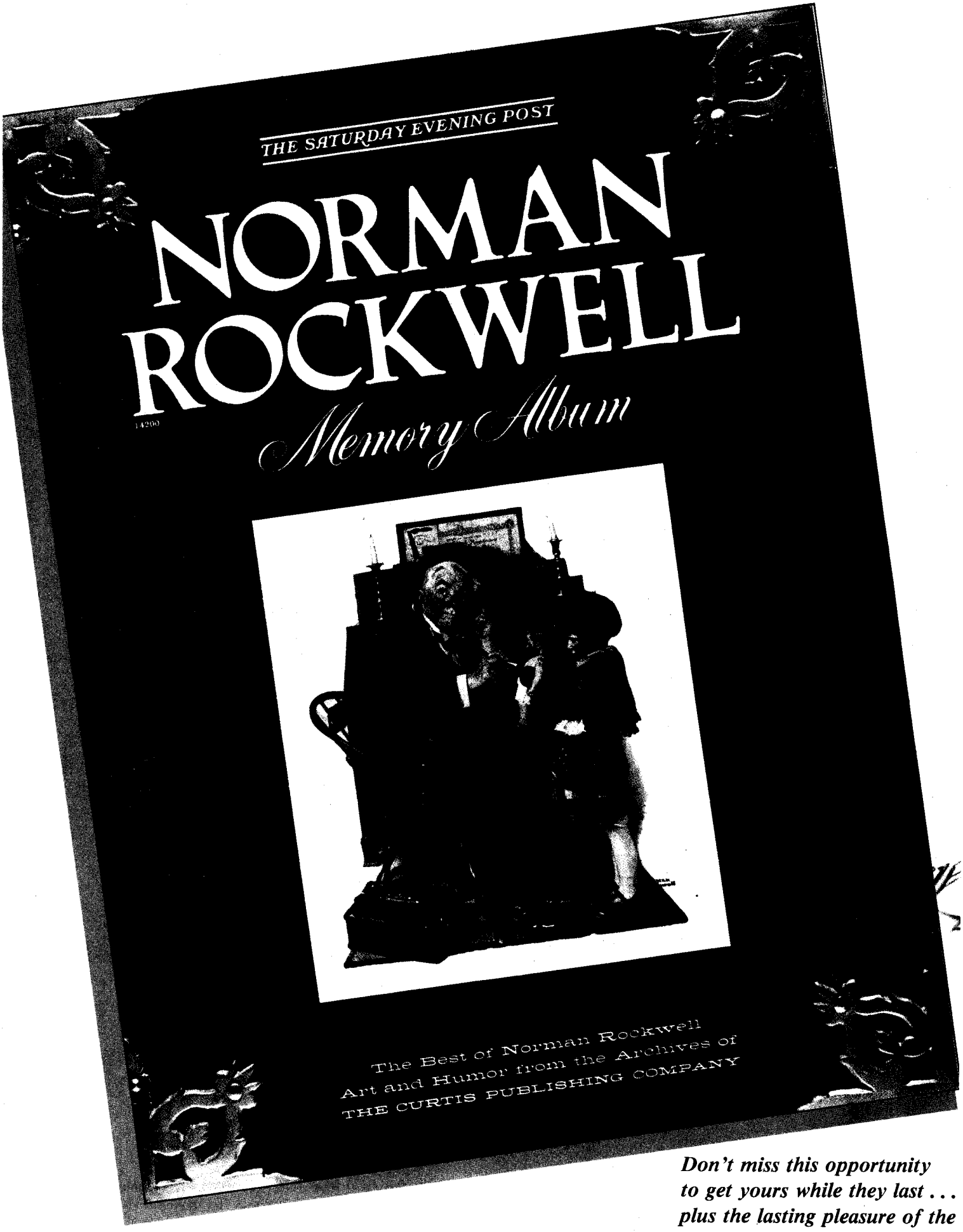

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Kennedy

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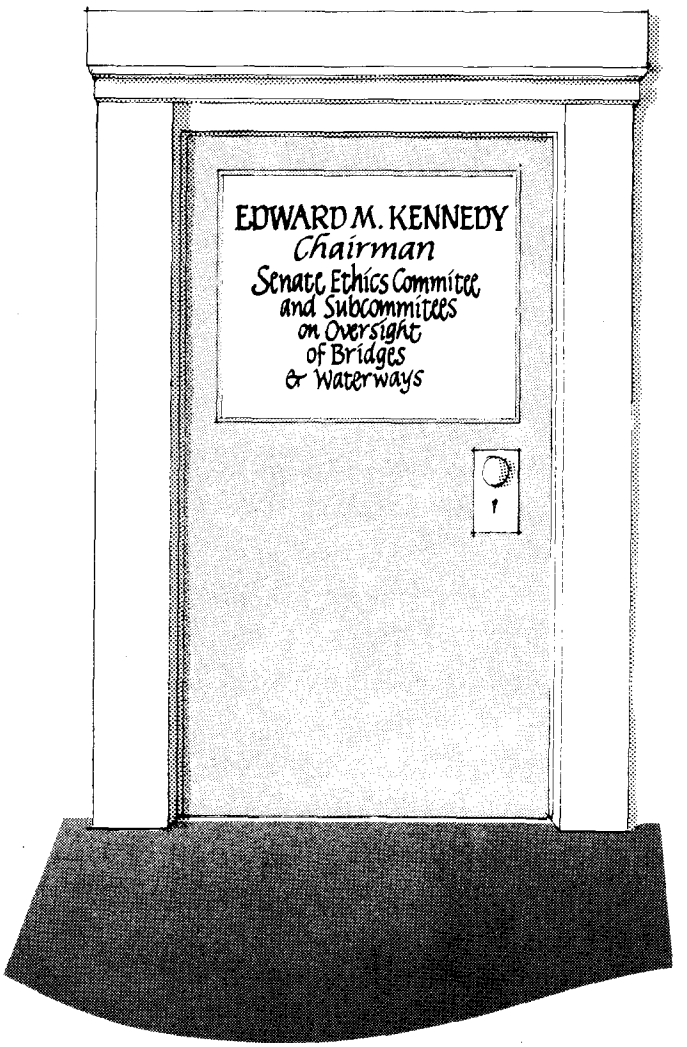
this was going on, Senator McClellan died. So Kennedy preserved what he'd contributed and carried on with Strom Thurmond as the leader of the conservative viewpoint in the committee. In the end, the committee had an approved bill that ran 650 pages of small type. It did not resolve the question of the death penalty, but it did tackle such sensitive questions as the consistency of sentencing: "You could be sentenced to 20 years for something in New York and only three years for the same crime in California," says Southwick. "This bill sets guidelines for various crimes—perhaps three to five years for a certain crime. A judge could go beyond the guidelines, but his sentence might become the basis for an appeal." Kennedy then took the bill to the Senate floor and, by strenuous activity, got Senate approval of it. It was not just a legislative victory but a reflection of how hard and how long the work in the Senate actually becomes.



The irony is that he won only half the fight. The House of Representatives did not take any action on the measure. So it must be introduced again into the Senate and pass both houses of Congress before it becomes law. But the precedent was set, and the language of the bill has pretty much been accepted by the Senate (though it has changed in its membership because of the 1978 elections). In any case, Kennedy and his staff do not expect that getting it past the Senate will take another ten years—or any sizable fraction of that. It is likely to be sent with reasonable speed to the House—which will deal with it in its own deliberate speed.

In dealing with the symbols and leaders of power blocs, Kennedy is himself recognized as being part of a power bloc: the left-wing group in the Senate. He is for, among other things, a break-up of the big oil companies, a comprehensive (and very costly) health care plan, abortions financed by Medicaid, cutting defense dollars, common situs picketing (so urgently demanded by the big labor unions), curbing breeder reactors, and he was against building the B-1 bomber, nuclear aircraft carriers, the neutron bomb, the M-X missile, the cruise missile, selling arms to Chile, and selling jet planes to Saudi Arabia. The astonishing thing is that he can, through his very presence, get a wild reception for losing issues: One time a few months ago, he made a rousing speech supporting the Equal Rights Amendment, the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill, and the District of Columbia Voting Rights Amendment and got thunderous applause—all, by and large, for issues that seem losers on the American scene. The people responded as if they knew nothing at all of what he said; they responded not to what he was saying but to the fact that *he* was saying it.

Ted Kennedy has held to this liberal line at a time when left-wing politics are not rising in popularity in the U.S. Indeed, a good many other liberals have retreated from their principles—or retreated from announcing them. Ted Kennedy has not.

Why?

This was a question that came up one day not too long ago as Kennedy and I sat in his hideaway office in the Capitol, only

Teddy Kennedy must now be asking himself, "Does it make any political sense to try to win the Presidency at a time when the country is moving right while Ted Kennedy is moving left?"

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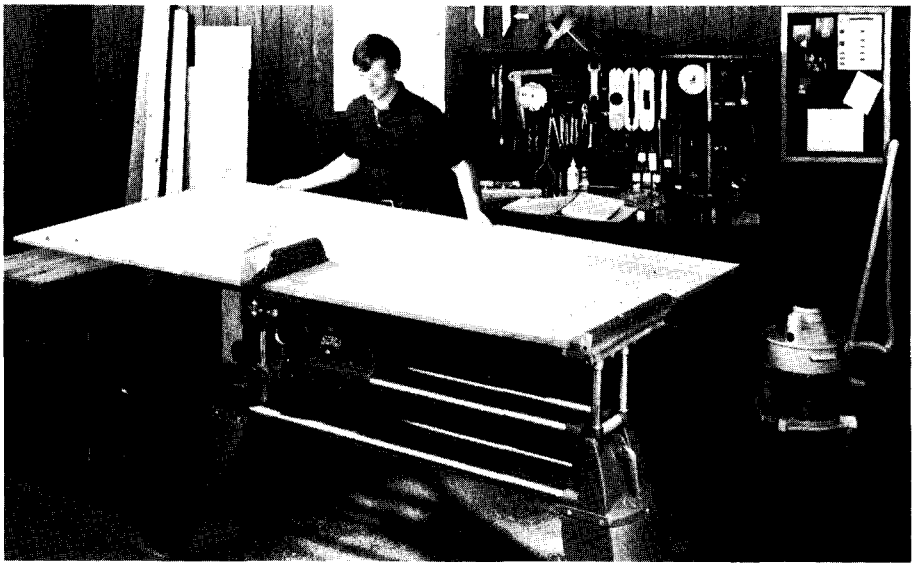

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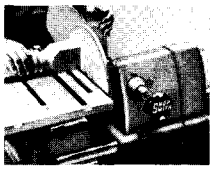

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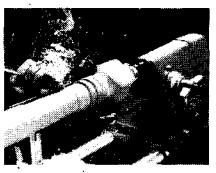

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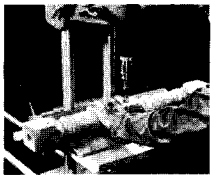

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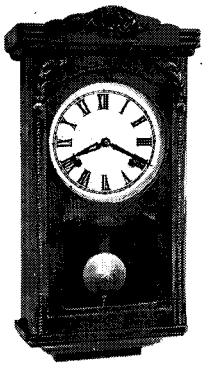

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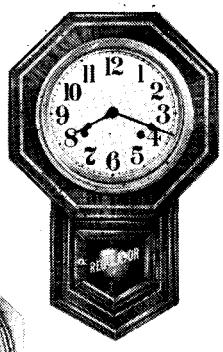

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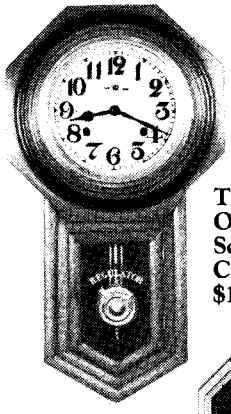

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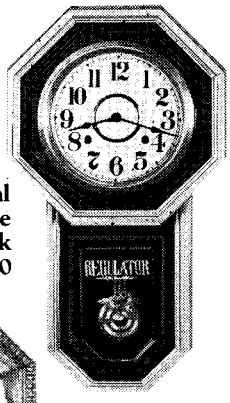

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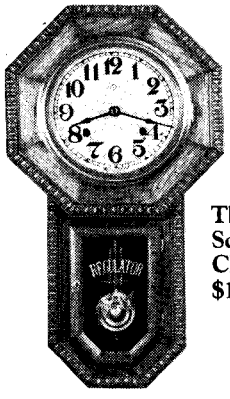

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Kennedy

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a few steps away from the awesome rise of the dome over the rotunda. It is a very secure office; there is no staff and the door is always kept locked—there is a slide lock on the inside as well as the customary latch-and-bolt locks. Here he can be very private and personal and still be only a few score steps from the action on the Senate floor. Kennedy does not make a public display of everything: He arranged to give his last pay increase (about $9,000 a year) to charity and—though he does not turn over his paycheck to charity (as his brother Jack did)—he does offer sums of money greater than his Senate income to charity. The hideaway office is—like his home—very much a response to this inclination. It has all kinds of personal memorabilia—a brightly colored painting (reds, yellows, blues on a white background) that he did while recovering from his broken back (he still wears a brace), a somber portrait of his grandfather, Honey Fitz, a dozen pictures of Teddy and his family ("Little overweight there," he said, pointing to a preteenage boy—himself—standing with his father). There are only a few unexpected facets to the room: Both the pens in his expensive desk stand have run dry ("That's okay, I have another one," he said reaching into his pocket), and on the mantle is not a model of an American ship but of the magnificent Swedish man-of-war, the *Vasa*. (It sank on the day it was launched early in the 17th century and was recovered, almost intact, within the last quarter-century.) Kennedy himself seemed rather weary this day; he continually massaged the bridge of his nose and its sides. There would be a further long-into-the-night session on the Senate floor and another the next day. In his fatigue, Kennedy has a tendency to tackle the tangential and sometimes the abstract in answering questions, as his way of defusing them and making them harmless, and this day he talked about his various positions not in terms of liberalism but in terms of other principles and preferences. "The

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thing I'm most interested in is human resources development, in solving the problems that involve people—in opening the opportunities to them of living in society in the most hopeful way." He ran through the inventory: energy, crime, inflation, job policy, tax policy ("it set out to be fair and equitable to everybody, but it is most inequitable toward working people"), even national defense policy. He takes his positions, he suggested, not just because he's a liberal but because "all of these things make a difference in the quality of life that people in our society can live."

Why, he was asked, was he emphasizing the disciplines of the Democratic party and the power blocs within it—Labor, the minority groups—at a time when it seemed that both the party structure and the power blocs were losing the influence they'd exercised when, as a coalition, they'd boosted FDR to power?

Again the brief direct response: "I still believe the political party ought to be the instrument for change." And the more expansive tangential remark: He saw his votes over the years as being less a party response than an extension of the franchise to everybody in society and the opportunity in making each vote count—i.e., the poll tax back in 1964 ("we lost that by two votes"), voting in the civil rights context, giving the vote to 18-year-olds, trying to stop the gerrymandering of congressional districts, the opening of registration to the underprivileged, the financing of Presidential and (less successfully) Senate elections.

He talked of a variety of issues that would come up in the next few months: health care ("we're not trying to insure that the medical profession won't get a good income; it should get a good income. . .we're just trying to get a handle on costs"), the methods of helping localities in their struggle against crime by redesigning the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration ("in two weeks, I think we'll have the proposals before us"), and the various issues before the Judiciary Committee ("competition. . .the charter for the FBI. . .the criminal codes system. . .and the range and structure of the federal judiciary. . .").

Where would he be in July? Would he "disappear" rather than face the questions which might arise on the tenth anniversary since Chappaquiddick?

He said no. "I expect to be in the Senate certainly this year. And then I'll be with my family during the recess."

But the recess won't be in July? "No. It'll be in August."

How does he respond to the way people feel about Chappaquiddick?

"Other people have to make whatever judgments that they would, and I have to live with them." He spoke softly and with a weary air.

"I have to live with the past," he said quietly. "And with all of the tragedies."

How does all this affect the candidacy of Ted Kennedy in 1980?

Well, for one thing, he won't concede that there *is* a candidacy.

"I expect President Carter to run again. I expect him to be nominated. And I expect to support him," he says. There are many Kennedy-watchers who do not altogether believe him. The signs are subtle, they say, but unmistakable: "Various Kennedy associates," reports columnist Michael Novak in the Washington *Post*, "are quietly getting their careers in order"—so they can jump into a Kennedy-for-President campaign and, they hope, a Kennedy Presidential administration. But one of his various close friends—one who might be expected to have a very high post in his campaign (and thus would likely have been alerted by now)—is not persuaded that Teddy is committed to 1980: "I really don't think he intends to run in 1980. But— "

But . . . what?

"He has 200 people on his various staffs and I don't think all of them want to wait for some indefinite future to get into the power. With him in the White House, of course," says the same friend. "They're bringing a lot of pressure on him to make the race now. They're telling him, 'Senator, you've got to take on this guy [the President] *now*.' " For a moment, this Kennedy friend played with a fork at the dining table and

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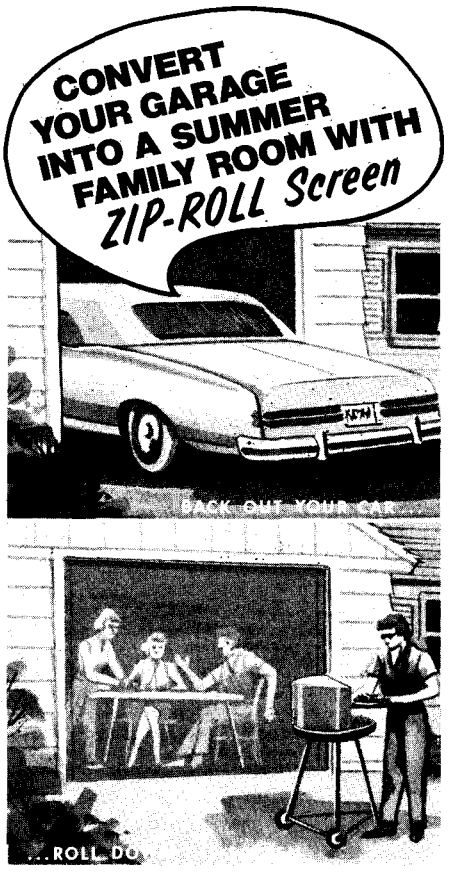

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Speaking Out

M.A.D. IS MAD, MAD!

Let's abandon the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks and Treaty; it's the safest course for America, for Russia and the world. Mutual Assured Destruction (M.A.D.) is dangerous for the U.S. because Russia refuses to play.

by G. E. Synhorst

It's curious that the main issue with a Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty has become a matter of verification of what the Soviets may develop in the future. That is: Can we tell if the Russians are cheating? Far more important is just where we do stand versus the Russians in strategic arms right now. Are we equal? Will we stay that way? There is danger and self-delusion in substituting the ability to keep track of what others are doing for the ability to maintain equivalence in the war-making machine itself.

One is reminded of the period when Britain slowly declined from super-power status after W.W.II. As the Russians and the Americans built satellites and missiles which went streaking around the earth, the British did a superb job of building telescopes and tracking stations. Short of having the missiles and satellites, the small country could play the game simply by watching and reporting accurately on the big powers. Eventually the British stopped doing even that. In our case, the best verification equipment and intelligence paraphernalia in the world will not deter the Soviets or make us their equivalent.

There is a unique concept underlying American thought about strategic nuclear warfare. It is called "Mutual Assured Destruction" (MAD for short). Now to be fair, MAD, as a term, is out of vogue with government strategic warfare thinkers. A more current term is "Essential Equivalence." Nevertheless, "Mutual Assured Destruction" is still widely used by professional journals and the press. MAD is still the underlying doctrine in American strategic planning.

In the Mutual Assured Destruction concept, we assume that both the United States and the U.S.S.R. have the ability to destroy the other, at least once and probably many times over. Both nations know this; consequently, each nation somberly goes about its business aware that its own populace is held hostage against nuclear war. According to MAD theory, this mutual balance of terror deters the foolishness of a strategic nuclear weapons exchange. So MAD is good.

According to MAD adherents, a defense against nuclear weapons is destabilizing and dangerous. If one nation could shoot down the other's missiles, or protect itself against their fallout, it might be encouraged to dare use its own missiles. Even increased accuracy is destabilizing. The nation with increased accuracy could destroy the other's missiles in their silos, in pin-point fashion, in a first strike. There would be no retribution, no mutual destruction; nuclear warfare would be possible.

American adherents of MAD have held sway for several years, ever since the McNamara era. America once had a missile system which could defend against incoming Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles. This system was abandoned. America now has no civil defense to protect its people from nuclear weapon fallout. America has also cut back on fighter interceptors which might intercept Soviet manned bombers. In every way possible America has shown the Russians that her bosom is laid bare to any Russian strategic nuclear onslaught. We in effect are saying to the Russians, "See, I cannot attack you; my cities and my people lie hostage to your huge nuclear warheads."

The MAD theorists know, indeed they estimate, that a Soviet nuclear attack would kill between 120 and 180 million Americans. This does not daunt them; in fact,

The author is a retired Rear Admiral, United States Navy, who lives and writes in the Washington, D.C. area. He has served many years in nuclear submarines.

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they believe the more the better. They feel assured that Russia would also suffer such losses. The very magnitude of such a staggering toll of lives will keep either nation from attacking the other with strategic nuclear weapons.

There is a gigantic flaw in all this MAD logic: *The Russians do not believe in it.* Now for the Russians to be deterred from destroying us, they must believe and fear that America can destroy them. Bear in mind, it is not so important whether we can or cannot obliterate Russia. The important criterion is that they will be deterred only by what they *believe to be true.* The Russian high command *believes* they can take America's best all-out nuclear attack and still limit their own casualties to between 5 and 20 million. The Soviet Union has good evidence that they can suffer such casualties and survive. They did survive deaths of that magnitude during W.W. II.

Thinking as they do, the Soviets have prepared to fight and win in an all-out nuclear exchange. They have dispersed their industry over vast areas. They have developed elaborate systems to protect their populace from nuclear fallout. They even have systems to protect farm animals and foodstuffs. They have maintained systems to shoot down incoming nuclear warheads and are developing new defensive systems. Some use neutron and laser beams which can zap at the speed of light. While convinced that they can survive a nuclear onslaught, they are not so sure that they can destroy America—this in spite of our best efforts to disarm ourselves against nuclear attack. Consequently, the Soviets are still developing more and better strategic nuclear weapons. MAD logic and its concomitant strategy is a one-way street. Only America engages in it.

There is yet another fallacy in America's strategic thinking. It has long been clear that Russia and her Warsaw Pact partners could drive across West Germany to the English Channel in a few weeks, if combat were restricted to conventional warfare. America's answer has been to deploy tactical battlefield nuclear weapons. Thus, Soviet superiority in manpower and conventional weapons is balanced by American technology. Somehow we have confused ourselves into thinking that we could use these little nuclear weapons without risk of escalation to a major nuclear exchange. The awesome specter of Mutual Assured Destruction would keep things from escalating.

American negotiators have insisted that these little battlefield tactical nuclear weapons not be addressed by a SALT treaty. The Russians, not having as many small nuclear weapons, have never bought this idea. To them a nuclear weapon is a nuclear weapon. Escalation to the big bombs is not only possible, it is quite likely. Their military is no longer awed by an all-out nuclear exchange.

Beyond a doubt, America and her allies in Western Europe and Japan are immeasurably stronger than Russia—if all capabilities are measured. The Soviets maintain their forces in Europe, in part to ensure the "loyalty" of Poland, East Germany, Czechoslavakia and Hungary. A massive portion of Russia's might is needed to checkmate China. Our industry has many times the capacity of Russia's. Our farms are more productive. We have more cars, more telephones, more refrigerators, more everything. Our people are better fed and better clothed. And, above all, our people have far more political freedom.

We should be cautious, though. Most of these assets do not equate to immediate fighting ability. It is a tragic fact of history that stronger cultures are sometimes overrun by stronger war-making machines.

There is an early historical parallel worth noting. In the late 1400s Western Europe was but a tiny besieged corner of the world. The Arabs were more adept at mathematics and science. There was more impressive architecture in India. The rich culture of China had no European parallel. Somehow, the fighting seamen of Europe broke free of their historic confines. Early on, the Pope drew a line dividing the non-European world between Spain and Portugal. Spain got the Americas and territories to the west. Portugal was awarded Brazil and permission to go around Africa to the east. Within a hundred years, ships from Spain and Portugal were meeting around the world in the Philippines. The Portuguese had gone east, the Spanish west—building ships on the west coast of the Americas and crossing the Pacific. Through the ensuing centuries until today, European customs and traditions have been dominant in the world. When the remarkable expansion began, the Europeans did not have the superior culture. They had religious zeal, the mobility of the sea, and they were tough. An unnamed cannibal somewhere in the islands of the South Pacific summed it up: The Polynesians tasted best; they were fattened with yams and pork. The Chinese were plump and succulent. Even Arab sailors were quite palatable. The Europeans

Continued on page 79

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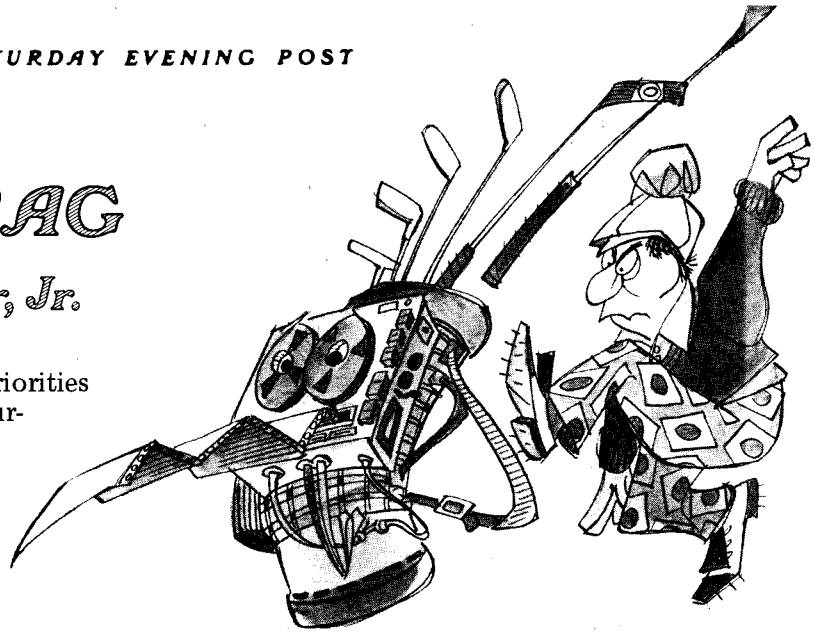
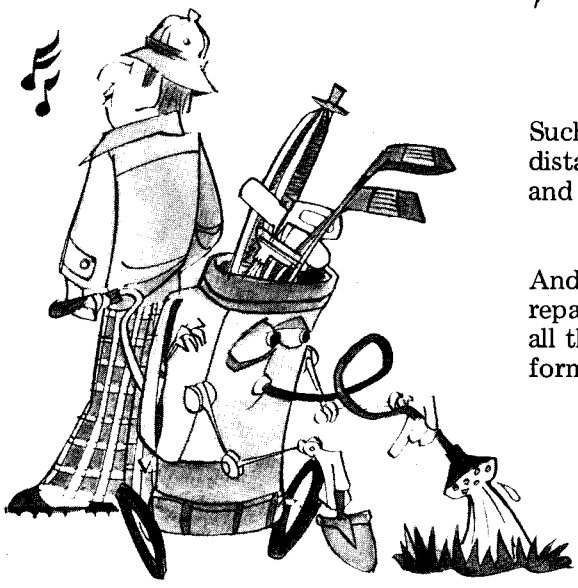
IT'S YOUR BAG

by Herb Brammier, Jr.



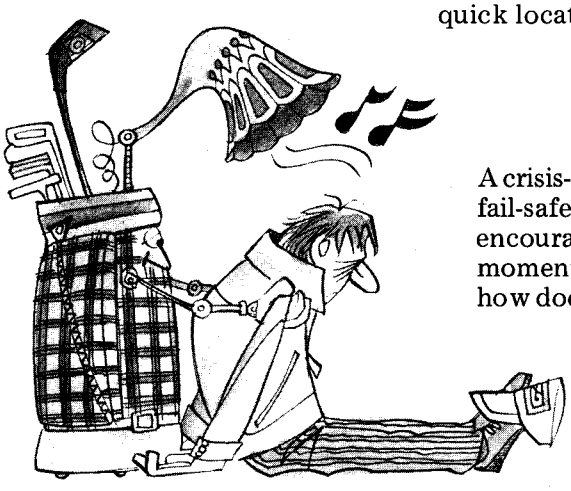
Right up there among the world's priorities should be an ideal companion and security blanket called the *golf bag*. Never mind what it's made of—let's have one that *does* something.



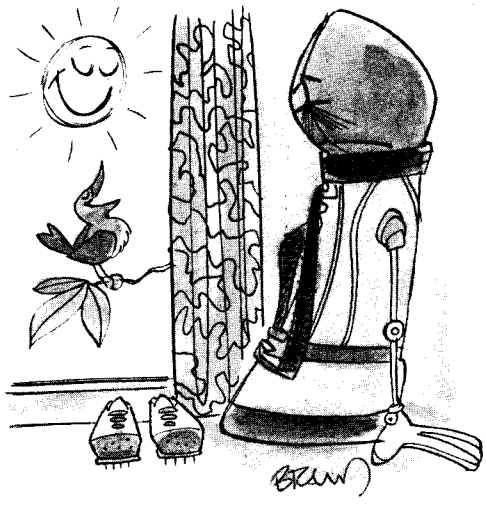
Such as a factory-installed computer that calculates wind, distance and terrain in selecting the proper club for your shot—and then accepts responsibility for the results.

And a divot-dauber to unobtrusively repair plow marks, sparing us from all those humorous remarks from former friends.

Then a self-starting body shop to scrub, un-ding, touch up, and properly tee the ball (after tracking your drive by radar for quick location in the rough).



A crisis-sensor could give fail-safe support and soothing encouragement for those rare moments when a shot somehow doesn't go exactly right.



And finally, a bag that knows its place on those days when a game is out of the question, if not out of mind.

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John Wayne

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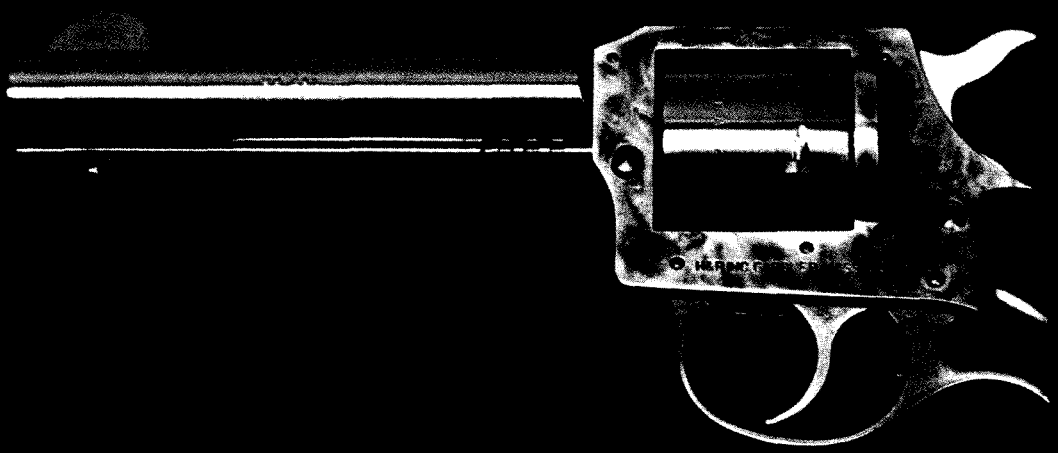

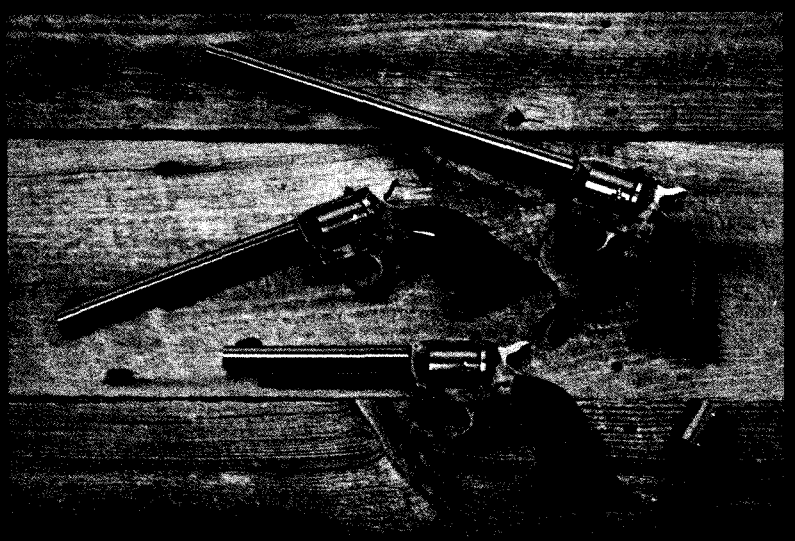

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Introduction

John Wayne, it has been written, became a legend by not being legendary. Although on the screen he sometimes seems bigger than life, there always has been something touchingly human in his majesty.

He had such complete simpatico with his audience that they considered him one of them, or at least one who was like they wanted to be. He was an approachable hero.

He was so much a part of Americana that, like the freedom, virtues, honesty, forthrightness, and singleness of drive his character portrayed, he became almost taken for granted, part of our mental landscape.

"My feeling about movie acting is that it is like sitting in a room with somebody. The audience is with you," he said. Exactly. With him.

To pay tribute to such a man is like trying to salute an era or memorialize a culture or condense the gut feelings of three generations into a moment of applause. At such a time, one admires John Wayne's own ability to make the complex simple.

When asked, for instance, how he intended to play Genghis Khan, a figure who swept continents (but not exactly in the usual Wayne style), the Duke made it sound easy: "I see him as a gunfighter," he said.

For some 40 years John Wayne so accurately reflected the deep decency of America that the plot line, the characterizations of other actors, the setting, the climate mattered little. A John Wayne film was a John Wayne film.

"Tall in the saddle is his ticket," explained one stunt man who had to mimic the Iron Duke in long shots (although Wayne did a lot of the close-in dangerous work himself).

Wayne on film was the epitome of the guy who never looks for a fight, but battles tooth and nail if it comes to that. His aim was to win even though Wayne lost plenty in his films, including his life in a few. But always with dignity.

The essence of John Wayne as a legend is that he is one with whom the common man can identify both on and off celluloid. His marriages were battlegrounds, even as are the marriages of many movie ticket buyers. He was not overly sharp in business; he was a sucker for a hard-luck story and a soft touch for his friends. He drank heavily but (as countless of his fellow-men often have wished for themselves) he could hold it with astonishing grace.

The Duke once noted in a speech (he disliked speech-making although he had been a champion debater in high school) that this nation is more than laws and government. "It is an outlook, an attitude," said Wayne.

And that is the legend of the Duke. An outlook, an attitude. Not only his outlook and attitude, but those of millions of moviegoers as well, who made the phrase "a John Wayne movie" into a simple, timeless testimonial. ☒

David Sutton and John Wayne at "check" on the set.

My Friend John

David Sutton, photographer and writer, is a longtime friend and admirer of John Wayne, with whom he has worked both on and off movie sets for years. Many of the Wayne photographs in this issue were taken by Sutton. Here is one of the stories about the Duke which Sutton cherishes from their close association:

"Duke is a punster of the first order and he nailed me one day concerning the fact that I'm a very talkative person. We were on location. It was the height of the baseball season and Don Sutton (no relation) of the Los Angeles Dodgers wasn't doing well. In fact, he hadn't pitched a good game for several weeks. The sports section of a Los Angeles newspaper carried a banner headline: 'Sutton Quiet.'

"Duke was in his trailer relaxing between scenes. I was outside checking some camera gear. He appeared in the doorway of his trailer and called me, 'Dave, come on in for a few games of chess.' (This is a game which John Wayne plays with gargantuan relish and over the years we have played about 2,000 or so games together. Admittedly, he has the edge on games won.)

"This day he had a mischievous glint in his eyes and I figured he was planning on pinning my ears back with some new strategy. As I entered the trailer I couldn't help but notice the sports headline 'Sutton Quiet' which Duke had tacked to the wall in a conspicuous place.

"Below the headline he had handwritten, 'The Impossible Dream!' I cracked up with laughter, as did his secretary, Pat Stacy, but it was Duke who roared the loudest and the longest. I had the last laugh, albeit brief. I won the first game of chess. He won the other two games." ☒

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Big John

When John Wayne strode down a cowtown street, hands swinging, ready to draw, it was Old Long Legs acting natural--but a million hearts were immediately on his side

By Pete Martin

There are those in Hollywood who insist that when John Wayne is pleasantly stimulated and extra friendly, he is bigger than any room in which he happens to be. Men with sturdy nervous systems have developed violent cases of claustrophobia and a frantic yearning for the out-of-doors when Wayne slaps them playfully on the back or puts a comradely arm upon their shoulders.

After one such display of he-man affection, Screen Writer Frank Nugent remarked, "Having Wayne put his arm on your shoulder is like having somebody dump a telephone pole on you."

In picture business some actors lick the handicap of being short by wearing platform shoes or by perching on any empty box while they nuzzle statuesque beauties. Wayne needs no such artificial elevation. He stands six feet four in his socks. At 72, his 225 pounds is still lean meat and gristle.

Statistics like these, together with the fact that when he's feeling good at a party he takes on the proportions of a monstrously jovial colossus, may explain why a reference to size seems inevitable in almost any mention of Wayne. More than one critic has written: "Wayne is bigger than the film in which he is appearing." One writer implied that he is bigger than the entire motion-picture industry, an estimate based on Wayne's ability to swim upstream against an ebb tide at the box office, carrying a studio or two on his back while doing it.

Even the story of how Wayne got into the movies in the first place requires a reference to his size. The fact that he was a big, hulking kid, rugged enough to play football under Howard Jones at the University of Southern California, brought him to the attention of Movie Director John Ford. Ford was the founder and guru of a Hollywood cult of brawn. Like Frederick William I, who combed Europe for giants for his Potsdam guard, Ford liked to surround himself with nonrunts. His proteges included such towering Thespians as Victor McLaglen, Henry Fonda, Ward Bond, and Grant Withers. At one time Hollywood called his herd of talented beef "The Ford Stock Company." Knowing that Ford collected muscles in the way that J. P. Morgan collected art treasures, he was one of those whom Jones approached when the USC squad needed spending money.

"At that point everybody in picture business had USC fever," Ford said. "Wayne fell to my lot. I made him a fourth-assistant property man."

The prop man showed signs of becoming something more than that one squally day when Ford was making a submarine picture in the channel that lies between Catalina Island and the California mainland. The script called for stunt men to simulate an escape from the torpedo tubes of a sub helpless on the bottom. They were supposed to dive from the lower deck of the mine sweeper that bore the camera crew, rise to the surface in a bubble of air pumped out beneath the surface, be picked up by rescue boats. It was growing late, the seas were high; the human-porpoise routine was becoming more and more dangerous. Eying the waves smashing against the sweeper's hull, the stunt men balked.

Wayne was busy at his chores on the second deck of the vessel when Ford decided to shame those whose business was selling heroic feats to the movies. He yelled at Wayne, "How about showing these chicken-livered slobs up?"

Without stopping to let go of the pliers and hammer he was holding when Ford hailed him, the fourth-assistant prop man hit the waves. His fearlessness so inspired an elderly character actor, who was playing the sub's warrant officer, that he, too, leaped overboard. They repeated it until they were hauled out, blue with cold.

Wayne's next step upward in picture business occurred when Ford made a football movie at Annapolis. The young prop man was asked to sign 14 members of the USC squad for the journey. Told that he could offer each player as much as $75 a week, Wayne remembered the copybook maxim that the way to success lies in saving an employer's money and offered the USC-ers $50. They jumped at it.

Having been pledged Sigma Chi, a fraternity that had a corner on USC football talent, he did his selecting from that Greek-letter organization. When those chosen reported to be measured for Annapolis uniforms, a non-Sigma Chi gridironer, Ward Bond, tagged along to see what a studio looked like.

At sight of Bond, Ford said, "I want that big, ugly guy, too."

If another selection was to be made, Wayne had another fraternity brother in mind for the spot. "I've got another guy a lot uglier than him," he said. Ford turned down the "lot uglier" one in favor of Bond, and Wayne glowered at him.

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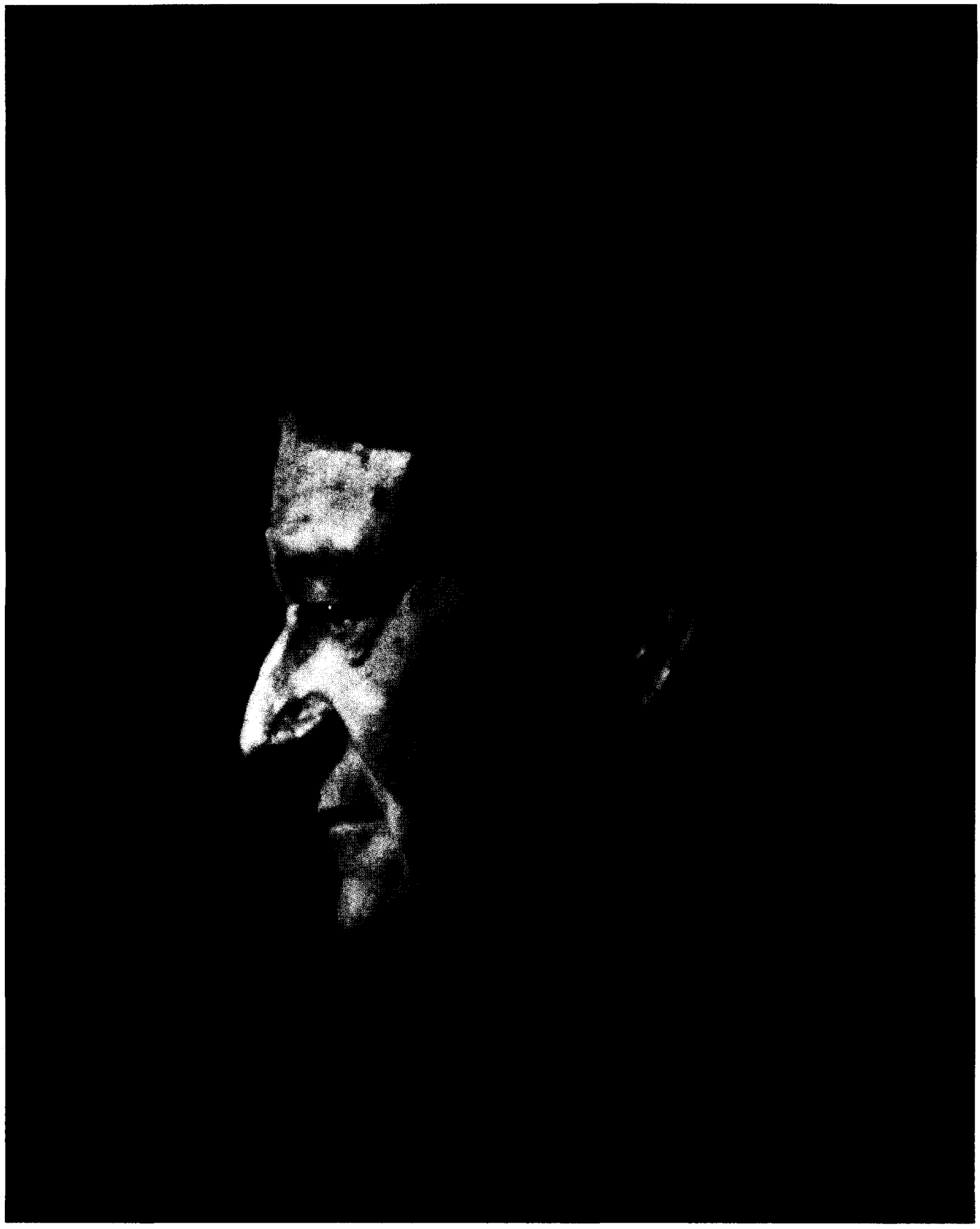

John Wayne, shown here in a portrait emphasizing the thrust of the famous jaw and the rugged face which fired the imagination of a million fans, began his movie career in 1926 when he doubled for Francis X. Bushman in a football picture. The film was Brown at Harvard *and it marked the beginning of a Hollywood career which always featured brawn and determination in just causes.*

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Stagecoach, *which first brought Wayne prominence, teamed him with Claire Trevor. She appeared in other Duke films.*

A favorite Wayne role was in The Long Voyage Home *because he learned an accent. With him was friend Ward Bond (left).*

Bond glowered back and said, "Too bad the passengers of your gravy train won't all be Sweethearts of Sigma Chi."

Sensing their antipathy, Ford, whose sense of humor at times bordered on the sadistic, arranged for them to share a berth en route east. It was the beginning of Hollywood's solidest but most unusual friendship. Bond became one of the busiest supporting actors in the movies and appeared in many of Ford's pictures. A friend of theirs once said, "I've seen Wayne and Bond throw punches at each other in the steam room at an athletic club until you'd think they were trying to kill each other. But let anybody crack wise about one of them and he's in a mess of trouble with both."

Wayne was given a few lines to say in the picture, and he suddenly realized that although he was still getting only a prop man's $35 a week, he was doing the same work as the $50-a-week players he'd signed. He beefed to Jim McGuinness, the producer who was handling the business details of the Annapolis expedition, and was told, "Okay, we'll pay you what they're getting." One night 22 years after that Maryland trip, Wayne woke up, burning with indignation. It had dawned upon him that if he had signed the USC players for $75 a week instead of $50, it would have meant $25 a week more for him. McGuinness had become a major executive for another studio, but the next morning Wayne sent him a bill for the difference between the sum he might have earned in Maryland and the amount he would have been in pocket if he hadn't been so conscientious.

His next break after becoming a bit player in the Annapolis football film came when the director, Raoul Walsh, was hunting for a leading man to appear in his super-Western, *The Big Trail*. Walsh scored a number of outstanding successes, but *The Big Trail* was known as Walsh's Folly. It was budgeted at $2 million, an immense sum before the day of the inflated dollar. It involved a completely new method of movie showing. It was to be shot on 72-mm. film called Grandeur Film, and projected on screens twice as big as any then in existence. This also called for the construction of projection machines along mammoth lines.

From time to time Wayne noticed Walsh watching him from the corner of his eye while testing actors for the lead. He didn't know that Ford had given Walsh fight talks about his former prop man. All Wayne wanted to do was to go back to USC and play football, but a week later Walsh told him to pack up and go on location.

The Big Trail sank without a trace in a flood of red ink. There was a depression on. Theater owners couldn't afford expensive new equipment. The few screens built to accommodate Grandeur Film were so large that 800 buffaloes, rented for one eye-filling sequence, looked like mice when projected upon the vast expanse. The vastness also engulfed the actors' personalities.

Walsh was already established as a movie genius, and he survived the debacle, but Wayne did a fade-out into Grade Z Westerns instead of going back to USC. Riding waves shoreward during a weekend spent cavorting in the California surf, he had suffered a dislocated shoulder joint, an injury which made him valueless to Howard Jones. In the next few years he made dozens of action serials and off-the-cuff Westerns shot in from three to six days each, at a cost of less than $10,000 a picture. He clippety-clopped through sagebrush operas made on budgets so skinny that they couldn't provide even the usual horse star as an equine lead. Hauling steeds around the country was too costly for the studios that employed Wayne, so they used any mounts they found at hand. Seventy-five half-broken horses were rented for one Wayne quickie. When the first blank cartridge was fired, the landscape erupted prick-eared, wall-eyed horseflesh, and 40 startled actors thudded earthward.

The dialogue Wayne was given to say was of the "Spread out, boys, we'll get 'em when they come out of that canyon" school. However, he managed to make at least one improvement on the stock-model Western. He was the first sombreroed hero to use tables and chairs in a film fight.

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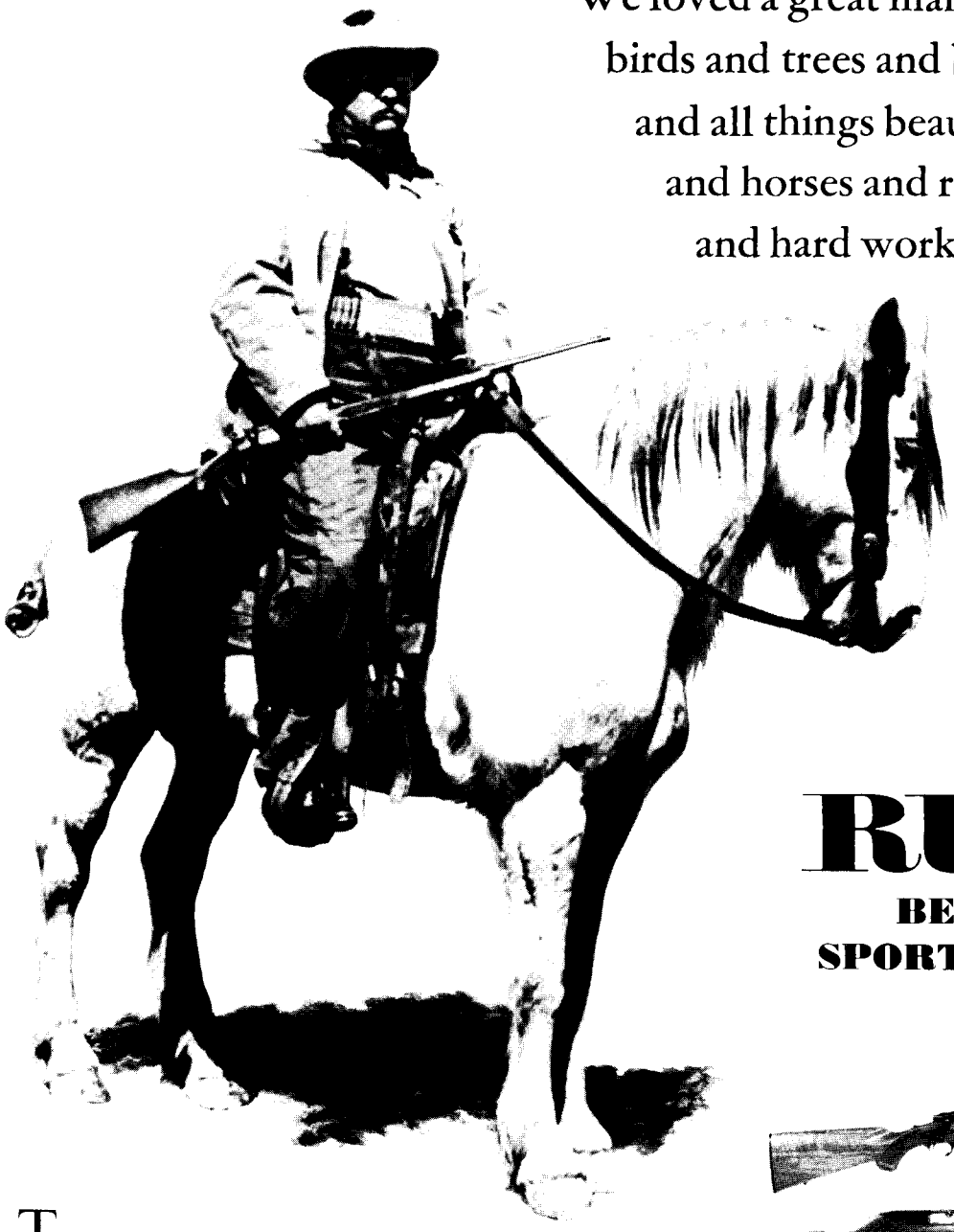
"We loved a great many things —
birds and trees and books
and all things beautiful
and horses and rifles and children
and hard work and the joy of life."

Theodore Roosevelt



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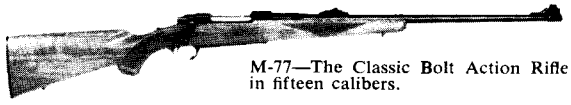

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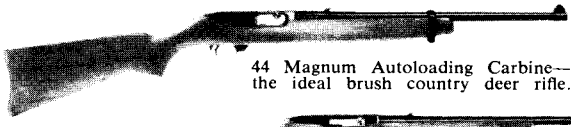

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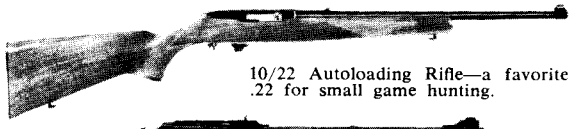

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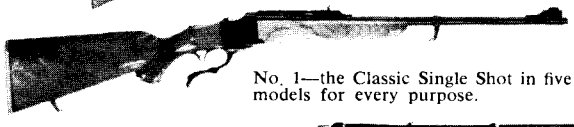

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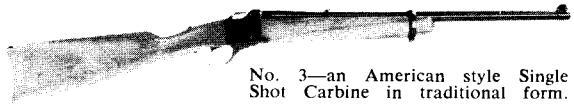

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George Waggner, who directed and wrote a number of Wayne movies, explained his metamorphosis into a sympathetic heavy in this way: "The trick is to make him seem ruthless in his pursuit of a mission, but at the same time fix it so his fans will sympathize with the urge that drives him. It's also up to his writer to stick in a plot gimmick that will show him the error of his ways before the house lights go on. In *Red River* his mission was to drive a herd of cattle to the nearest railroad siding in spite of stampedes, friendship, high water, and love. In *The Sands of Iwo Jima* his mission was to mold a bunch of Marines into a fighting unit, although he had to rattle his fists against their skulls to accomplish it."

One of the reasons Wayne fits such roles so snugly is that his off-screen mind is also singletracked when it comes to reaching an objective. In the 1960s when public sentiment ran high against the war in Vietnam, during a time of anti-war protest and draft-card burnings, John Wayne decided to make a movie about the sons of America fighting for freedom in Asia. None of the major studios had touched the unpopular war and Wayne was advised against the project by almost everyone whom he consulted.

Wayne responded to his critics by saying, "What the hell war hasn't been unpopular?" and forged ahead with the making of *The Green Berets*. The movie outraged the critics, but no one could ever convince Wayne that he hadn't made an honest picture of the conflict.

He is equally inflexible in nonconforming to Hollywood's processes for copping personal publicity. "Wayne is the only actor I know who never makes any attempt to get his name in the papers," said one baffled publicity worker. "In my business that's incredible."

When Wayne was first signed by Republic Pictures, he was asked to fill out the usual studio publicity questionnaire. The result read like this:

Q.: "What's your real name?"
A.: "Marion Michael Morrison."
Q.: "What was your first job?"
A.: "Picking apricots."
Q.: "What was your employment before acting?"
A.: "Truck driving."
Q.: "List distinguished ancestors."
A.: "Never looked 'em up."

The publicist who read the completed questionnaire shook his head. "This character," he pronounced, "is fully as colorful as a dead fish."

Everyone calls Wayne "Duke." To explain his nickname so that it would be attractive to the public, his studio traced it back to the fact that he had acted the part of a duke in a high-school play. Wayne's own explanation, rumbled in a flat bass, is not so cute, but offers a revealing insight into the kind of person he is. "I once had a mutt named Duke," he said. "I was named for my dog."

John Wayne felt there was little more exciting than a man on a horse and he proved it a hundred times with enduring grace.

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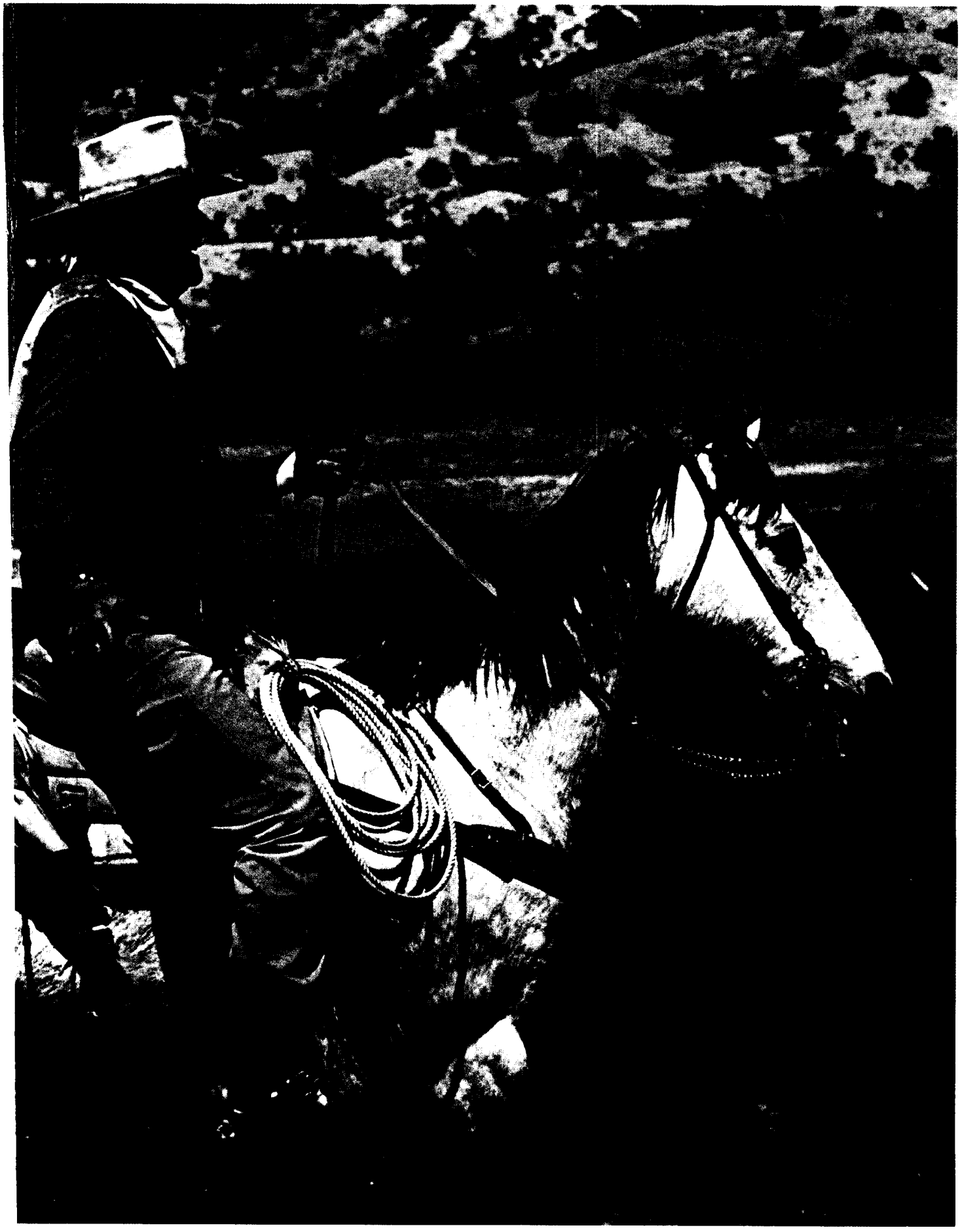

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John Wayne was born Marion Michael Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907. When he was six, his father moved to California as a homesteader. Shifting to Glendale, the elder Wayne resumed his Iowa occupation of druggist. His son delivered prescriptions busily, but not busily enough to keep him from being an honor student in high school, and, as a result, he won an alternate appointment to Annapolis. Since no dire physical misfortune happened to the boy who had the first call, Wayne never got to the Naval Academy, but he had no trouble matriculating at Southern California.

Raoul Walsh switched his name from Marion Morrison to John Wayne for *The Big Trail*. "I can't have a leading man with a name that sounds like a girl's," Walsh said.

The refugees from Walsh's Folly found the life of a quickie Western star a grinding one, calling for a saving sense of humor. Fortunately for Wayne, his is a salty one. Some years ago, the Wayne-Bond friendship was subjected to the strain of a hunting accident. "I was walking up a gully and Duke was on a ridge working his way through deep brush when a covey of quail jumped up behind me," Bond said. "He got them all right, but he got me, too. I'm roughly the size of a baby elephant, but he half carried, half dragged me two miles to a hospital, where they picked 40 birdshot out of my back."

Struck by the possibilities for touching stories about the affair, decked with suitable quotes from the participants, an executive in the public-relations department of Wayne's studio called a press conference. It proved disappointingly unproductive of printable sentimentality. Wayne's only contribution to the "dear old pal of mine" atmosphere that was supposed to hover over the proceedings was the single deadpan comment, "I'd never had a chance to check the pattern my gun makes before. I was happy to see that the shot in Ward's back hadn't scattered at all."

When Wayne starred in and directed The Green Berets *during a hostile time the public made the film a box office hit.*

Making a movie named *Tycoon*, Wayne was asked to go into a number of clinches with Laraine Day. She had just married the baseball manager, Leo Durocher, and her groom was a constant visitor to the set. Durocher was having difficulty realizing that the amorous byplay he was witnessing was make-believe. "Every time I kiss Laraine, that guy's face looks as if somebody on the other team had just stolen home," Wayne said.

Far from dimming over the years, Wayne's sense of humor has gotten saltier. Recently he quipped, "I stopped getting the girl about ten years ago which is just as well because I'd have forgotten what I wanted her for."

Addicts of Western films are unanimous in declaring that John Ford's picture, *Stagecoach*, is the best ever made. For years producers tried to persuade Ford to make *Stagecoach* for them, only to lose interest when he refused to start it unless Wayne was allowed to play its lead, a character called the Ringo Kid. Finally Walter Wanger got into the "Why don't you make *Stagecoach* for me?" act. Finding that Duke was under contract to Republic, he arranged for a Wayne loan-out.

Once the fans had met the Ringo Kid, requests to borrow Wayne became so insistent that Republic found it difficult to keep him on the home lot to complete a film. He was starred in picture after picture in rapid succession. At one time those who read the movie ads in the Los Angeles papers must have thought that they were suffering from multiple vision. Wayne was appearing in *The Red River* in Westwood, a Beverly Hills suburb. In Hollywood he was starring in *The Wake of the Red Witch*. In Beverly Hills he roamed the screen in *Three Godfathers*. In Burbank a Wayne vehicle, *Fort Apache*, was showing. Two Wayne revivals, *Stagecoach* and *The Long Voyage Home*, were pulling full houses in Glendale. His latest film, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, was being previewed in Pasadena.

Friends, alarmed for Wayne's future, were fearful that dumping so much of him on the market all at once would burn up his popularity in the way that blaring juke boxes and radio loudspeakers reduce a hit song to a rhythmic cinder overnight. The reverse is true thus far. Each Wayne re-release has made more money than it earned when first shown.

P.S.: When John Wayne made his stage entrance at the April 9, 1979, Academy Award Extravaganza, he found himself in a place that he didn't dream of when John Ford, who was interested only in Wayne's brawn, gave him a summer job as a fourth-assistant prop man. His popularity had never waned at the box office, as an individual he was admired by millions, and there he stood, receiving one of the highest praises he could receive: a standing ovation by the members of his profession. ☒

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John Wayne: How He Won the West

The image of one man created an era in our minds as clear as the destiny which pushed a nation to the Pecos and beyond

By Fred Cavinder

When John Wayne and the Western movie met in 1930 it was, in retrospect, a moment of fate as inevitable as any showdown, as certain as the cleverest cutoff at the pass, as classic as the cattle drive. Wayne helped mold the Western movie and it, in turn, shaped him into a star.

His reputation is clear. In a John Wayne Western deserts are deserts, buttes are buttes, real snow falls, and bullets kill. Also, pride is part of the American way, toughness is part of manhood, gentleness toward women is a mandate, fear is something one has only for God, and a hero of the Great Southwest must be true to his word and his kin and fast with his gun.

So clear is the image of Wayne of the West that it comes as a statistical shock to learn that between 1948 and 1959 only six of the 25 films the Duke made were Westerns.

Despite that, it was true, as one film critic wrote: "For 45 years, if you wanted an old-fashioned Western, Wayne was your man."

In 1949 Wayne found himself a star, with eight of his films playing around the country at the same time. Five of them were Westerns. And, despite his other roles, it was always evident that Duke loved the vehicle that brought him the love of a world.

"We'll have Western pictures as long as the cameras keep turning," he once said. "There may be periods when not enough good ones are made or when too many are made, but the fascination that the Old West has for Americans—for that matter, for the people all around the world—will never die out."

How could it be otherwise when John Wayne, born Marion Morrison and nicknamed Duke because of a dog which dogged him, learned to ride at an early age and let his imagination run wild when he was in the saddle. He visualized Indians behind every rock, even as it was actually to be later on film.

One of his boyhood companions was Bob Bradbury. Duke Morrison, Bradbury, and other kids in the neighborhood played movies, complete with costumes and camera commands. Later, Bob Bradbury became Bob Steele. Steele was a star in his own right in many of the so-called "B" Westerns, in which his favorite role seemed to be the man who was hunting for the killer of his father, a tried and true early Western theme.

Western fans may recognize the name Bob Steele, but only the most thorough trivia buffs are familiar with Yakima Canutt, a half-Indian who has been called the greatest stunt man ever to fall off a horse. It is to Canutt that the world owes part of the Wayne style.

Canutt, who appeared in many Wayne movies, often both as a villain and a stuntman and double, taught Duke all his tricks. Together, they are credited with perfecting the "bulldogging" which appeared in many Westerns.

In the bulldog, one rider leaps off his horse and takes another rider to the ground. To do it without injury to either party is an art which Wayne and Canutt mastered together.

To Wayne and Canutt also goes credit for putting realism in the Western fight, action so critical to Westerns in those days before psychology reared its head west of the Pecos.

During silent screen days, fighting was done by pulling punches as much as possible. Sometimes, of course, the pull took the punch out of the punch.

The Duke's home, as far as his fans were concerned, was the magnificent scenery of the West, here filmed for The Cowboys.

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A young hand and Duke "look yonder" (above) in The Cowboys. *Attacking Wayne (left) is Yakima Canutt, one of his closest friends, who played a heavy in many Duke matinees.*

When sound came along, the smack of flesh on flesh added to the sound track increased the realism. Wayne and Canutt went further.

By placing the camera in a certain position, a real blow could miss by inches, yet look as if it had landed squarely. Additional realism came in the action and reaction of the fighters.

"The difference between good acting and bad acting is the difference between acting and reacting," Wayne explained. "A film fight is the opposite of a real fight because the camera has to see everything. You have to reach way back and sock out and make a big show."

Wayne and hundreds of cowboys after him found ways to throw punches which looked real because the puncher put a lot into them and the punchee gave the proper recoil for the camera. Of course, there were times when actors and directors got carried away with the technique.

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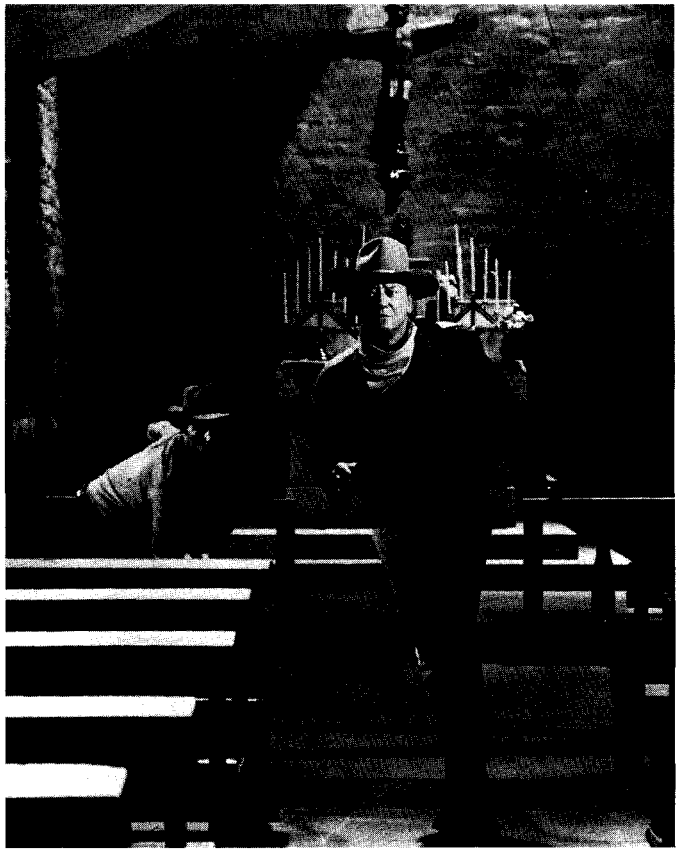
In *The Spoilers*, a 1942 brawl of a picture, Wayne and Randolph Scott put on an exhibition of fisticuffs in which, as one observer pointed out, "any one of the blows struck in the fight would have felled an ox."

If a bit overdone, at least the fight was fair, and Wayne was the man who put equality into combat. He was the first Western hero to use tables and chairs in a film fight.

"If the heavies can throw furniture at me," he asked his directors, "why can't I throw it at them, too? Why does a cowboy star have to be so stupidly noble that he can't give back as good as he gets?" After several upper-level conferences, his suggestion was okayed, giving the star as much firepower as the villains.

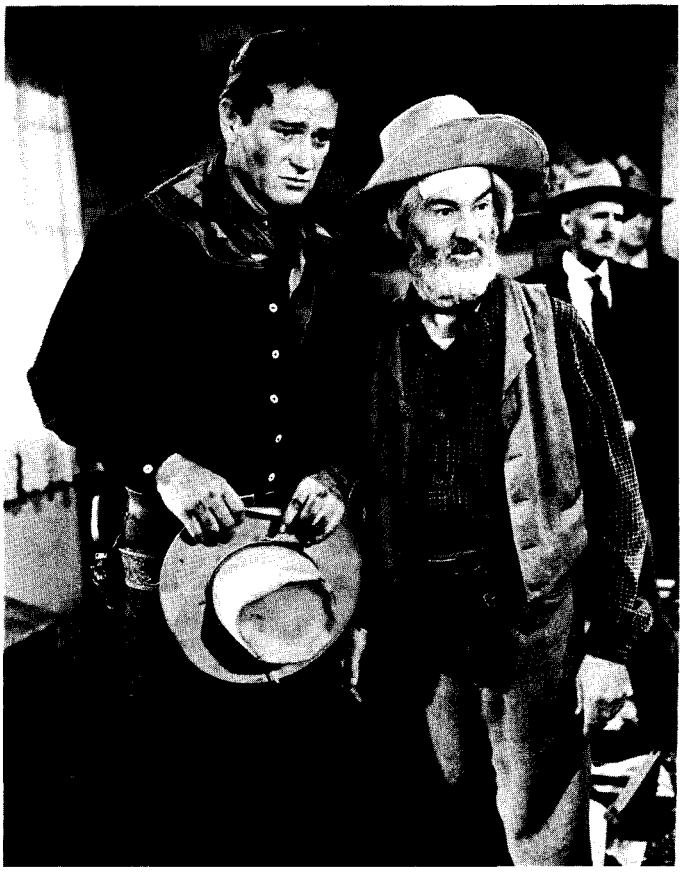
When Wayne was born in 1907 the Western was a mere five years old. There had been hand-cranked stories with Western themes for peep-show use before that date, but director Edwin S. Porter put the West on the screen in a 10-minute movie called *The Great Train Robbery*, filmed, ironically, in New Jersey.

Soon the neophyte art form was tried by one Bronco Bill Anderson in a story called *Bronco Billy and the Baby*. For Wayne fans, the most notable thing about Bronco is that he was the cowboy who began the hat fumbling the hero went through in the presence of a lady or in other situations calling for unaccustomed gentleness or mild embarrassment. With his wry, sly grin, Wayne was able to parlay that hat trick into an image which endeared him to ladies both on and off the screen.



In El Dorado *Wayne is caught in a range war which sheriff Robert Mitchum (left), an old friend, is trying to cool down.*

Gabby Hayes, whose Western face was almost as familiar as that of Wayne, joined the Duke in Tall in the Saddle, *1944.*



In the 1920s, when Wayne was a teen-ager, William S. Hart, the first famous movie Westerner, and Tom Mix, whose name was to proceed Wayne's as a household word, were in their prime. Hart was introduced to moviegoers by director Thomas H. Ince, who got more mileage out of stock footage than probably any other early director.

There were some similarities between Hart and Wayne. Hart was the first of the strong, silent Western heroes, a form which Wayne perfected. Occasionally Hart would be allowed to become roaring drunk in his characterizations (shades of Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit*) but the bottle was always followed by remorse and self-sacrifice. Hart's films tried to mix poetry with realism. They were, that early, "adult" Westerns.

At the age of 56 (he started when he was 44), Hart still was doing his own riding, even as Wayne did. And he was reluctant to use a riding device for close-up shots, lest the audience detect the deception.

Duke, as he says, "never used a mechanical horse in my life.

"To do close-ups on *Stagecoach* with six lines in your hand, I suggested the use of elastic like that used in arm exercisers on the opposite end of the reins to give them a look of natural movement in close-ups when using back projection."

Also in the '20s came John Ford, whose name was

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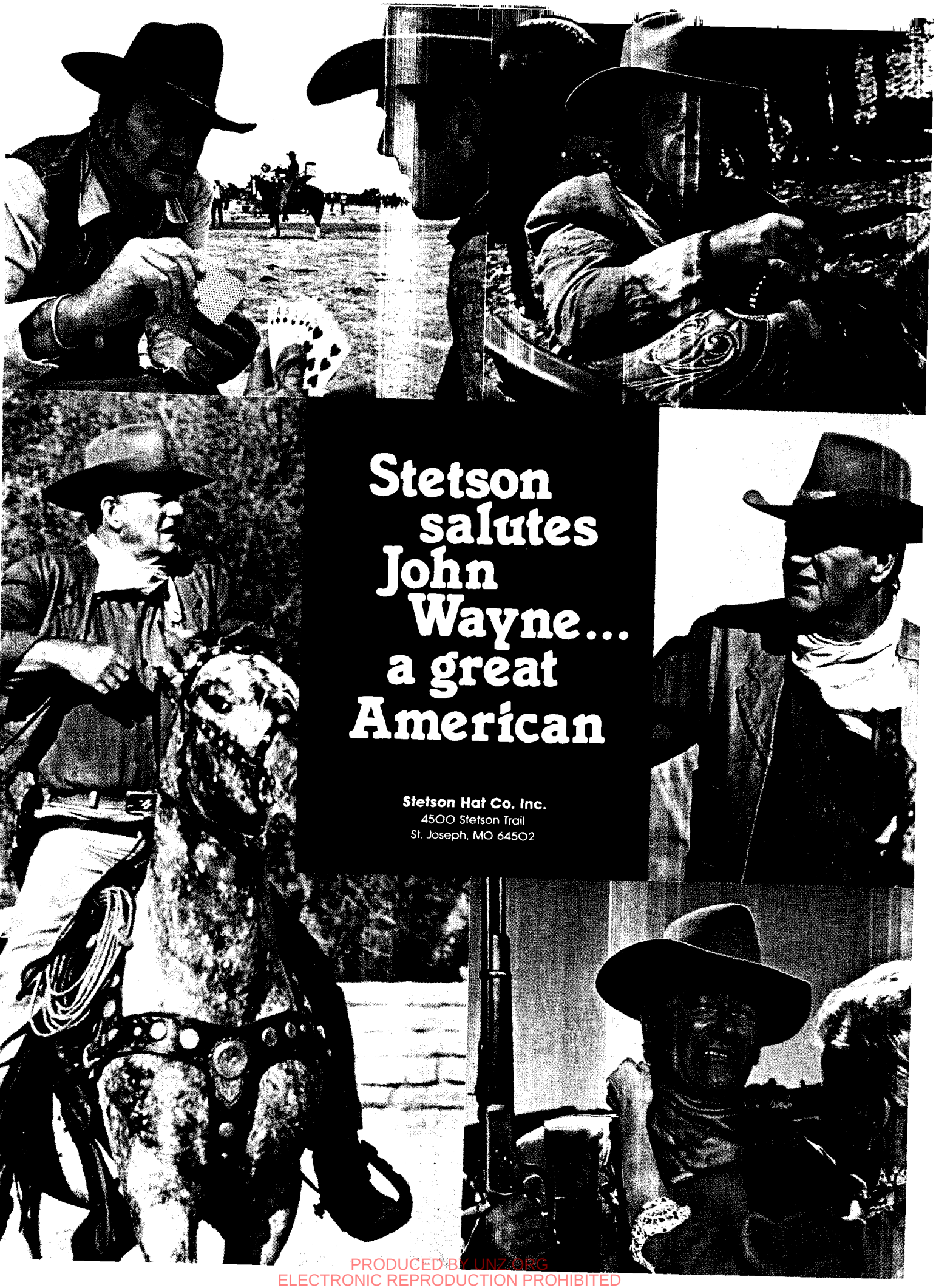

Stetson salutes John Wayne... a great American

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A wry smile makes John Wayne seem benign in this scene from the 1961 film The Comancheros, *but in short order Duke, playing Texas Ranger Captain Jack Tutter, was forced to shoot down Lee Marvin (left), a gun-runner, in a dispute during a poker game.*

to be inexorably entwined with John Wayne and Westerns. He probably did as much for the Western as any other director, although he really never specialized in them. He did them, it was said, as a change of pace from drama and because they allowed him to get out into the country.

"Lack of pretension and a maximum of action" was said to be Ford's motto for Westerns and it was a philosophy which marked the "B" films which snared Saturday afternoon audiences for nearly two decades.

In 1928 Wayne had a small role in Ford's *Hangman's House* (not a Western), and, while working as a prop man, Wayne got into Ford's *Men Without Women* by daring to dive into water which had scared off the rest of the cast. That film wasn't a Western either.

However, when Raoul Walsh, another of the giants in Western directing, was looking for a star for his *The Big Trail*, considered the first Western epic, Ford urged him to use big Marion Morrison.

It was then that Marion became John Wayne because *Marion* didn't have a he-man sound. According to some reports, the name *Wayne* was chosen by a Fox Studios' executive who was a fan of Mad Anthony Wayne, post-Revolutionary general known to be tough and nonconformist.

The Big Trail made Wayne a star—for a time, at least—but it was made in a new large-film format for which few theaters were equipped. As a result it was a financial disaster, and some critics noted that Wayne looked very inexperienced—which he was—beside some veteran actors. (Two other notable names were in the film: Tyrone Power, Sr., whose son became a star; and Ward Bond, one of Wayne's closest personal friends and a familiar face in dozens of Westerns. On television, Bond became synonymous with heading West as the trailmaster on "Wagon Train.")

The Big Trail resulted in other parts for Wayne, although they were not very Western and not very good.

In 1923 came filming of *The Covered Wagon*, of note because it was the first Western epic made on location. Within two years the Western had reached a high-water mark and there were barely enough actors around to fill the needs.

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Duke did most of his own riding through the years, when horses or cattle provided the backdrop against which the story played.

By this time most of the Western themes had been pretty well formulated. There were plots built around the sin town, the efforts of a villain to build a land empire, the bad guy's control of water others need, his lust for gold or mineral rights. There was the story played around the coming of a rail line, an Indian uprising, a family feud, or a range war between sheep men and cattle ranchers. A stagecoach line in trouble or the lure of an army contract made more plots, as did the search for the killer of a father or other family member, and the problems of a man wrongly accused who returns to prove his innocence.

Wayne movies touched all those themes because the impetus of *The Big Trail* didn't last and, in 1932, Wayne went to Warner Brothers for the "B" Western.

"Those first Westerns," he said later, "were not exactly films to be long remembered." And yet, he had a certain pride in having made the "B's."

"Hell, they were a lot farther down the alphabet than that," he said, "but they weren't as far down as 'R' and 'X.' I think any man who makes an X-rated picture should be made to take his own daughter to see it."

In the "B" Wayne found himself mimicking the likes of Ken Maynard, Buck Jones (who survived from the silents into the talkies), and other notables of the earlier Western days. Since the "B's" were made with a minimum of money and a maximum of action, big chunks were taken from older films. To fit in, Wayne had to adopt the Maynard and Jones costumes so his close-ups would match distant shots lifted from other stories.

In 1933 Wayne began making five-reel Westerns for Monogram and plunked his first—and last—guitar. As Sandy Saunders, secret U.S. agent trying to get ranchers their water rights, Wayne opened the movie *Riders of Destiny* by singing in the saddle. Duke, the singer, appeared well before Gene Autry made the warbling cowboy popular and some say he was the first.

He didn't want to do the singing, but producer Paul Malvern insisted. The director was Robert N. Bradbury, father of Bob (Bradbury) Steele, Wayne's old boyhood friend.

"A cowboy sang his song of fate, as he roamed the desert wild," strummed Wayne, admittedly a bit flat. He did get his way in refusing to wear the rhinestone outfits which later became the singing cowboy's trademark. Instead, Duke wore his usual sweat-stained Stetson, checked shirt, and rumpled denims.

"There'll be guns a-blazing, a-blazing with lead. Tonight you'll be drinkin' your drinks with the dead," and one of the earliest singing cowboys was history.

Through these years John Ford, the man credited with discovering John Wayne, had ignored the developing star. But in 1939 Ford summoned the Duke and told him he was to play the Ringo Kid in *Stagecoach*. *Stagecoach*, a kind of morality play in the West, has become known as the great Western, the standard against which the others are judged. It has been said, however, that in hands other than John Ford's, *Stagecoach* well might have been a farce (and, in fact, a later version came close to that).

As the Ringo Kid, Wayne played the classic role of a man on a mission of revenge who finds love and forgiveness along the way—with Claire Trevor. Other familiar Western faces in the film were Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, Donald Meek, George Bancroft, Tim Holt, and (almost inevitably) Yakima Canutt.

That *Stagecoach* lifted Wayne from the "B" West-

During his "apprenticeship" in the "B" Western, Duke flashed a smile in The Big Stampede, *a 1932 film about rustling.*

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Wayne worked some campfire magic in Lady Takes a Chance. *The lady was Jean Arthur, bank clerk who met a cowboy.*

erns and started the "A" Western on a new ascendancy seems indisputable. Another contribution of *Stagecoach* is less clear—the discovery of Monument Valley, where it was shot.

The valley was used in many Westerns after *Stagecoach* and John Ford has been called a genius for finding the place. John Wayne says he really stumbled on Monument Valley but, probably because of the strange hold Ford had over him, Wayne didn't publicly dispute the director's claim.

Wayne had been hired as an assistant by director George O'Brien for a Western. "One of my jobs was to get 400 head of cattle into Blue Canyon, which was 150 miles from any paved road," Wayne recalled. "A preacher who had a little church on the Hopi Reservation agreed to help me gather them. In gathering those cattle, we horse-backed into Monument Valley."

For 10 years Wayne kept that valley in the back of his mind as a future location, and he remembered it when Jack Ford began seeking a fresh, picturesque area for use in *Stagecoach*.

"I promptly suggested Monument Valley," Wayne recalls. "He promptly suggested that I was hired as the actor and not the director; but he took note of what I had said and, upon his return from location hunting, I was standing with some of the crew when he approached and said, 'I have found the most colorful location that can ever be used for a picture.'

"Then he looked directly at me and said, 'Monument Valley.' And I assure you from that moment on Jack Ford discovered Monument Valley," Wayne said.

Stagecoach, although made in 1939, is considered the start of a string of Westerns which did in the "B." Ford followed up with *My Darling Clementine* and made three more Westerns in the 1940s, including *Fort Apache* with Wayne and Henry Fonda, and *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, one of Wayne's favorite movies because in it, for the first time, he was called upon for some deeper characterization.

The style was, at last, to mix adultness, poetry, and literacy in a single film, adding the time-honored action and excitement offered by a man on a horse and understood so well by Wayne.

When he finally got his well-deserved Oscar, it was for *True Grit*, in which he truly developed a character and which showed no restraint on action, even though Wayne by then was past 60.

In between the ribbon and the grit was a list of Westerns and other films which would add up to several lifetimes for the average Hollywood star. There was *Sands of Iwo Jima*, which brought Wayne an Academy Award nomination and must lead the list of films in his other image as a soldier. Wayne rode in *Rio Grande*, *Hondo*, *The Searchers*, *Rio Bravo*, *The Alamo* (his own film, which brought a lot of recognition, but also economic disaster), *The Comancheros*, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, *How the West was Won*, *McLintock*, *The Sons of Katie Elder*, *War Wagon*, and *El Dorado*.

Wayne's feeling about the Western was unqualified and you could read it in his performance.

"Don't ever," he said, "make the mistake of looking down your nose at Westerns. They're art—the good ones, I mean. Sure, they're simple. But simplicity is art.

"They deal in life and sudden death and primitive struggle, and with basic emotions—love, hate, anger. In other words, they're made of the same raw materials Homer used. In Europe they understand that better than we do over here. They recognize their relationship to the old Greek stories that are classics now, and they love 'em.

"We love 'em, too, but not because of anything we stop to think about. A horse is the greatest vehicle for action there is. Planes, automobiles, trains, they're great, but when it comes to getting the audience's heart going they can't touch a horse.

"He's basic, too. Put a man on him and you've got the makings of something magnificent—physical strength, speed where you can see and feel it, heroism.

"And the hero, he's big and strong. You put another big strong man against him, with both their lives at stake, and there's a simplicity of conflict you can't beat.

"Westerns are folklore, just the same as the *Iliad* is. And folklore is international. Our Westerns have the same appeal in Germany and Japan and South America and Greece that they have in our country.

"But don't ever think they're foolproof, either. It takes good men to make good Westerns. And besides that, they're fun. I like making Westerns." ☒

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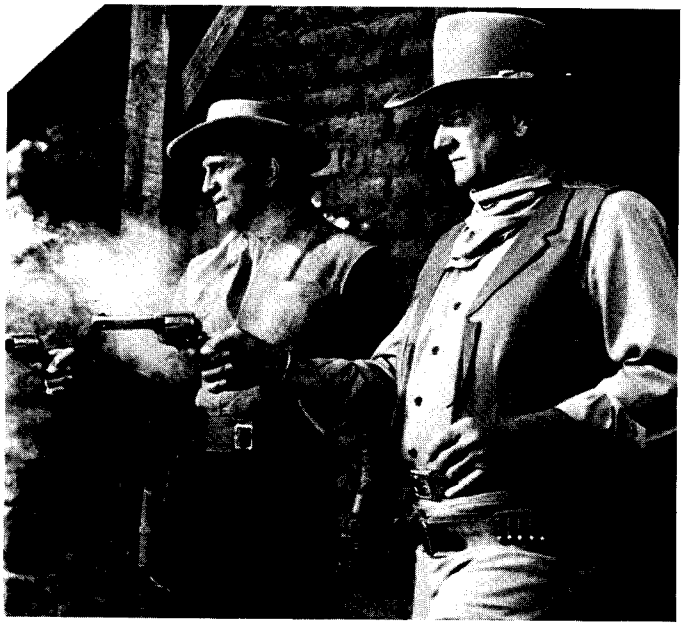
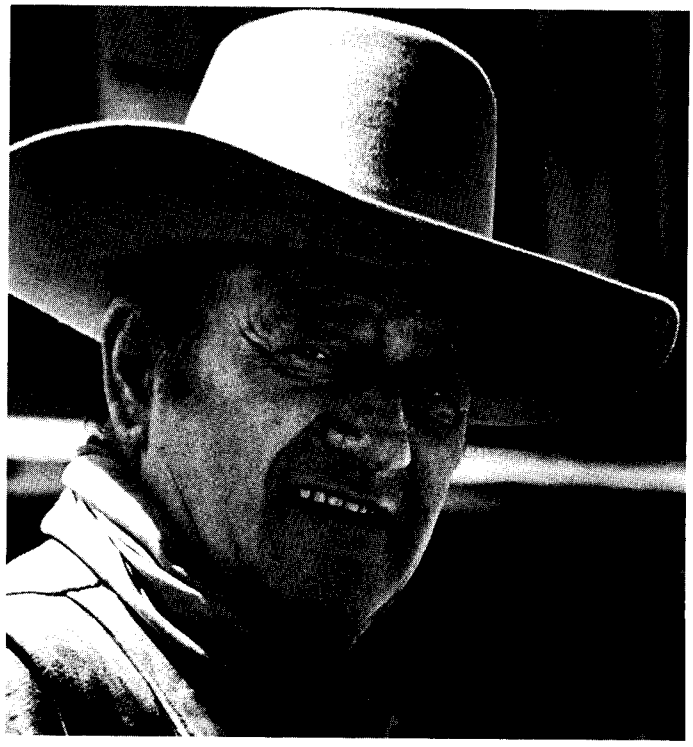
The Duke tried to keep Cochise from being betrayed (above) in Fort Apache, *and battled villains after his gold-bearing land (below) with Kirk Douglas. At right: The Duke of Chisum.*





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The Duke: A Love Song

Countless fans have looked at John Wayne on film and come away with a new shape to their dreams

By Joan Didion

In the summer of 1943 I was eight, and my father and mother and small brother and I were at Peterson Field in Colorado Springs. A hot wind blew through that summer, blew until it seemed that before August broke, all the dust in Kansas would be in Colorado, would have drifted over the tar-paper barracks and the temporary strip and stopped only when it hit Pikes Peak. There was not much to do, a summer like that: There was the day they brought in the first B-29, an event to remember, but scarcely a vacation program. There was an officers' club, but no swimming pool; all the club had of interest was artificial blue rain behind the bar. The rain interested me a good deal, but I could not spend the summer watching it, and so we went, my brother and I, to the movies.

We went three and four afternoons a week, sat on folding chairs in the darkened Quonset hut which served as a theater; and it was there, that summer of 1943 while the hot wind blew outside, that I first saw John Wayne. Saw the walk, heard the voice. Heard him tell the girl in *War of the Wildcats* that he would build her a house, "at the bend in the river where the cottonwoods grow."

I tell you this neither in a spirit of self-revelation nor as an exercise in total recall, but simply to demonstrate that when John Wayne rode through my childhood, and very probably through yours, he determined forever the shape of certain of our dreams. In John Wayne's world, John Wayne was supposed to give the orders. "Let's ride," he said, and "Saddle up." "Forward ho," and "A man's gotta do what he's gotta do." "Hello, there," he said when he first saw the girl, in a construction camp or on a train or just standing around on the front porch waiting for somebody to ride up through the tall grass. When John Wayne spoke, there was no mistaking his intentions; he had a sexual authority so strong that even a child could perceive it. And in a world we understand early to be characterized by venality and doubt and paralyzing ambiguities, he suggested another world, one which may or may not have existed ever, but in any case existed no more—a place where a man could move free, could make his own code and live by it; a world in which, if a man did what he had to do, he could one day take the girl and go riding through the draw and find himself there at the bend in the bright river, the cottonwoods shimmering in the sun.

It was John Wayne's 165th picture. It was Henry Hathaway's 84th. It was number 34 for Dean Martin, who was working off an old contract to Hal Wallis, for whom it was independent production number 65. It was a Western called *The Sons of Katie Elder*, and after the three-month delay they had finally shot the exteriors up in Durango, and now they were in the waning days of interior shooting at Estudio Churubusco outside Mexico City, and the sun was hot and the air was clear and it was lunchtime.

But it was inside the cavernous, empty commissary where the talent sat around, the reasons for the exercise, all sitting around the big table picking at *huevos con queso* and Carta Blanca beer. Dean Martin, unshaven. Mack Gray, Martin's business secretary, who goes where Dean goes, makes arrangements, feeds him jokes. Bob Goodfried, who is in charge of Paramount publicity, and who had flown down to arrange for a trailer and who had a delicate stomach. "Tea and toast," he warned repeatedly. "That's the ticket." And Henry Hathaway, the director, who did not seem to be listening to Goodfried. And John Wayne, who did not seem to be listening to anyone.

Hathaway patted Martin's arm and gazed into the middle distance. At the end of the table someone mentioned a man who, some years before, had tried unsuccessfully to blow up an airplane.

"He's still in jail," Hathaway said suddenly.

"In jail?" Martin was momentarily distracted from the question of whether to send his golf clubs back with Bob Goodfried or consign them to Mack Gray. "What's he in jail for if nobody got killed?"

"Attempted murder, Dino," Hathaway said gently. "A felony."

"You mean some guy just *tried* to kill me he'd end up in jail?"

Hathaway removed the cigar from his mouth. "Some guy just tried to kill *me* he wouldn't end up in jail. How about you, Duke?"

Very slowly, the object of Hathaway's query wiped his mouth, pushed back his chair, and stood up. It was the real thing, the authentic article, the move which had climaxed 1,000 scenes on 165 flickering frontiers and battlefields, and it was about to climax this one, in the commissary at Estudio Churubusco outside Mexico City. "Right," John Wayne drawled. "I'd kill him."

Almost all the cast of *Katie Elder* had gone home, that last week; only the principals were left: Wayne, and Martin, and Earl Holliman, and Michael Anderson, Jr., and Martha Hyer. Martha Hyer was not

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around much, but every now and then someone referred to her, usually as "the girl." They had all been together nine weeks, six of them in Durango.

"Stunt man got hit accidentally on a picture of mine once," Hathaway would say between takes of an elaborately choreographed fight scene. "What was his name, married a girl he met in Arizona."

The circle would close around him, the cigars would be fingered. The delicate art of the staged fight was to be contemplated.

"I only hit one guy in my life," Wayne would say. "That was Mike Mazurki."

"Some guy. Hey, Duke says he only hit one guy in his life, Mike Mazurki."

"Some choice." Murmurings, assent.

"It wasn't a choice, it was an accident."

"I can believe it."

And there was Wayne himself, fighting through number 165. There was Wayne, in his 33-year-old spurs, his dusty neckerchief, his blue shirt. "You don't have too many worries about what to wear in these things," he said. "You can wear a blue shirt, or, if you're down in Monument Valley, you can wear a yellow shirt." There was Wayne, in a relatively new hat, a hat which made him look curiously like William

America's love affair with the Duke began when he donned buckskin in the 1930 epic, The Big Trail. *The film failed due to a technical problem, but started Wayne to stardom.*

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S. Hart. "I had this old cavalry hat I loved, but I lent it to Sammy Davis. I got it back, it was unwearable. I think they all pushed it down on his head and said *O. K. John Wayne*—you know, a joke. . . . "

"That guy," he muttered of a reporter who had incurred his displeasure years ago.

He paused, about to expose the heart of the matter, the root of the distaste, the fracture of the rules that bothered him more than the alleged misquotations, more than the intimation that he was no longer the Ringo Kid. "He comes down, uninvited, but I ask him over anyway. So we're sitting around drinking mescal out of a water jug."

He paused again and looked meaningfully at Hathaway, readying him for the unthinkable denouement: "He had to be *assisted* to his room."

They communicated by sharing old jokes; they sealed their camaraderie by making gentle, old-fashioned fun of wives, those civilizers, those tamers. "So Señora Wayne takes it into her head to stay up and have one brandy. So for the rest of the night it's 'Yes, Pilar, you're right, dear. I'm a bully, Pilar, you're right, I'm impossible.' " "You hear that? Duke says Pilar threw a table at him." "Hey, Duke, here's something funny. That finger you hurt today, get the Doc to bandage it up, go home tonight, show it to Pilar, tell her she did it when she threw the table. You know, make her think she was really cutting up."

They treated the oldest among them respectfully; they treated the youngest fondly. "You see that kid?" they said of Michael Anderson, Jr., a lanky young man who was playing one of Wayne's brothers. "What a kid." "He don't act, it's right from the heart," said Hathaway, patting his heart. "Hey, kid,"

Wayne found himself in a college campus comedy, Girls Demand Excitement, *in 1931, gazing romantically at Virginia Cherrill.*

Martin said. "You're gonna be in my next picture. We'll have the whole thing, no beards. The striped shirts, the girls, the hi-fi." They ordered Anderson his own chair, with *Big Mike* tooled on the back. When it arrived on the set, Hathaway hugged him. "You see that?" Anderson asked Wayne, suddenly too shy to look him in the eye. Wayne gave him the smile, the nod, the final accolade. "I saw it, kid."

On the morning of the day they were to finish *Katie Elder*, Web Overlander showed up not in his Windbreaker but in a blue blazer. "Home, Mama," he said, passing out the last of his chewing gum. "I got on my getaway clothes." But he was subdued. At noon, Henry Hathaway's wife dropped by the commissary to tell him that she might fly over to Acapulco. "Go ahead," he told her. "I get through here, all I'm gonna do is take Seconal to a point just this side of suicide." They were all subdued.

In the early afternoon they began the last scene, and although they spent as much time as possible setting it up, the moment finally came when there was nothing to do but shoot it. "Second team out, first team in, doors closed," the assistant director shouted one last time. The stand-ins walked off the set; John Wayne and Martha Hyer walked on. "All right, boys, *silencio*, this is a picture." And it was. They took it twice. Twice the girl offered John Wayne the tattered Bible. Twice John Wayne told her that "there's a lot of places I go where that wouldn't fit in." Everyone was very still. And at 2:30 that Friday afternoon Henry Hathaway turned away from the camera, and in the hush which followed he ground out his cigar in a sand bucket. "O. K.," he said, "that's it." The dream dissolved again.

Since that summer of 1943 I had thought of John Wayne in a number of ways. I had thought of him driving cattle up from Texas, and bringing airplanes in on a single engine, thought of him telling the girl at the Alamo that "Republic is a beautiful word." I had never thought of him having dinner with his family and with me and my husband in an expensive restaurant in Chapultepec Park, but time brings odd mutations, and there we were, one night that last week in Mexico. For a while it was only a nice evening, an evening anywhere. We had a lot of drinks, and I lost the sense that the face across the table was in certain ways more familiar than my husband's.

And then something happened. Suddenly the room seemed suffused with the dream, and I could not think why. Three men appeared out of nowhere, playing guitars. I watched Pilar Wayne lean slightly forward, and John Wayne lift his glass almost imperceptibly toward her. "We'll need some Pouilly-Fuissé for the rest of the table," I heard him say, "and some red Bordeaux for the Duke." We all smiled, and drank the Pouilly-Fuissé for the rest of the table and the red Bordeaux for the Duke, and all the while the men with the guitars kept playing, until finally I realized what they had been playing all along: *The Red River Valley* and the theme from *The High and the Mighty*. They did not quite get the beat right, but even now I can hear them, in another country and a long time later, even as I tell you this. ☒

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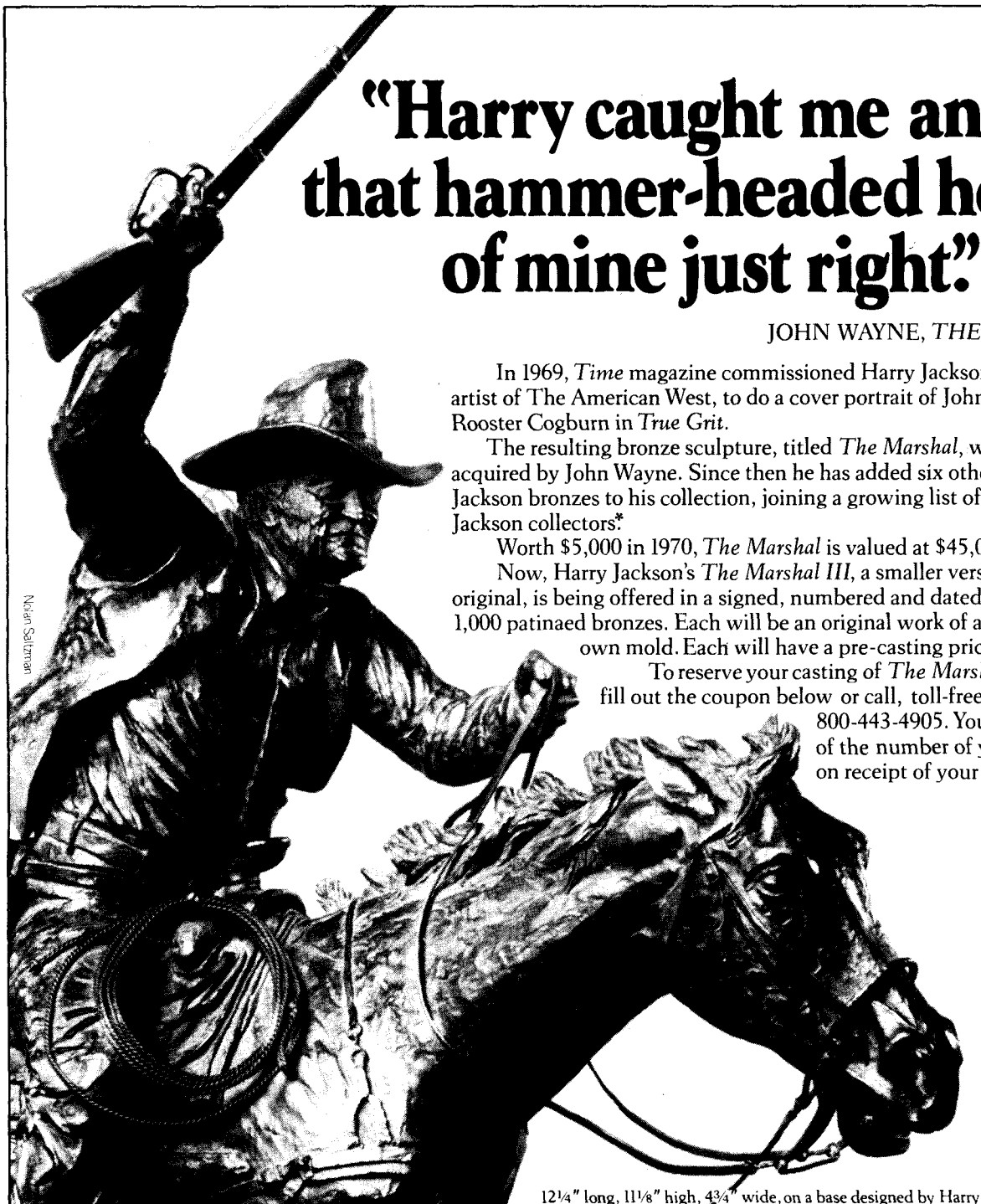
"Harry caught me and that hammer-headed horse of mine just right."

JOHN WAYNE, *THE MARSHAL*



Nolan Saltzman

In 1969, *Time* magazine commissioned Harry Jackson, the Master artist of The American West, to do a cover portrait of John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit*.

The resulting bronze sculpture, titled *The Marshal*, was acquired by John Wayne. Since then he has added six other Harry Jackson bronzes to his collection, joining a growing list of well-known Jackson collectors.*

Worth $5,000 in 1970, *The Marshal* is valued at $45,000 today.

Now, Harry Jackson's *The Marshal III*, a smaller version of the original, is being offered in a signed, numbered and dated edition of 1,000 patinaed bronzes. Each will be an original work of art, cast in its own mold. Each will have a pre-casting price of $2,000.

To reserve your casting of *The Marshal III*, please fill out the coupon below or call, toll-free, 800-443-4905. You'll be notified of the number of your casting on receipt of your deposit.

12¼" long, 11⅛" high, 4¾" wide, on a base designed by Harry Jackson (not shown).

*Harry Jackson's art has been collected by such names as Richard K. Mellon, H. Roland Harriman, Jacques Lipchitz, and the Queen of England.

THE MARSHAL III by Harry Jackson

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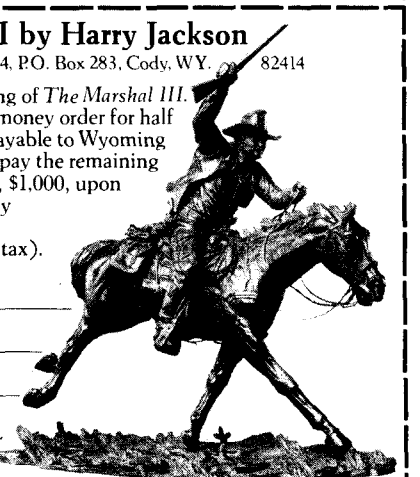

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The Chisholm Trail

By Borden Chase

Returning home from the Civil War, Matthew Garth meets Therissa Millay, called Tess of the River, in St. Louis. But Tess goes off to marry a big red-haired Irishman named the Donegal and Matthew continues to Texas to rejoin his foster-father, Thomas Dunson, a tough, belligerent cattleman.

Dunson is determined to drive a herd of steers against all odds to Missouri. Matthew argues that a drive to Kansas and the new railroad would be less dangerous, but Dunson forcefully rejects the idea.

With a crew including Cherry Valance, a gun fighter, Dunson and Matthew begin the drive, but several nights out a stampede wipes out three men and a wagonload of supplies. The men are hungry and sullen and Dunson and Matthew shoot three who mutiny. Three more steal off and Cherry shoots one in bringing them back. Dunson shoots the other two.

Three more men and many steers are lost in crossing the flooded Red River.

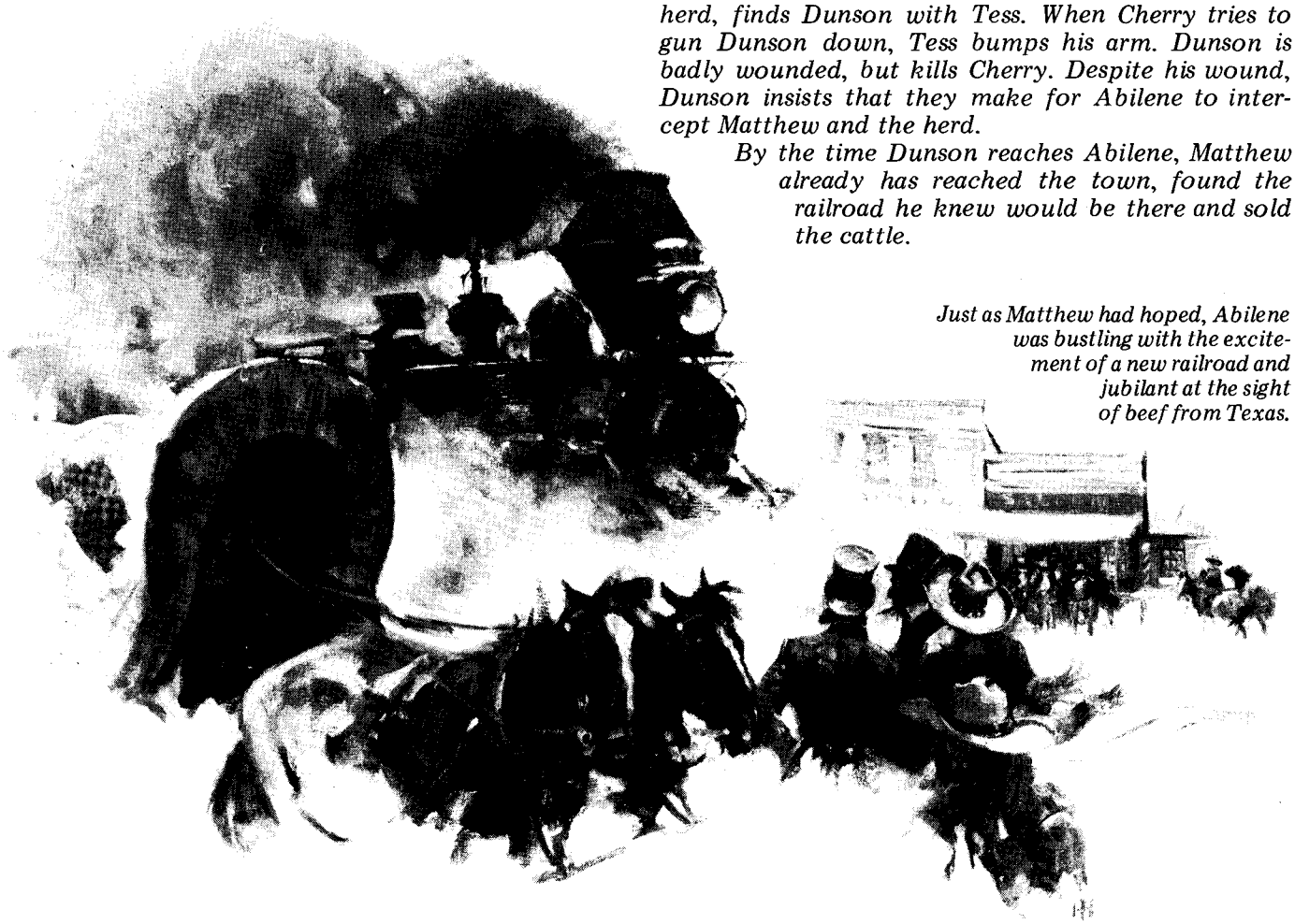
Matthew revolts and most of the crew joins him in his plan to go to Kansas. Dunson draws on his foster-son, but Cherry wings Dunson in the shoulder. Dunson goes off, vowing to return, regain his herd and take revenge on Matthew for taking the cattle, even though Matthew says he will sell the steers in Abilene and leave the money there for Dunson.

The herd drive overtakes a wagon train run by the Donegal and containing Tess and other women. The trail crew and wagon crew stick together to fight off an Indian attack by stampeding the steers. But during a celebration the Donegal and Cherry fight over Tess and Cherry kills the Irishman.

Tess takes over the wagon train and wants to accompany the herd, but Matthew refuses to allow this. Cherry leaves the crew to join the wagons and plots to take over the herd and, he hopes, win Tess. But the attack on the herd fails.

Meanwhile, Dunson, recovered from his wound, has gathered his own personal posse and is pursuing the herd. He learns Matthew's progress from Tess and asks her to return to Texas later to bear his children. Cherry, returning from the abortive attack on the herd, finds Dunson with Tess. When Cherry tries to gun Dunson down, Tess bumps his arm. Dunson is badly wounded, but kills Cherry. Despite his wound, Dunson insists that they make for Abilene to intercept Matthew and the herd.

By the time Dunson reaches Abilene, Matthew already has reached the town, found the railroad he knew would be there and sold the cattle.



Just as Matthew had hoped, Abilene was bustling with the excitement of a new railroad and jubilant at the sight of beef from Texas.

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There was silver on the table of the Abilene saloon—tall, bright, rounded piles of silver dollars. Matthew sat with a stub of a pencil and a square of wrinkled brown paper. Beside him was Teeler Yacey. Others of the drive stood in a half circle. Beyond, ranged along the bar that offered the best in Abilene, were men of the town and those that had come in on the railroad. Men of the Eastern cities—businessmen with money and plans, and faith in the country they'd helped to build.

The talk was of beef and the price of beef. Texas cattle! The first herd was already loading at the stockyard. There'd be others along soon. Real estate! Ground was worth money on Main Street. There was lumber coming in—lumber and nails and hammers and saws. Start building! Build now! Today! We'll need another store, another saloon, another hotel, another bank! Texas beef in Kansas, and Northern money to pay for it at the railhead!

And there at a table in the raw-planked saloon Matthew Garth set aside his pencil and looked down at the square of wrinkled brown paper.

"I figure you've got $100 coming to you, Laredo," he said at length. "Same for all the rest, except Teeler Yacey. He draws extra as my *segundo*."

Soon the table was clear, the last heavy coin was paid out. Teeler brought a bottle and glasses and seated himself facing Matthew. He poured two drinks and the glasses clinked.

"End of the drive," he said quietly. "How much did the herd bring?"

"A little better than $80,000," said Matthew. "I left the money on deposit for Dunson at the McCoy Company."

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"You still figure he'll come back?"

"He'll come back."

"You'll wait for him?"

"I don't know, Teeler."

The thin man scratched his jaw thoughtfully. "I'd sort of figured you'd make the trail back to Texas with us."

"I'm not going back to Texas."

"You'll stay in Abilene?"

"I'll wait till the wagons come in," said Matthew. "I told Cherry Valance I'd see him in Abilene."

"I wish you wouldn't, but I know you will," said Teeler.

"You've opened the trail, Teeler—you and Monte, Groot, Laredo, and the rest. Tell them about it in Texas. Tell them there's a trail and a railroad at the end. That there's hard silver dollars waiting for their beef. Tell them to start driving north."

"I'll tell them," said Teeler quietly. "An' maybe I'll tell them about Matthew Garth, who opened the trail to Kansas."

And, almost as though she had been waiting for the chair to empty, Tess Millay entered the room and seated herself opposite to Matthew. A red-faced man at the bar turned with a drink in his hand. He smiled at Tess and started toward her. Teeler Yacey stepped in his way.

"I wouldn't," said Teeler. His smile was friendly, but filled with meaning. "I wouldn't, mister."

The red-faced man looked again at Tess. Looked at the man who faced her across the table. He grinned and hooked an arm under Teeler's elbow. "Let's you an' me have a drink, Texan." And both men turned to face the bartender.

"So you found a railroad," said Tess. "Found a market for Texas beef."

"Is Cherry with you?" asked Matthew.

"Cherry is dead," said Tess. "Dunson killed him before we crossed the Arkansas."

"I'm sorry," said Matthew quietly. "I liked Cherry Valance."

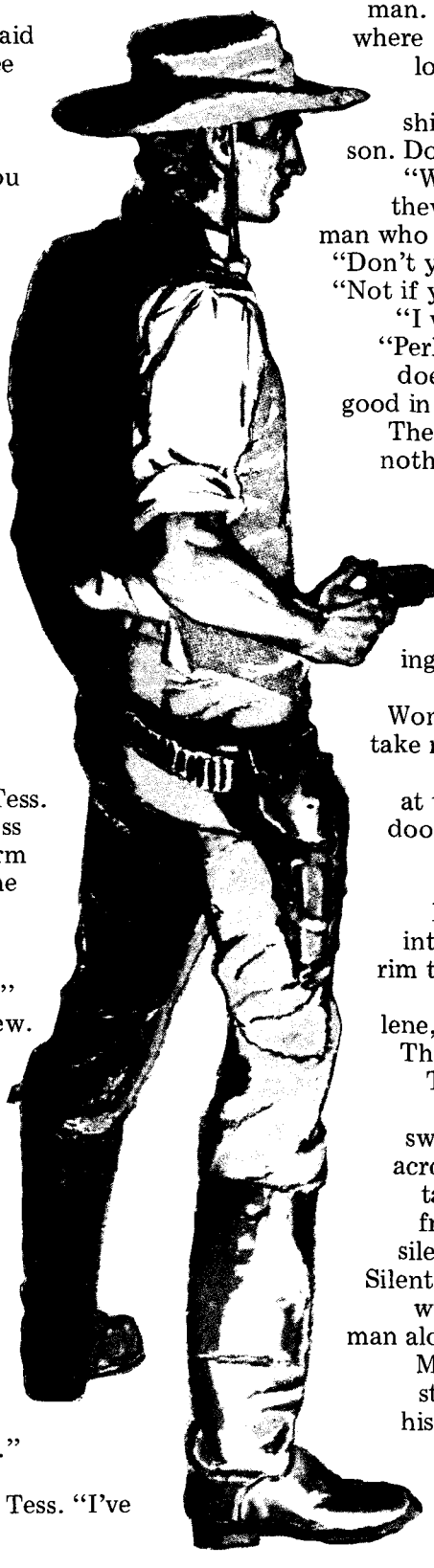
Tess smiled. It was a thin smile that told of her amazement. "You're a strange man, Matthew Garth. I wonder why I want to keep you alive?"

"Do you?"

"Very much," said Tess. "So much that I've come tonight to tell you Dunson and his men will be here tomorrow. If they start at sunup, the wagons should reach here before noon."

"He's riding with you?"

"He's asked me to marry him," said Tess. "I've said that I will."



"That was smart," said Matthew. The words were flat as the table top. "There's better than $80,000 waiting for him at the stockyard. If he markets the rest of the cattle on his range, he'll get ten times that, maybe more. You've made a good gamble, Tess."

"I'll throw it away if you'll leave Abilene. I love you," she said. As simple as that. "I love you, Matthew Garth. I've never loved another man. I never will. Let's go away . . . somewhere . . . anywhere! Ride west and I'll follow you. There's gold in Nevada—gold and happiness and a warm sun that shines all the year. Don't wait for Dunson. Don't wait to be killed!"

"When you see him tonight," said Matthew, "tell him I'll be here. Tell him the man who stole his herd is waiting in Abilene."

"Don't you want me, Matthew?"

"Not if you belong to Dunson."

"I want you, Matthew," she said softly. "Perhaps that's not important. Perhaps it doesn't mean anything. But whatever is good in Tess Millay is yours if you'll have it. There's little I want in return . . . almost nothing. A smile. An occasional touch of your hand. Because I've found that loving is giving, Matthew, not taking." She paused and her lips fought for a smile. "Maybe that's why I'm making such a bad job of the telling. Giving is something I've never done before. Won't you take what I offer? Won't you take my life, and your life along with it?"

There was no answer from the man at the table. Tess turned, walked to the door, and stepped into the night. Alone, Matthew reached for the bottle that Teeler Yacey had left on the table. He tilted it, spilling the brown liquid into a tall glass. He lifted the brimming rim to his lips and drank.

And, when it was high noon in Abilene, Matthew Garth still sat at the table. The bottle was empty, so was the glass. The hands had walked slowly around the ancient clock behind the bar. A swamper drifted the stump of a broom across the littered floor. All night at the table alone. All night, and not a word from the gray-eyed man. He had been silent while laughter swirled about him. Silent when the laughter changed to angry words that led to flailing fists. A quiet man alone at a table.

Melville, the broker, came in from the street. For a moment he paused while his eyes probed the half-light of the deserted bar. When he saw Matthew, he crossed to stand at the table beside him. He dropped a hand on the seated man's shoulder.

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"There are some men outside," he said, and the words were troubled. "Mounted men from Texas and five wagons. There's a Thomas Dunson who says he wants to see you."

"I'll be right there," said Matthew slowly.

"Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes."

The wagons were there, drawn in a long line behind the mounted men. Hard men who watched Matthew come onto the low veranda that was only a single step above the wooden sidewalk. He closed his eyes, then let them open slowly as they adjusted themselves to the mad glare of the sun. Yes, there were the wagons. And on the wide seat of the first sat a monstrous man. Beside him was a woman who had twice within 24 hours gone down to defeat.

Tess had tried. Throughout the night and all through the morning she had tried to change the will of Thomas Dunson. She'd talked, she'd coaxed, she'd threatened and promised. All to no avail. With the first light of morning, Dunson had reached for his gun. Even as Tess had changed the sodden bandage above the wound, he'd strapped the wide belt about his waist and given the order that sent the wagons rolling into Abilene.

Now they were here. And, facing them, Matthew Garth stood alone. He stared at Dunson, then let his eyes run over the faces of the mounted men who had traveled a thousand miles on an errand of death. There was a moment of silence. Then the slow, rhythmic tread of horses' hoofs sounded from the far end of the street.

Matthew turned. There, sitting their mounts with

When Indians rushed the Donegal's wagon train, there was nothing to do but stampede the cattle, use their thundering hoofs and the guns of the men to drive off the attackers, and hope the wagons could maneuver to safety.

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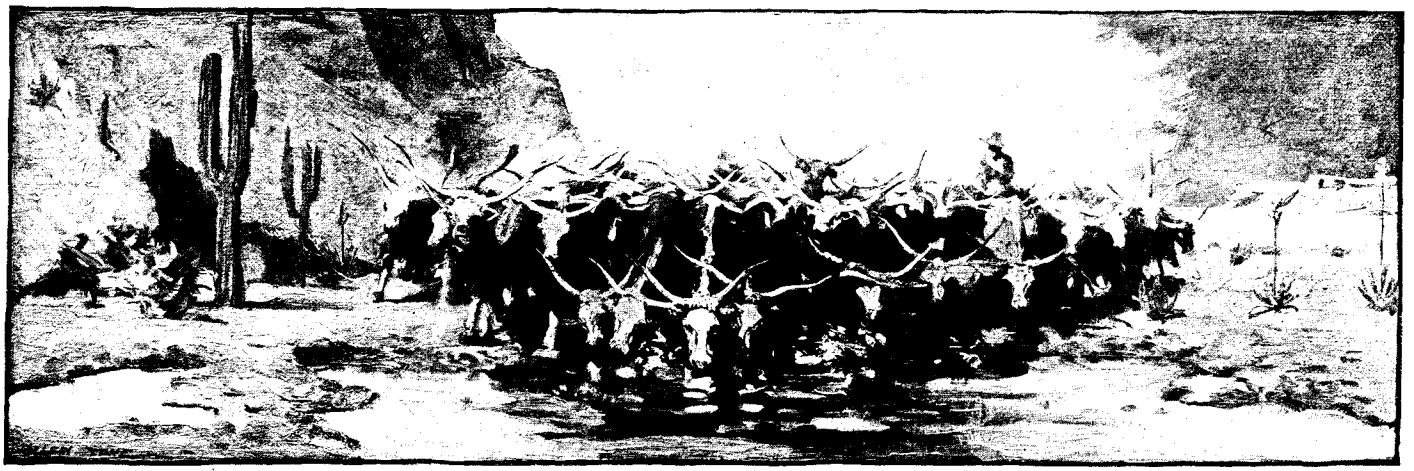

deceptive ease, were Teeler Yacey and the riders of the drive. One step after another, they walked their mustangs on toward the group near the wagons. Teeler Yacey lifted a hand. The horses stopped. There were no words. But each man's hand hung inches above a loosened gun. They waited.

"I thought you'd started for Texas," said Matthew quietly. "I asked you to start for Texas."

"We figured we'd wait awhile," said Teeler. He looked toward the mounted men near the wagons. "After these fellers had ridden a thousand miles, we didn't want to disappoint them."

Tension crackled in the warm breeze that flowed through the street in Abilene. There were eyes that were bright with challenge. Hands that were rigid, with fingers crooked and ready. A falling leaf would have started the guns roaring. Anything, or nothing, if it lasted another dozen seconds. But slowly, wearily, Matthew shook his head. His hands well above his guns, he stepped forward to the rim of the veranda.

"No, Teeler, no!" And he turned to face the men near the wagons. "You men have no quarrel with these riders of mine. You're Texans. So are they—honest men who worked for wages. They meant no wrong. They've done no wrong. The herd is at the stockyard and $80,000 is waiting for its owner."

"I have," said a deep voice from the lead wagon. Thomas Dunson handed the reins to the woman who sat beside him. "I have a quarrel with any man who would steal a herd."

"You've found that man," said Matthew. "Do you need ten men at your back to face me?"

"Ten men at my back?" Dunson stood, thrusting his heavy legs hard against the wagon floor. "I'll face you alone, and well you know it, Matthew Garth!"

Dunson crossed to the wagon edge. He grasped the side with one hand and turned to step over the wheel. His foot reached for the iron hub. He paused. Those heavy lips pressed hard to hold back a groan. There was fresh blood on the bandage. Blood that oozed along the cloth as he put his weight on the wheel hub. Another long reach toward the ground and a film of whiteness spread under the leather of his face. Dunson swayed as he stood; strength and life itself were bubbling out of his wound.

He turned to look across toward the veranda. There were no words from the men. No sound. No movement by the riders or the horses they sat. The citizens of Abilene, sensing death in the air, had withdrawn to the street ends. Now the gray man released his hold on the wagon. He steadied himself. With an effort, he stood erect. Both hands swung like those of some giant ape. One step. Then another. A rasping breath was drawn deep into the great lungs through flaring nostrils. Another step. One more.

And on the veranda that was just above the wooden sidewalk stood Matthew Garth. Both arms hung loose. His feet were widespread, thrust hard against the boards in the stance he had learned from Thomas Dunson. His head was up. Those cold gray eyes held steadily on the figure that came slowly toward him. Gray on gray. Challenge and answer.

"I'm going to kill you, Matthew."

It was simply said, but each word carried the certain promise of death. Another step. Another rasping breath. Dunson's head lowered like that of a bull in

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rage. Cold rage. It lived in the glazed, leaden eyes. And still another step. The huge body swayed. Ponderous, monstrous, a brute of a man carried forward by an iron will. There was blood on the shirt front now. A stain that spread wetly down toward the heavy belt that sagged on his waist. There was blood on the dust of the road.

"I'm going to kill you, Matthew," he said again.

Each finger of Matthew's hand opened wide, thrusting outward like the spokes of a wagon wheel. This, too, he had learned from Dunson. The hand was held inches above his gun. His eyes locked with those of the man who had taught him to draw. Taught him to kill. Waiting, watching, probing for the sign that tells that death is on the way. Still there was no movement. Silence crowded down upon the street.

"Draw!" cried Dunson. "Draw, damn you!"

And with the words the great hand swept toward the gun. Fast—yet not so fast as in other days. Fever and pain and age—weakness that grows when a man's blood slips away through a gaping wound—all these had stolen the speed from a hand that was once the fastest in Texas. Slowed a draw that could no longer match that of the younger man who faced him.

Down and up, Matthew lifted the long barrel in a sweeping draw that tilted the gun muzzle inches above the line of fire. A single swift snap of the wrist and the sights would come to bear. But the gun hung—hung at an angle as though some unseen hand had fastened its grip on Matthew's wrist.

Veins throbbed in the man's neck—straining, twisting, scarlet veins that leaped and pulsed. His lips flattened and pulled away from the white teeth beneath them. Still the gun hung.

Not Dunson's. The barrel went up in an identical draw and the heavy wrist snapped it into line. The huge man pushed his sight through the curtain of weakness that clouded the gray eyes. Pressure on the trigger. Sound hammered against the silence. It bucketed along the street, waking the echoes of a woman's scream. Matthew's shoulders rocked as the lead found its mark. Stunned for an instant, his head wavered. Still the gun hung.

Dunson fired again. A clear miss that tore splinters from a veranda post. A third shot—wider now, shattering a window glass in the saloon. Matthew stood, swaying like a tall tree that is touched by the wind. His eyes were wide. Cold. Staring things. Sweat beaded his forehead and twisted in tiny streams along his lean jaws. Still the gun hung.

Dunson drew a sobbing breath. His gun hand wavered as he tried to bring it into line. The great knees bent. Lunging forward, calling on his last spasm of strength, he hurled the gun at Matthew Garth and crashed forward onto the dust of the road.

Early into the drive
the men became discontent and conflicts
flared over whether to push on to Missouri or turn to Kansas.

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Matthew's arm lowered. Slowly, as though the muscles were reluctant to fight against the power that had cramped them—slowly the hand dropped down to slip the gun into its holster. He touched his lips with a dry tongue and stepped forward, placing each foot carefully, his eyes held in bewilderment on the massive figure that was sprawled on the ground. They looked at the blood-soaked shirt and the red stain that was clotting the dust. As a man in a dream, he watched a golden-haired woman run from the wagon. He stood stupidly, dazed and silent as Tess knelt beside the fallen giant.

"Fools! Fools!" she cried. "Madmen, both of you! Matthew! Stop staring and get a doctor!"

Matthew nodded, then turned and stumbled into the arms of Teeler Yacey.

An early moon saw a single wagon rolling south—south across the Nations, bound for Texas and the banks of the Rio Grande. A single wagon driven by a silent, gray-eyed man who moved at times to ease a bandaged shoulder. There were voices within the wagon. Or rather, a single deep voice that refused to be stilled. Thomas Dunson was stretched on a bed that was lashed to the wagon floor. A shell of a man who had wrestled with death and refused to concede a victory. A willful man who had roared down the warnings of a doctor brought in on the railroad.

He couldn't live, the doctor said. Couldn't possibly last a week if he held to this mad scheme. A thousand miles and more in a wagon? No man born of woman could make that trip with a torn lung and a bleeding chest. If he lasted a week, they'd move him by train to a hospital in a larger city. But a wagon trip to Texas—it couldn't be done.

"I'll live," said Dunson. "I'll keep alive to see Texas again, and all hell won't stop me!"

"You're a fool, Dunson," said Tess.

"Stop talking, woman!"

And Tess had stopped. Now she sat in the wagon beside the willful man who lifted a weak hand to brush away the white fingers that had been laid across his lips. A blunt thumb pointed forward toward the opening of the canvas above the driver's seat.

"Where are we now?" asked Dunson.

"Close," said Tess. "The Red River is just ahead. Beyond that is Texas."

"Tell him to hurry."

"You'll open your wound."

"Damn the wound!" said Dunson. "It hasn't been closed since the day I got it. Tell Matthew to hurry."

"He won't drive faster," said Tess. "He wants you to live."

"That's because he's soft," said Dunson. "He's soft, Tess. I've always worried about that."

"Have you?"

"You'll have to breed the hardness into that son of yours." Dull gray eyes looked up into the green ones above them. "I won't have a lot of soft brats running around the place when I'm gone. Won't have 'em!"

"You're not going anywhere, and you talk too much," smiled Tess. Again the white fingers rested across the heavy lips. "And you forget that Matthew hasn't said anything about breeding any brats."

"He'll do as I say!" The words were an echo of the voice that once had roared like a bull. "He'll do as I say or——"

"Or you'll hang him," said Tess. Her smile was soft as her voice. "You're a hard man, Thomas Dunson."

Matthew checked the team and looked back from the driver's seat. "We've reached the Red River. We'll camp here tonight and cross in the morning."

"Cross tonight," said Dunson. "Cross now!"

Something in his voice took the smile from Tess' lips. Something different. Something that had grown with the miles and had now reached a zenith. She looked forward. Matthew had heard it, too. He nodded once, then turned and lifted the reins.

It was down now. But even at the ford the water crept above the wheel hubs and flowed into the bed of the wagon. Dunson turned his head. He dropped a hand to let the blunt fingers trail in the muddy water. He touched his lips and tasted the earth that was carried by the stream. When the wagon stopped on the far bank and Matthew came to the tailgate, Dunson braced himself on the bed.

"Lift me out, Matthew," he said.

There was no word of argument. Matthew crouched above the bed and cradled the huge man in his arms. Bending, easing one foot after another, he walked to the back of the wagon.

"I'll stand," he said. "Set me down."

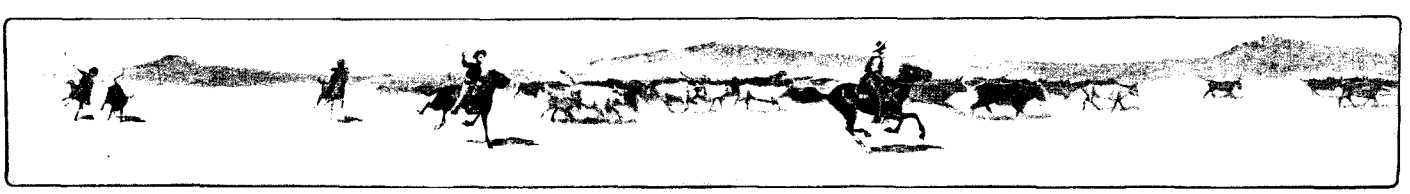
Matthew lowered his feet to the earth. Dunson reached again deep down into that iron will and found the strength to stand erect. He looked south over the moon-swept plain. He lifted an arm.

"That's Texas, Matthew," he said slowly. "I've come home."

Quietly, like a man who lies down to pleasant dreams, Thomas Dunson slipped to the ground. His great arms stretched out and he pillowed his face on the earth he loved so well. And as he died, he smiled.

That night Matthew and Tess made camp beside the rough pile of stones that marked Dunson's place. Bright with the sunrise, the Conestoga wagon rumbled slowly along over the trail that in a few short years brought four million head of Texas cattle to the Northern markets. South in the promise of a new day. South over the Chisholm Trail. ☒

The Chisholm Trail, which appeared as a serial in the Post *in 1946 and 1947, was made into the film* Red River. *John Wayne played Thomas Dunson, his foster son Matthew Garth was played by Montgomery Clift, and Joanne Dru played Tess.*



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A different type of role was tackled by Wayne when he assumed the macho character of 13th-century warrior Genghis Khan in RKO's The Conqueror. *Susan Hayward's beauty tempered Duke's ever-present brawn in this 1954 film classic.*

John Wayne gave one of his finest performances of the 1940s in She Wore a Yellow Ribbon. *Directed by Wayne's mentor, John Ford, the movie was based on two* Saturday Evening Post *western stories written by the popular James Warner Bellah.*

The Duke traded his Stetson for a coonskin cap and swapped his six-shooter for a musket in Allegheny Uprising. *In true hero fashion, he still got the girl—who in this picture was one of his favorite leading ladies, Claire Trevor.*

The Sands of Iwo Jima, *a wartime drama released in 1949, earned Duke his only Academy Award nomination prior to his successful 1970 bid for* True Grit. *Here he exchanges dialogue with youthful co-star Forrest Tucker (far right).*

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Kennedy

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seemed to stare at the problem in empty air. "I think we'll learn a lot about the strength of Ted Kennedy—the way he's matured in these last few years—from the way he handles these pressures."

And . . .?

In many states, his supporters are organizing a "Draft Kennedy" movement. To be sure, in some states the publicity is greater than the actual muscle: When the Iowa group formed last spring, it got 13 inches of wide-column type in the Washington *Post*—but the 142 persons who signed up for the Kennedy movement could raise only $263 among them to get the campaign under way. Kennedy has remained apart from these groups but significantly has not ordered them to cease-and-desist. He knows that they can be the nucleus around which a campaign can be quickly mounted. But these groups themselves become a pressure group, urging Kennedy to run so that—out of self-interest—their work and their purpose will not all be wasted. They warn him that unless he makes an overt move, Jimmy Carter will—in such states as Iowa—organize so well that they won't be able to do anything about stopping him. These arguments can become very urgent in certain circumstances . . .

Because . . .!

What if the Mideast Peace comes apart at the seams, negating Carter's brilliant work in achieving it? What if Iran blows up again and we lose all access to the oil there? What if the Saudi Arabians—disturbed at our inability to protect Iran and its shah—decide to turn increasingly to the Soviets? And at Soviet urging deny us access to their oil, thus cutting off our biggest Middle Eastern supply of oil? What if inflation does not ebb and becomes, instead, uncontrollable? What if it is shown that there *were* criminal acts involving the finances of the Carter warehouse in Georgia, and that the President may have had knowledge of them? What if, in fact, it becomes impossible for President Carter to run again? Or win again?

Then will Ted Kennedy be available?

"Most assuredly," says the Kennedy friend. "Very hurriedly," echoes another.

At the first sign of weakness, Kennedy will be all over Carter, savaging him and leaving him for carrion. That is simply how the Kennedys work: They attack on weakness, not strength. In fact, certain of his friends are convinced that he is positioning himself now to make the Presidential race in expectation of a colossal Carter error. "Don't listen to what he says," says one. "Watch what he does."

What he has done, for example, is separate himself from President Carter on a few, carefully selected issues. This contrasts with the technique of Jerry Brown, governor of California, who is clearly anxious to grab the Presidential nomination from Carter. Brown opposes everything and anything Carter says: "If Carter is for 'up,' Brown comes out in favor of 'down,'" says one Carter sympathizer. Kennedy is more cunning and more selective than that. He has supported many of the positions taken by President Carter—on the Panama Canal treaties, on hospital cost containment, on help for the aged, on improvement in mass transportation, on opposition to tax credits for families with children in private schools, on the restructuring of the judiciary, on the normalization of relations with Red China, on the need for some sort of Salt II treaty with Soviet Russia. In a computer analysis of the Senate's loyalty to Carter, made about halfway through the present administration, Kennedy ranked No. 2, behind only Robert Byrd, the majority leader. But he has also broken with the President on certain issues, selected—some say—to cement his relations with power blocs within the Democratic party. He criticized Carter's jobs program as being too timid; that was seen as a bid for support of Labor and blacks. He opposed Carter's proposal to sell jet fighters to Saudi Arabia; that was seen as a bid to strengthen his already formidable support within the Israeli-backing Jewish community of the United States. Most of all he made comprehensive health care—whatever its costs—the basic plank of his "surrogate" campaign for the Presidency. It was not just that he thought a plan for government help in cases of catastrophic illness—which might wipe out not only the fortune of a family but its opportunity to function in society for generations—was inadequate. (Even at an estimated cost of $7 billion a year.) It was that he feels that Carter's plan for introducing a new health care program step by step is inadequate, even though the first stage (made public last March) is expected to cost $10 to $15 billion a year. Kennedy favors total and immediate action on a health care program that is so comprehensive that its cost is incalculable: Some say it would cost $50 billion a year, some say $90 billion a year. And he has used it as the plank for a national campaign: Instead of announcing he is campaigning for the Presidency, he says merely that he is going all over the country making speeches for comprehensive medical care—which allows him to travel, meet "interested parties," keep his name in headlines and avoid sticky commitments about the Presidential race. It was so ingenious a move that Jerry Brown adopted it and began campaigning all over the country for a Constitutional amendment that would absolutely bar a deficit in the federal budget—*his* way of campaigning for the Presidency without appearing to.

That is not quite the end of Kennedy's resourcefulness. For he has perfected a technique that sets the collective teeth of people in the Carter White House on edge. It is called Upstaging the President and Kennedy works it to perfection. He goes to a meeting of Democratic governors—one that Carter turned down—and wows them with his act. He goes to Atlanta to speak at the Ebenezer Baptist Church at a celebration of the 50th birthday of the late Martin Luther King, Jr.—two days before Jimmy Carter shows up before the people of the same congregation—and wows them

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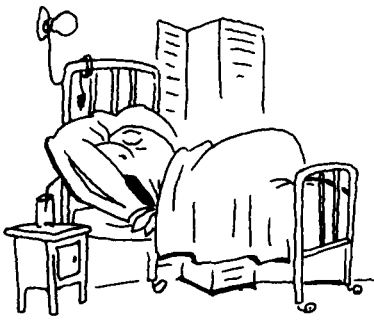

POST SCRIPTS

Volatile Stock

Reviewing my latest investments,
I can't claim that my fortune
shrank.
Since I show a large paper profit
On the gas still inside my tank!

–R. C. Shebelski

Bungled Banner

"Oh, Say Can You See"
That this song can't be sung?
Great singers can't sing it,
It strains everyone;
On high notes we've strangled,
We really should ban them;
We've mangled our "Spangled,"
Let's write a new anthem.

–Mary Honsel

He Never Misses

A man who had been a much-decorated army marksman was passing through a small town and was intrigued by evidence of some amazing shooting. On trees, walls, fences and barns were numerous bull's-eyes with the bullet hole in exact center. He asked to meet the remarkable marksman and it turned out to be the village half-wit.

"This is the most wonderful marksmanship I have ever seen," he enthused. "How do you do it?"

"Easy," was the reply. "I shoot first and draw the circle afterwards."

–T. J. McInerney

"Normally I don't let rejection bother me, but . . ."

Bucking the System

Said the practical pastor, "In our
church,
We follow the present-day trends;
All denominations are welcome
here—
Especially fives and tens."

–Honey Greer

Daffynition

Suburbia: Where the developer bulldozes out the trees, then names the streets after them.

–Henry E. Leabo

Big Boy Blues

Suburban friends in summertime
Are very nice to know;
Their gardens then are bountiful
From weekends spent with hoe.

They give tomatoes by the sack
While plenty does abound.
I wish they'd give in winter when
They're 80 cents a pound.

–Richard B. Lewis

Bloody Mix-Up

A man was trying to bait his English neighbor on the subject of ancestry.

"The trouble with you people," he said, "is you try to keep your bloodlines too pure. You stick your noses up at anything that's not English."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Take me for example," the man said. "I'm part Italian. Part German. In fact, I even have a little Indian blood in me."

The Englishman considered this for a moment, then replied, with typical British reserve, "I'd say that was rather sporting of your mother."

–Thomas E. Oetzel

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"Boy! Taking up collection is getting tougher every Sunday!"

Hard to Swallow

On a balmy day in summer
While the birds were gaily singing,
On a strand of web a spider
In a gentle breeze was swinging.
How he wished he could go
higher,
All the soaring birds he'd follow.
Then a swooping bird attacked
him
And the spider was a swallow.

–Hazel Watt

Toast Masterpiece

The distinguished speaker stepped up to the podium and, in order to break the ice, remarked: "I've been told that the best way to begin is to say something funny."

At this point, a heckler in the back of the hall shouted: "You'll tell us when you say it, won't you?"

The speaker answered: "I'll tell you. The others will know."

–Lucille Boyce

Dow Jones Dough

Most foodstuffs are in high
demand
And money's growing shorter;
As prices rise, "inflation rye"
Will soon be pumperquarter.

–Vern Hansen

Pledge of Appeasement

"Mom, what's a witches' stand?" an eager five-year-old asked. "I don't know, dear," his mother replied.

"Witches' stand, witches' stand —you know," the boy insisted. "Well," said Mom firmly in order to please him, "I suppose it's a stand where witches go when they want to fly off on their broomsticks."

"Oh," said the youngster. Then he turned and shuffled off, muttering, "and to the republic for witches' stands."

–Dorothea Kent

Flea for All

My neighbor sprayed his yard
So outdoors he could dine.
His flying pests have left him,
They've now become all mine.

–Jules Gilden

Taking the Wrap

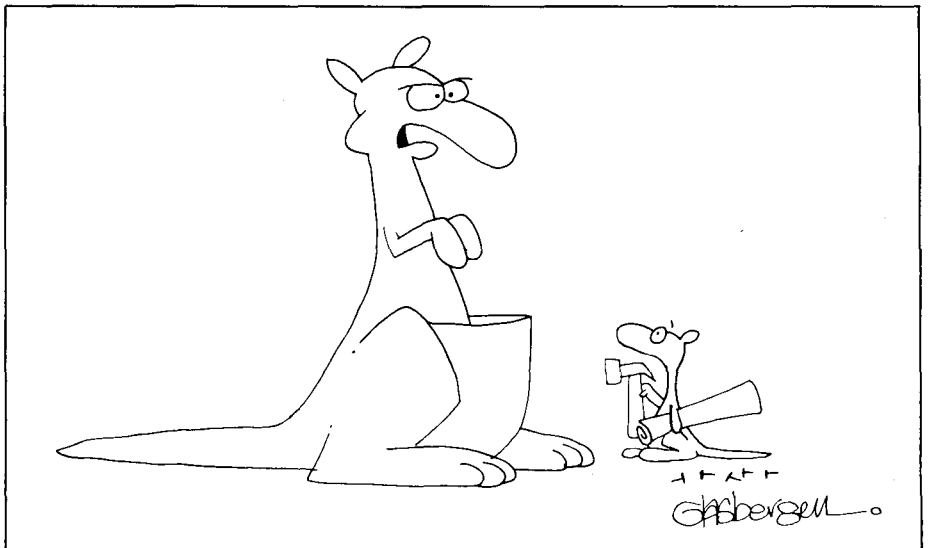
A meek little man in a restaurant timidly touched the arm of a customer who was putting on an overcoat.

"Pardon me," he said, "but do you happen to be Jack Brown of Akron?"

"No, I'm not," the man replied.

"I was afraid that was the case," said the little man apologetically. "You see, *I am*, and that's his coat you're putting on."

–Lucille J. Goodyear



"I don't care if all the other kids do hang posters in their rooms! The answer is NO!"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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John Wayne: Man of Courage

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
"Invictus,"
William Ernest Henley

There are brave men like that. Men who led their lusty lives to the fullest and near the end were able to look at the frail shell left to them with impartial disdain and even scientific curiosity from the fortress of a vigorous, indomitable soul.

John Wayne has done so. A man of absolutely undying spirit who, when all else seemed lost, dedicated what was left of his body to exploration of the tragic riddle of cancer. His cancer has been of the body but certainly not of the soul.

Ben Franklin was like that. Although technically not a medical doctor, he fearlessly explored the inner workings of the human body, including his own. It was the natural extension of his scientific investigation. He was not afraid to use his own body. (Remember Franklin's electrical experiment with the kite, the kite string and the key? It was Franklin's own body which completed the path to the ground.)

Hubert Humphrey died like that, looking death in the face with dignity, even curiosity, but no fear.

America has room for more such. In the end all of us, not just the M.D.'s, must have an ultimate unflagging and "terminal" interest in matters of health. There is still the unknown, the tragic to explore—not just cancer, but heart disease, chronic lung disease, multiple sclerosis, arthritis, diabetes—all those tormentors of the human body. There are things all of us can do.

How fortunate—how very wondrous that America may have heroes like John Wayne. Not just men we would live like in the good years, but men we would follow all the way. Men who can look us in the eye and say, "It's not too painful; the fight's the thing. There is no cancer of the soul."

Justice Tempered with Torture

Judge John Sirica of Watergate fame has published a book on the subject, joining the dreary list of all those who have written before. Sirica beats his breast, toots his horn and flatly declares Richard Nixon guilty as sin, with or without trial. It's not a very good book. In truth, before Watergate Judge Sirica was not an extraordinary man. His judicial judgments were not known for judgment and were quite frequently reversed on appeal.

Sirica vaulted into the public spotlight when he sentenced the Cuban Watergate burglars to 40 years in jail. Those familiar with Washington, D.C., know that felonious breaking and entering is almost a city pastime and goes virtually unpunished. So this was a remarkable sentence.

It had been a remarkable trial. Sirica had not sat as an impartial judge holding the scales of justice fairly while government prosecutors and defendants' lawyers argued the case. Sirica repeatedly goaded the prosecutors to "get to the bottom of it" and extend the scope of the trial. Failing in that—the defendants cut the case short by pleading guilty to the break-in charge—Sirica passed down his extraordinary sentences on the confused Cubans. With that act the Pandora's Box known as Watergate was opened.

The question has frequently been asked if Judge Sirica exceeded judicial propriety in being an activist. Indeed, he did a bit more than run a fair trial as a judge should. He leaped into the ring and acted as prosecutor, too. Generally he is excused for having bent the rules a bit to forward the cause of justice. In truth, the presidential administration had bent the rules in hiding White House staff knowledge of the burglary. So in turn Judge Sirica bent the rules in bringing the administration down. Certainly he didn't do it by himself, but truly he loosened the first stone which started the avalanche.

John Sirica did more, though. He used torture and the obvious threat of it to extract testimony from the very guts of those who stood before him. Was it torture? Indeed it was; 40 years is a lifetime. These men had no money; they had wives, and children, and honor. They believed themselves to be Cuban patriots and friends of the American government.

Did the Cubans know what information was desired of them? Of course they did. Sirica told them from the bench, "Some good can come from a revelation of sinister conduct whenever and wherever such conduct exists." Translation—talk, and things will be easier; the torture will stop.

The country may yet survive Watergate. Let us be wise enough not to repeat the judicial excesses. Could we go down that road again? Of course. Imagine Billy Carter or Bert Lance going to jail for 20 or 40 years for irregularities in banking and peanut warehouse matters. Imagine if they were told they could get that sentence reduced to nothing by admitting some of that money really had gone illegally to the Carter campaign. The questions would roll in. Who initiated the cover-up? How much did Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell know? When did Jimmy Carter find out? Or did he know all along? A 40-year sentence or two can loosen a lot of tongues. When confession becomes a virtue, it's infectious, and not all confessions are completely true.

The lesson is clear. Courts

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should dispense even-handed justice—even to the famous. Evidence should never be coerced by torture or threat. And punishment should fit the crime.

No doubt some of you will rise up in wrath and righteous protest to these thoughts. The leaders of the Spanish Inquisition were zealous, too, and just as certain their cause was just.

Marie Antoinette was Right

For several years we've watched with awe the growth of the food-stamp program. Consider these figures: In 1965 the program cost $35 million. By 1970 it had grown to $577 million. By 1972 it was $1.9 billion, and by 1975, $4.4 billion—a hundredfold growth in a single decade. Currently the food-stamp program is running $6½ billion annually. It runs out of money every three months now and must be fed new and unplanned infusions—like an overfed starling in a nest of field sparrows.

Some government problems and programs are not as bad as they appear. This one is worse. First, we have nothing to show for it. One would think that since "food stamps" have grown from $34 million to over $6 billion per year since 1965 we should have made a considerable dent in the number of hungry in the country. The government has no statistics to support that assumption. Welfare programs are intended to tide people over in bad times. They should rise to the task during depressions and recessions and shrink in boom times. Note that we are at the very peak of a prolonged period of industrial growth. The recession is just now about to start.

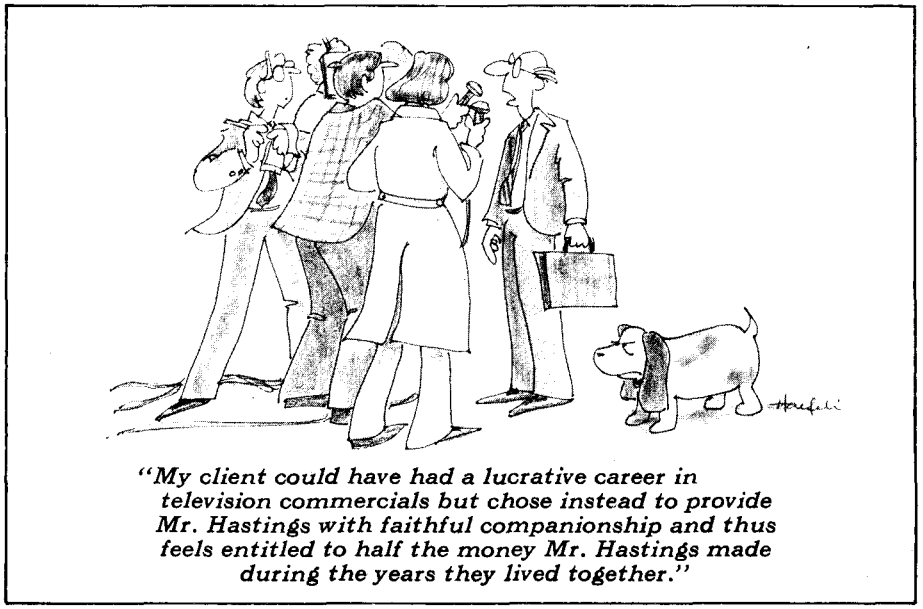
We've cast about to determine who and what institutions benefit from this multi-billion-dollar giveaway. They are hard to find. The labor market doesn't benefit, competent labor is scarce. We assume people work so they can buy food, among other things. We import labor by the millions of individuals—not just from Mexico but from far down in Central America; not just for migrant agricultural work but for all manner of jobs in the cities. Most of these imported workers are being paid more than the minimum wage despite the obvious difficulties of language barrier and culture gap. For several years now extensive unemployment in America has been a myth. We are virtually at full employment. The food-stamp program retards people's desire to work. Meanwhile, whole villages in Latin America have become dependent upon the United States for gainful employment and livelihood. A real recession in America will have catastrophic effects in towns and villages in foreign countries far away—towns of which Americans have scarcely heard.

The Department of Agriculture is not benefiting from the food-stamp program; it is being drowned in it. The department should have its hands full encouraging production and trade of farm produce. Instead, it has become largely a welfare agency. It seems almost intentionally perverse that this welfare program is not administered by HEW so that welfare lists could be compared and the usual fraud involving false and multiple names eliminated.

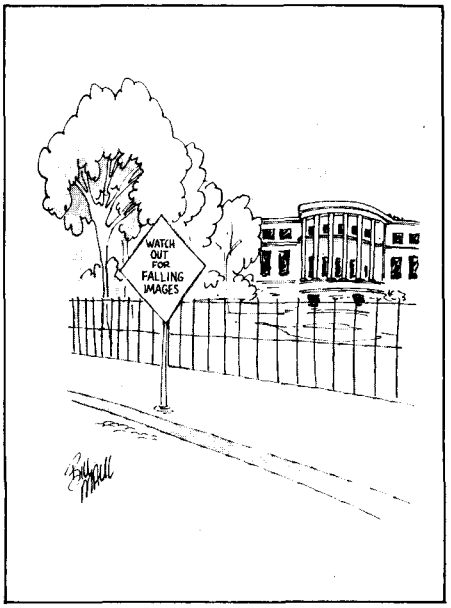
It is possible now to quickly and cheaply take sampling polls within a 3 percent accuracy. It is our understanding that a survey would show the major health problem of food-stamp recipients is not malnutrition but obesity. It is a final irony that this program, costing the taxpayers so much and sapping the strength and drive of our work force, is not adding to the nutrition of our people.

In the face of all this, you might be surprised to know who in Congress pushes the food-stamp program onto the Department of Agriculture. Flaming liberals and do-gooders? Not necessarily. The program is strongly supported by lawmakers from the conservative Midwest. Once more Congress is unable to police itself and limit unnecessary spending; so badly do they want to be loved. It is a profound argument for some kind of firm constitutional control over federal spending.

Two thousand years ago Christ said, ". . . ye have the poor with ye always and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." To which we say, indeed, and this program has little to do with that. ☒



"My client could have had a lucrative career in television commercials but chose instead to provide Mr. Hastings with faithful companionship and thus feels entitled to half the money Mr. Hastings made during the years they lived together."



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Kennedy

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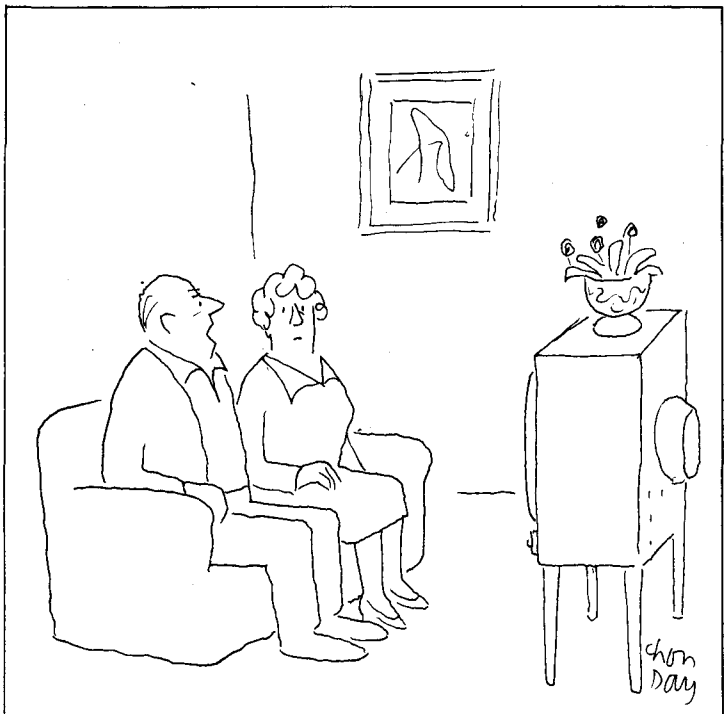
with *his* act. He goes to Russia and comes back with the announcement that, perhaps due to his intervention, exit visas will be granted to 18 Jewish families in the Soviet Union. He goes to Italy to attend the funeral of the Pope and, instead of being one man among thousands—and one man in a large delegation of Americans—he makes headlines all around the world by nothing more difficult than going to the site in Rome where the murdered ex-premier Aldo Moro was kidnapped and kneeling in prayer to his memory. (Of course the gesture may have not only been deeply felt but spontaneous—but somehow somebody remembered to notify the media and get them there before Kennedy arrived.)

Even in small ways, Kennedy still manages to top the President. Kennedy was not among those originally invited to the state dinner honoring the Communist Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-peng. Unofficially, White House insiders say that no slight was intended toward Kennedy, that the White House simply had a quota of 20 senators who could be invited because they satisfied certain specifications (places on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, contacts in China, and of course a "friendship" with the President), and Kennedy wound up 21st on the list. Well, of course this could not help but shake Washington to its corroded little foundations. Where *were* our standards if a Kennedy was not invited to the most important and exciting social event of the season? Soon the White House—under siege by the gossips of Washington—was barraged by assertions that Ted Kennedy must, he simply *must*, be invited to the dinner. They came from Ted's staff, from his friends, from the press. Finally the White House got a cancellation and passed the invitation along to the next man on the list: Senator Edward M. Kennedy. He, for his part, appeared to upstage the President who tried to cold-shoulder him. For when he got to the gala that was to follow the state dinner—at the Kennedy Center, of all places—he waited until just before the performance was to start and then marched purposefully up the aisle and, apparently, out of the Concert Hall. As if he was called away by something that was much more important than this homey little party. The gossips, who play so much of a part in Washington—particularly in the media—started tongues a-wagging. Teddy was marching out before the event—in front of the cynical eyes of thousands—to let them know that he *had been there. That he had*, after all, gotten an invitation. But that he would *not* validate the accomplishment of Jimmy Carter by the graciousness of his presence. So Ted Kennedy was walking out on *him*.

(Ted Kennedy says the gossips were wrong. He had no idea that this would be the interpretation when he was faced with a difficult situation and tried to resolve it calmly. He says that when he got to the gala, he found a member of the visiting Chinese delegation sitting in his seat. Unable to deal with the language barrier, and unwilling to cause a scene, he decided to walk back up the aisle to watch the performance from a standing-room-only spot in the back of the hall. And that, after watching for a few minutes, he left altogether. He did not realize that the gossips of Washington would interpret this in the way they did. And that—just as the White House intended no slight—neither did he intend to slight the President.)



"You'd think after all these years 'Hawaii Five-O' could afford a new wave."

His partisans believe that Kennedy can go on endlessly like this, nipping and annoying Carter, not making a decision on whether to go for the nomination until he sees whether Carter stumbles in handling public affairs or in meeting the challenge of the primaries (from Jerry Brown, among others). But this is not altogether true. For one thing, Carter's own plan is reported to be to win the caucuses in Iowa in January and then to win big in the early primaries in New Hampshire (in February) and Florida (in March); that might put all his challengers to rout and, he hopes, persuade Ted Kennedy to remain on the sidelines in the belief that Carter would be too strong to defeat without a party-splitting fight. In any case, Carter is reported ready to go into all the 35 or so primaries in order to pick up as many delegates as he can. That puts additional pressure on Ted Kennedy to wage an early and decisive fight against him—or at least to contest him in as many places for as many delegates as possible—because the vast majority of delegates to the 1980 Democratic convention will be chosen in primaries. (Mark Shields, a strategist for various Democratic candidates, estimates that 75 to 80 percent of the delegates will be tied up—at least on the first ballot—through the primary process.) That suggests that Kennedy will have to go into the primaries early—instead of waiting for the later primaries in May and June—if he hopes to get enough delegates to contest for the nomination on an early ballot. The final sly little hooker is this: In Florida—a state in which Carter now figures to do well—the system is reversed on him. It is not that he has to take affirmative steps to enter the Florida primary (which will be held on March 11); it is that he has to take deliberate and strenuous steps to stay out of it: He has to swear that he is not a candidate. If he does not enter such a disclaimer, then he will go on the ballot in Florida. And if he goes on the ballot in Florida, then he will go on the ballot in 13 other states almost automatically. The question is whether he *can* swear that he is not a Presidential candidate. For on or before the date of the Florida primary, a Presidential primary will be held in Kennedy's home state, Massachusetts. It seems very probable that he will want to have the delegates from his own state pledged to him at the Democratic convention. Thus he might feel compelled to enter the Massachusetts primary. But how can he voluntarily enter the Presidential primary in Massachusetts and, at the same time, swear that he is not a candidate for the Presidency in Florida? Obviously he cannot. "No, I wouldn't do that," he told me.

Continued on page 76

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In Rust Country...

Bar Keepers Friend Belongs

Rust Country could be anywhere . . . from your little hideaway in the trees to a penthouse in the Big Apple. Maybe you've got rusty hardware or tarnished bathroom fixtures. Perhaps it's stains on your fine china or rust in your water supply. There's no telling where the stains come from, but they're there. Bar Keepers Friend to the rescue! Bar Keepers Friend is the all-time stain remover for the kitchen, garage, bath, or any part of the house you'd like to keep spotless. Bar Keepers Friend removes rust stains, salt stains, tarnish and grit without a lot of teeth-gnashing on your part. BAR KEEPERS FRIEND might be the greatest cleaning aid since water. We think so. YOU WILL, TOO!

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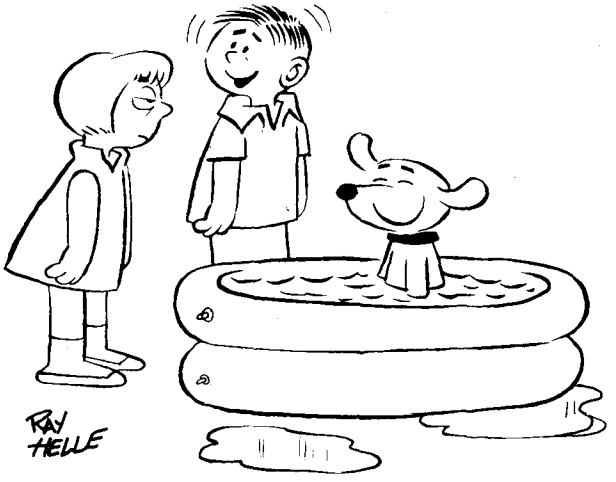

"Of course he's happy. He's sitting on the cat."

"Daddy, there's a man with a bill to see you."

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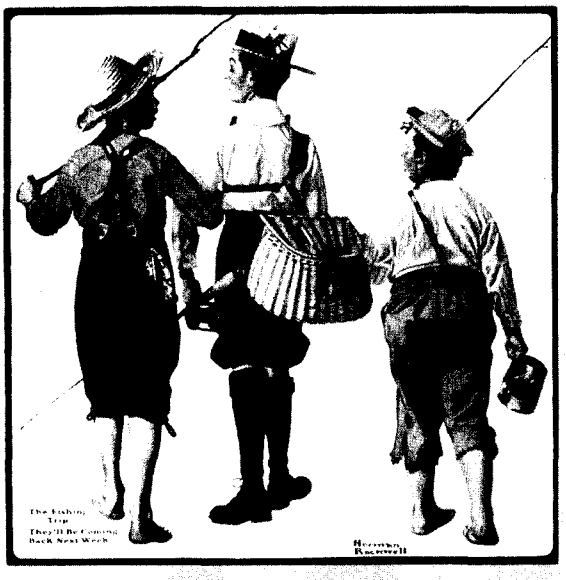

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Keeping ALASKA On Ice

Unlocking Alaska's resources may be the key to America's energy problems, according to this former Secretary of the Interior.

by Walter J. Hickel

It's been 20 years since the battle over Alaskan statehood was won and President Eisenhower signed the Statehood Act on January 3, 1959. You would have to have lived in a colony not attached to the mother country to understand what statehood meant to Alaska. The jubilation was tremendous. We felt emancipated.

Now, some Alaskans bitterly believe we settled for half a loaf. Our freedom was in name only. The same frustrations that dominated our lives in territorial days when the secretary of the interior was our tsar have now multiplied as the White House, Congress, and the bureaucracies have found new ways of subjugating us to colonial status.

Alaska has more to offer the lower 48 than goldrush days nostalgia like the old East Yukon hotel (top). Young Eskimo [illegible] in St. Mary's (top, left) will someday benefit from the state's vast untapped resources.

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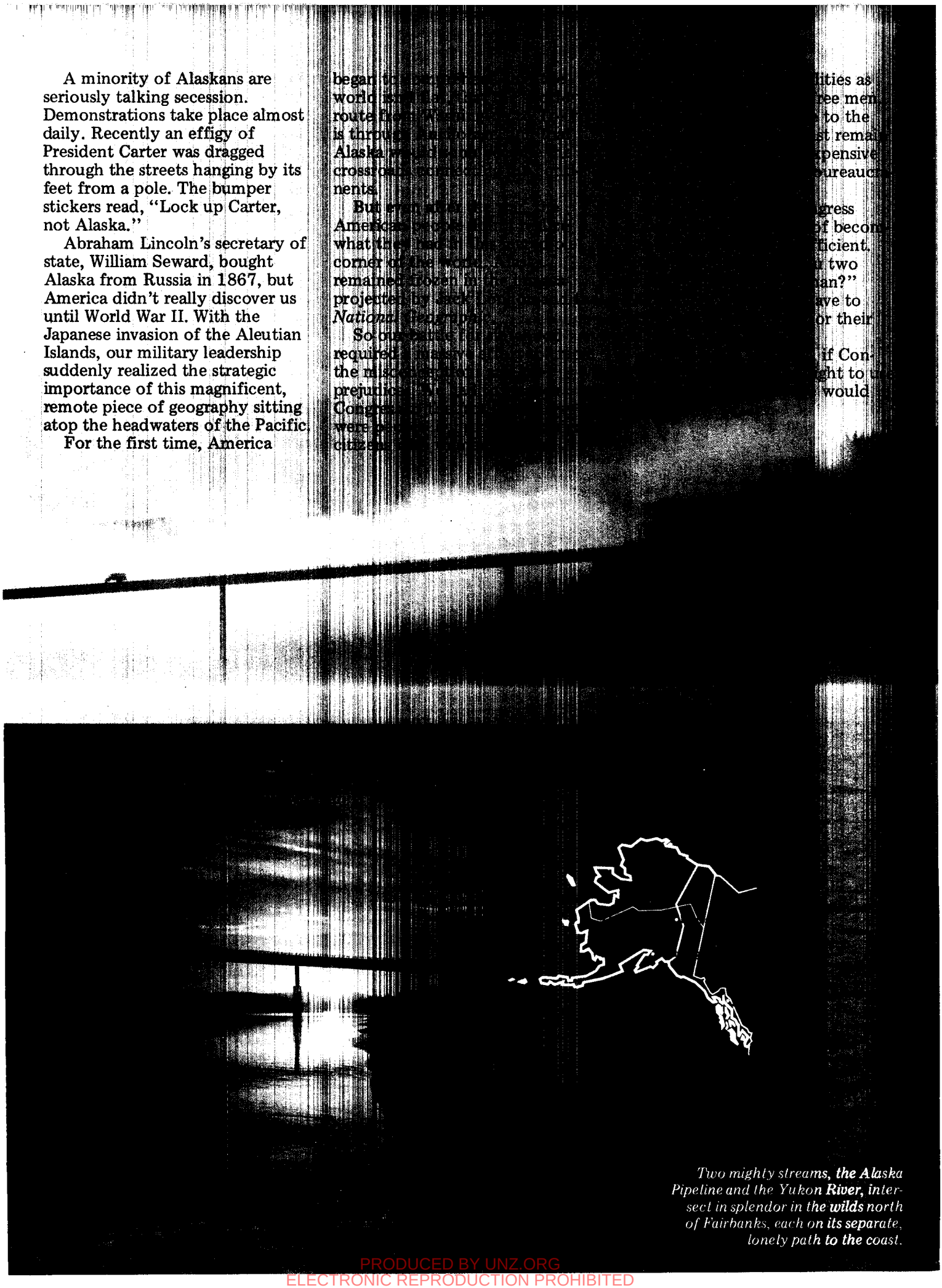
A minority of Alaskans are seriously talking secession. Demonstrations take place almost daily. Recently an effigy of President Carter was dragged through the streets hanging by its feet from a pole. The bumper stickers read, "Lock up Carter, not Alaska."

Abraham Lincoln's secretary of state, William Seward, bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, but America didn't really discover us until World War II. With the Japanese invasion of the Aleutian Islands, our military leadership suddenly realized the strategic importance of this magnificent, remote piece of geography sitting atop the headwaters of the Pacific.

For the first time, America



Two mighty streams, the Alaska Pipeline and the Yukon River, intersect in splendor in the wilds north of Fairbanks, each on its separate, lonely path to the coast.

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Kennedy

continued from page 70

There is another complication. As this was written, there was a strong probability that Texas would move its Presidential primary up to March 11. (And Alabama has already set its primary for that date.) That means that, by entering a disclaimer in Florida, Kennedy would also have to give up his chance to get delegates from Massachusetts, Texas and Alabama. That's a huge chunk of the delegate count to ignore in one Tuesday's election. Whatever Ted Kennedy decides, he cannot sit back and wait until the second week in March before making a move—and look for loopholes. He might set up a system whereby a very close and loyal associate would run and get the votes on the first ballot ("I've done that before") and later, at the convention, yield them to Ted Kennedy if he encounters a serious need for them. But he must make this decision soon after the first of the year. For though all these primaries are set for March 11—and the primary in Florida is the most demanding of the March 11 pivots—the deadline for getting on or off the ballot in Florida is January 20. That is six days after the caucuses in Iowa and five weeks *before* the primary in New Hampshire. So Kennedy cannot really wait very long to see how Carter is doing before Kennedy himself is up against deadlines which will dictate, up to a point, his availability.

What kind of candidate would Ted Kennedy be, assuming he makes the primary races?

A very formidable one. He has a larger base of popularity within the Democratic party than has President Carter. He has the unquenchable animal energy it takes for long campaigns. ("You never had to push Teddy forward; you always had to hold him back," his sister Jean once said of him.) And he has learned a great deal, not only about campaigning but about managing the details of a campaign. He was not very good at the start: "He cost his brother, John Kennedy, the chance to carry California against Nixon in 1960 by his blundering," says one man who worked in JFK's administration. (Ted Kennedy lost nine of 11 states under his jurisdiction when he was director of operations for the Western states in the 1960 campaign. California was a spectacular failure; his brother ran one million votes behind the number of registered voters in the state. "In Los Angeles," reported Teddy White, "a clear amount of the fall-off was due to the mismanagement of the California campaign, where Kennedy ran farther behind his Democratic ticket mates than in any other major state of the Union.") His work in the Presidential primary campaign of 1968, before his brother Bobby was murdered, was tireless. In two months, he spent only five days at home. The rest were 18-hour days in headquarters or on the road, working to get the votes in the non-primary states. Some of Bobby's staffers were reported later to be less than overjoyed with his performance; they thought he was working for himself and some future candidacy as much as for Bobby. (The feeling may have been the result of a repeated comment akin to "If it were *you*, Teddy . . . " made by party workers in the various states, in the presence of Wayne Owens, one of the staffers then helping Teddy.) But it may have been that Bobby's staffers did not appreciate that Teddy's technique was different from Bobby's. The latter—customarily more than a little abrasive—said things hard and directly; if you didn't agree—pretty much instantly—he didn't have much use for you. Teddy is more likely to say, "Let's sit down and have a drink and talk things over." He'll try to work things out so that there are no differences so that he can capture that politico and his vote where Bobby would just let him walk away mad. Teddy's is a different and lower keyed method of operating but it is not an ineffective one. ("Ted doesn't exactly have the quickness of John or Robert Kennedy, but he has a shrewdness about human motivation," Dick Goodwin, who's worked in one way or another for all three Kennedy brothers, once said to a friend.) There is no doubt that when Teddy is working for himself, he is a highly successful politician. Once he ran for the U. S. Senate from a hospital bed—he was confined there for months because of back injuries following a plane crash—and he won 74.4 percent of the vote, because of the way he organized the campaign. The year after Chappaquiddick, he ran for re-election to the Senate and—with the tragedy still fresh in people's minds—he got 63 percent of the vote. The only reasoned conclusion that friend or foe can draw from all this is that Ted Kennedy is a seasoned, savvy campaigner who does best in working for himself—and who has a battle-hardened staff to help him in that work.

That does not mean he is without liabilities. The most garish is his position on the far left of the Democratic Party. Jerry Brown has occupied the right and Jimmy Carter has occupied the middle.

Continued on page 80

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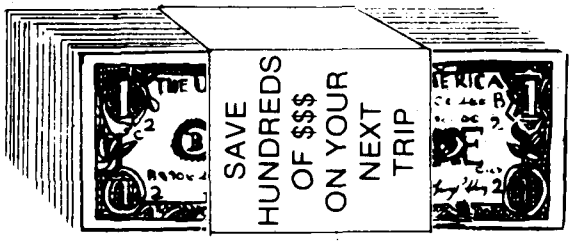

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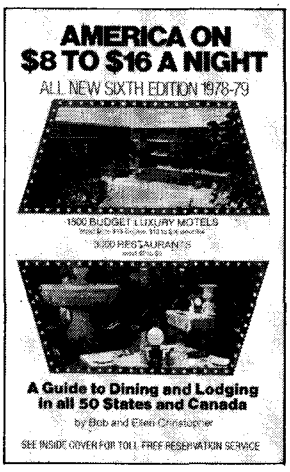
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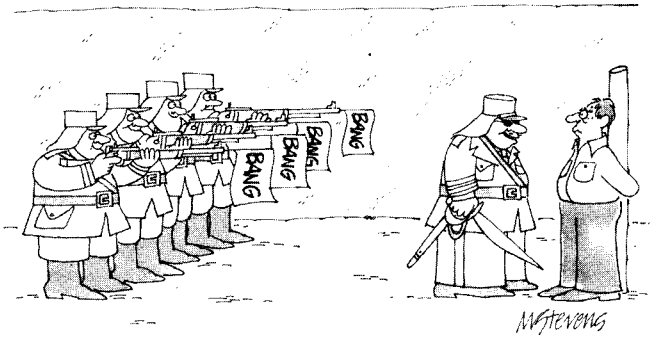
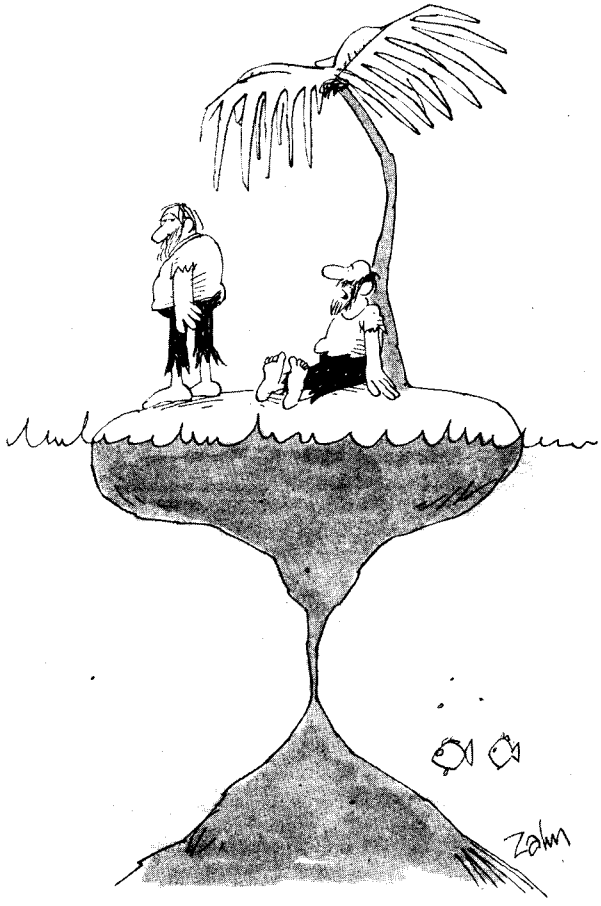
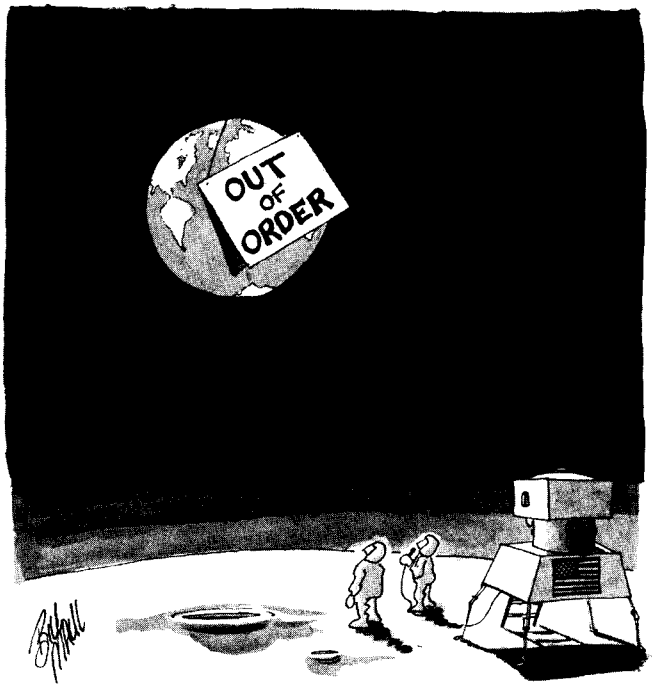


"... but all kidding aside ..."



"What else can happen to us?"



"Hello, Kennedy . . . you know that 'cloud formation' you asked about? . . ."

"Well, if you think the weather in your area was bad today, be happy you don't live in California . . ."

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M.A.D. Is Mad, Mad

continued from page 55

were scrawny with scabs and scales on their limbs. They were salty, tough and nearly inedible. It was an inferior "culture" which had encircled the world.

We cannot complacently sit back and rely on superiority of lifestyle, worldly goods and gross national product. There are some things that America can do and none of them require exorbitant expenditures.

First, we must correct the mistaken impression given our citizens that we can destroy the Soviets many times over. In truth, we probably cannot destroy them once. Americans want and demand adequate defense. They bridle at spending money needlessly.

Second, allied forces in West Germany (which include practically our entire army) should be adequate to the job without use of nuclear weapons; or Americans have no business there. To say Western Europe and America cannot afford to match the Soviets defies reason; the West is far stronger and more populous. It should not be necessary to match the Russians man for man. Russia, after all, must man her Chinese border and she must police her Warsaw Block hegemony.

There is absolutely no reason why America and her Western allies should have a weaker combined navy than that of the Soviet Union. The West is completely reliant upon the ocean; Russia is not. The fact that Russia has many times the submarine and shipbuilding capacity of the United States is a national scandal.

As to the strategic balance of nuclear weapons, nuclear weapons are oddly but a small part of our defense budget and have been for years. We should stop trying so hard to prostrate ourselves before the Russians and, instead, achieve some degree of parity. Since Russia is a larger, more dispersed land and has some defense against nuclear attack, we will always need a few more strategic weapons for adequate coverage and essential equivalence.

Now as for SALT II; it's unreal. It is confusing Americans into believing something is being done when *nothing is being done.* The safest course for us, for the world, even for the Russians would be to forget the whole thing. MAD is mad, is mad, and MAD by any other name is still mad. ☒

In the conduct of military operations, great illusions are born out of a poverty of information coupled with a wealth of confidence that the enemy in any case is unequal to the task of promoting a decisive change in events.

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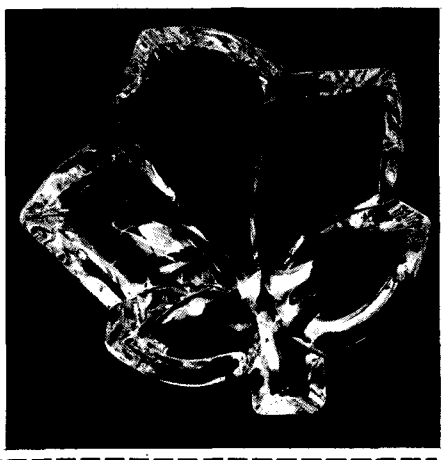

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Kennedy

continued from page 76

The middle is the place to be. That's where votes can be drawn from both sides of the political spectrum. If Teddy tries to campaign in the primaries on a far-left platform, he's going to find that some of his best friends won't know him. There are 24 Democratic seats coming open for re-election in 1980 (against only 10 Republican seats) and the one thing most of those Democrats do not want in the primaries—where they may be dumped by someone in their own party—is somebody like Ted Kennedy coming onto their turf to "shout up" liberal policies just before an election. Indeed, many of the most dedicated Democratic liberals in the Senate, and long-time allies of Ted Kennedy, are laboring hard to "correct" their record. Frank Church of Idaho, one of the "Gang of 24," was among a number of liberals who voted for a budget-balancing requirement put up by a potential G. O. P. candidate for President who is conservative (Bob Dole of Kansas). He then voted twice to support a conservative-conceived bill that stripped the Supreme Court of its right to overrule any state or local law permitting voluntary prayer in school buildings or other public structures. (Ted Kennedy, unmoved from his liberal convictions, went on TV to denounce the concept as a "radical" assault upon the Constitution.) Another more occasional liberal who voted for the prayer bill, Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina, told an associate in this session, "Ain't nobody going to run to the right of Fritz Hollings next year." All this suggests that the men who have known and admired Ted Kennedy the most in recent years—his fellow liberals in the Senate—may not want him around, campaigning in their states before a primary, and perhaps "tainting" their own chances for re-nomination and re-election by his presence. Because the last thing they'll want in 1980 is to be identified with liberal policies, no matter how attractive the personality who is offering them.

It is not that Ted Kennedy is without alternatives in such a situation. He can always fall back on The Legacy, on evoking the memories of his brothers and the tragedies that befell them. And on the sense of "incompleteness" that both his family and the nation at large might share. He could also develop a rhetoric that will sound as if he is moving toward the middle-of-the-road, even though his votes in the Senate reflect undeviating liberal convictions. The latter choice is an attractive one but perhaps unproductive: The duplicity is too apparent and might cut against him in two ways. So the choice is not simply between Liberalism and The Legacy. It is between politics and principle: Will Teddy soft-pedal his liberal principles, and turn to The Legacy, in order to keep from losing votes? For himself and his friends?

It may turn out that The Legacy, and the personality, will be enough. So if Ted Kennedy gets the nomination, what kind of candidate will he be?

A very, *very* formidable one. For he would go into the general election not merely with the support of a party and the liberal "muscle" of the national political spectrum. He would go in with that ineffable sense that he is of America's "royal family" and it is only natural that the "throne" go to the oldest surviving male member of the family. Further, he would go in with the deep emotions and unmovable feelings of many millions of persons who see him in a light that is not quite political. They have a mixture of feelings about him that are separate from politics—a sense of the memories of his brother Jack and his Presidency, a grief over the deaths of Jack and Bobby, an elusive feeling of their own remembered youth when the Kennedys seemed to give a special purpose and direction to their lives, a grasp of the heady expectations of the early 1960s that were manufactured by JFK. And beyond all this is the vague, almost indefinable sense that Ted Kennedy *deserves* to be given the White House, if only in reparation for the tragedies that have befallen him and his family. Nobody knows quite how many votes all this will produce for Teddy; it is a situation that is quite unlike anything else that has happened in American history. But politicians themselves stand in awe of any opportunity where a candidate can go into a campaign with an enormous emotional hold on the electorate. "Let's put it this way," says one canny old Chicago pol, "there's no way it can hurt."

Well . . . perhaps *one* way. For some of the emotions that Teddy Kennedy arouses involve a virulent hate. There are those who say that the hate is rooted in fear, that it reflects a conviction among his opponents that the mere existence of a Kennedy in politics threatens them with the possibility that their party will be shut out of the White House for four or eight more years. And that Kennedy must be savaged if the G. O. P. is to survive. In fact, that is an insult and a disservice to the majority of the members of the opposition party. There are countless Republicans

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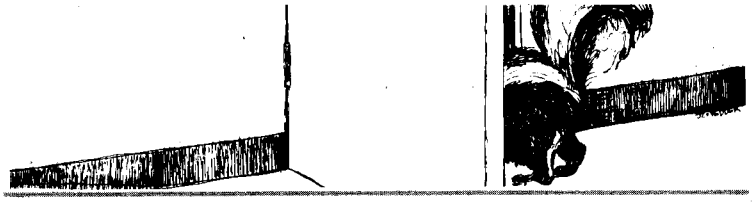

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

As night switchboard operator in the women's dormitory of a college out in the woods, I got a weird emergency call one night from a girl student who said a skunk had just strolled down the hall and into her room. She appealed to me to send help to get him out at once.

The girl said she was telephoning from across the hall, where she had taken refuge in the room of a fellow student. Calming both of them down, I asked a few questions: Could the evicted girl spend the night where she was? Yes. Did they know whether the skunk was still in the room? Yes, as they had kept watch continually through the keyhole.

Explaining that an effort to oust the skunk might meet with retaliation which would leave the room unfit for habitation for days, I suggested that he be left alone in hopes that he would wander out during the night.

"But we can't sit up all night to see whether he comes out," they protested. "We have an examination tomorrow, and need a good night's sleep."

After a little thought, I suggested a plan by which the girls, using only means readily available to them, could check up on their unwanted visitor without sitting up all night. What would you have done?

Following my suggestion, the girls sprinkled a wide belt of bath powder across the threshold of the invaded room and another just within the outside hall door. They then closed all other doors for the night. Next morning, little footprints, all outward bound, revealed that the crisis was past.

—Patricia Kimball

The *Post* will pay $100 for authentic contributions to this department. All must be typewritten. Only those accepted will be acknowledged, within a month. Where several contributors relate similar experiences, payment will be made for the first received which meets editorial requirements.

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FOOD

MAKE MINE WINE

The fruit of the vine does more than embellish your dining experience; it uplifts waning spirits, succors digestion and supplements needed nutrition.

by Charlotte Turgeon

What can be nicer on a hot summer day than to sip a glass of cold white wine and to know that it is not only wonderfully refreshing and relaxing but also actually good for you.

In recent years, American doctors have been exploring the healthful and even medicinal qualities of wine. European doctors have long recognized the therapeutic value of the moderate use of wine in convalescence, and wine has been used since time immemorial to assuage pain. Even conservative St. Paul in a letter to one of his followers, Timothy, advises him to "use a little wine for the sake of your stomach and your frequent ailments." Now it would appear that wine is not only capable of calming people but confers both nutritious and medicinal benefits.

Wine has a good supply of the vitamin B complex, carries a modicum of vitamin C and a significant amount of vitamin P, which strengthens the capillary walls and helps in the flow of blood. Besides the vitamins, wine contains potassium, magnesium, zinc, and phosphorus which the long root of the vine draws from the earth. Although several ounces of wine cannot fulfill the daily requirement of vitamins and minerals, they will make a definite contribution, especially when taken in conjunction with a meal. Some doctors and medical researchers are convinced that wine is good for patients suffering from diabetes, anemia, and even cirrhosis (which only occurs in cases of malnutrition). The exception to using this general panacea is when the patient is the victim of any form of alcoholism. Wine stimulates the gastric juices and is therefore helpful in digestion. In fact, this liquid of the gods is for the healthy, the sick, the not too young, and the aged. The slight euphoria that it produces gives a sense of relaxation and well-being that serves as a balance for the overpressed healthy body and a framework on which to regain health if one is ill.

One of the nicest attributes of wine is that it is recommended for those who are constantly fighting the battle of the bulge. As a matter of fact wine seems to be a little like aspirin; it's good for whatever ails you. If you need to gain weight, wine stimulates the appetite. If losing weight is your objective, the fast-burning calories found in wine will replace the sugar and fat carbohydrates found in foods that no longer seem attractive when wine is on the menu. Wine does not go well with most starchy and very sweet foods, but sipped along with fish, poultry, meat, fresh vegetables, and some cheeses, it has a zing that is irresistible.

No matter how innovative and intriguing a new diet may sound, it will never work for long unless the calorie intake is carefully counted and that includes the wine you drink. But a diet meal with wine somehow loses its curse. It is easy to count the calories in wine. Most table wines contain 12 percent alcohol. Multiply that by two and you have the calorie count of an ounce of wine. The sweeter the wine, the higher the alcohol and calorie count, but when you compare the calories in a martini or whiskey cocktail with those in a glass of dry white wine on the rocks when selecting an evening drink you are already ahead of the game. A thoughtful host or hostess as well as a respectable bar should always provide wine for the ever increasing number of people who drink wine rather than hard liquor by preference, whether they are dieting or not.

Choose a wine that will not be insulted by the addition of an ice cube. Folinari Soave or California Chablis will never disappoint you. Allow yourself five ounces of wine, not including what is used in the cooking.

Wine is most efficacious when taken with food, and food cooked with wine costs the calorie count-

After aging in wooden casks for months, most wine reaches your table boasting about 100 calories a glass, 25 calories less than a baked potato.

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er no extra points since 85 percent of the calories vanish in the cooking. Sauces made with wine make the simplest dishes subtle and delectable and can in many cases eliminate the necessity of additional butter.

When the temperature is high, white wine or perhaps a rosé seems most refreshing; and since both food and drink should be on the light side, we suggest this meal for a relaxing evening for four.

Cucumber Boats

2 6-inch cucumbers
½ pound tiny cleaned shrimp, crabmeat, or langostinos
½ cup finely chopped celery
¼ cup diet mayonnaise
1 teaspoon grated onion
2 tablespoons chili sauce
2 tablespoons Italian dry vermouth
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Peel the cucumbers. Cut them in half longitudinally and scoop out the seeds. Shave a thin slice from the bottom of each half so that the "boats" will sit evenly on the plates. Sprinkle the interiors with salt; drain upside down on a rack 15 to 20 minutes. Chill.

Put the shrimp in a bowl. Combine the remaining ingredients in a measuring cup. Mix well and add to the shrimp. Salt and pepper to taste. Chill.

To serve: Heap the filling into the cucumber halves and place on lettuce-lined plates.

Lemon Broiled Chicken

2 chickens (3-3½ pounds), split
1-2 lemons
Salt and pepper
½ cup dry white wine
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
½ cup chopped green scallions

Place chicken halves on a rack in an open pan. Sprinkle with lemon juice, salt, and freshly ground black pepper. Refrigerate for one hour.

Preheat the broiler for 10 minutes before cooking the chicken. Place the chicken 6 inches below the broiler and broil 20 minutes, turning the chicken three times and basting with pan drippings.

Preheat a top-of-stove unit. Place the chicken on a heated platter. Put the broiler pan on the stove unit, add ½ cup of water and ½ cup of wine to the pan, and stir with a fork to loosen the juices. Simmer for one minute. Add the butter or margarine and pour over the chicken. Sprinkle with the chopped scallions. Surround with the stuffed tomatoes. (The very calorie conscious will avoid eating the skin of the chicken.)

Broccoli Tomatoes

4 firm, ripe, medium-to-large tomatoes
1 large potato
1 package frozen broccoli or *2 cups chopped fresh broccoli*
4 tablespoons rich chicken broth
Salt and white pepper

Wash the tomatoes. Cut out the seeds and flesh from the stem ends, leaving an opening of 2 inches and a half-inch shell. Sprinkle the interiors with salt and turn upside down on a rack to drain.

Peel the potato and cut into thick slices. Place in a saucepan with 1 cup of boiling salted water. Boil 5 minutes. Add the broccoli. Cover and boil 6 minutes more or until the potato is tender. Drain well (saving the broth for a future soup). Puree the vegetables in a blender or food processor, adding the chicken broth. Season the puree with salt and pepper.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

Fill the tomato shells with the puree using a tablespoon or a pastry tube. Place the tomatoes on a rack in a pan containing one inch of boiling water. Bake 15 minutes.

Naturally Sweet Fruit Mold

1 11-ounce can juice-packed mandarin oranges
1½ tablespoons plain gelatin
4 tablespoons cold water
1 20-ounce can juice-packed pineapple chunks
1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoons Cointreau (optional)
2 bananas
½ cup grated coconut or slivered almonds

Drain the juice from the orange segments.

Soften the gelatin in water. Mix with the orange juice and stir over heat until the gelatin dissolves.

Remove from the heat and stir in the juice strained from the pineapple and the orange juice and the Cointreau, if desired. You should have a little over 2 cups liquid.

Pour a little of the juice into the bottom of a one-quart mold. Arrange orange sections and a little coconut or slivered almonds around them. Place in the freezer 5 minutes. Remove and spoon over the fruit 4 tablespoons of the gelatin. Return to the freezer for another 5 minutes or until the gelatin is firm but not frozen.

Stir the orange segments and pineapple into the remaining gelatin and spoon into the mold. Cover and chill in the refrigerator at least 4 hours.

Unmold onto a dessert platter. Surround with freshly sliced banana sprinkled with coconut or slivered almonds.

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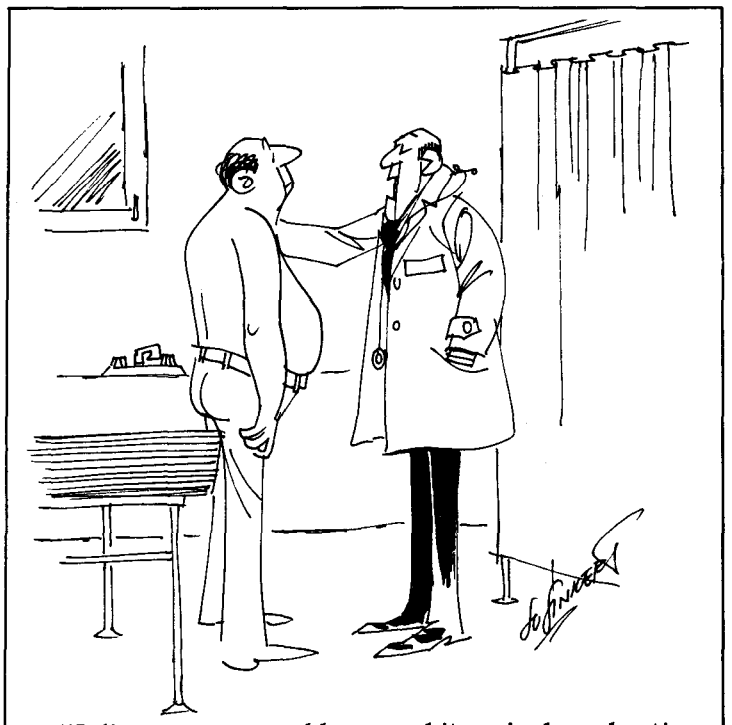
Kennedy

continued from page 80

who can oppose Ted Kennedy without hating him. Or savaging him. Indeed, it might be said that there are many people on the left who have long regarded the Kennedys with a doubt bordering on hate. In 1968, when Bobby Kennedy barged into the race for the Presidency—trying to shut off the gains and perhaps the prior rights established by an earlier entrant, then-Senator Eugene McCarthy—one eminent man on the left refused to accept an invitation to a cocktail party at which Ted Kennedy was to be the main attraction. "Sorry I can't join you," wired Murray Lumpton, a columnist for the very left-leaning New York *Post*. "Your brother's announcement makes clear that St. Patrick did not drive all the snakes from Ireland."

Certainly in 1980, both the left and the right will enter into the tornadic swirls about Chappaquiddick and its place in the campaign. There is now an effort by some Kennedy supporters in Washington to insist that Chappaquiddick is no longer an issue, that "the people don't care any more. . . ." However, outside Washington there is evidence that the people do care and in fact should care. It comes from the left as well as the right: "If private peccadilloes and transgressions are to disbar others from public trust, why is Kennedy exempt from the same verdict?" says a left-wing organ, the *New Republic*. Indeed, every candidate—right and left, Republican and Democratic—should be given a close moral scrutiny; they should not be granted exemption from their moral responsibility—personally or politically—simply because a group devoted to any candidate feels the need to genuflect in his presence. "Dishonor, if that is what people believe it to have been, should not be treated with such deference," says the *New Republic*.

Nor should the implications stop with dishonor. Chappaquiddick and the test-cheating scandal that enveloped Ted Kennedy in his first year in college, bring into question his judgment. And his response under stress. His friends cannot, and do not, deny that his performance in these matters was poor. Not to say abysmal. But Abner Mikva, long a very effective congressman of the liberal side (who recently decided to give up his seat from Illinois in order to accept appointment to the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals) makes the point that perhaps Kennedy *did* fail these two moral tests but that he must have passed a thousand others that we may not know about. And another close friend of Kennedy's observes, "Where Ted has been unreliable is in matters of personal stress"—cheating on his college tests, failing under pressure at Chappaquiddick. But she does not believe this characteristic will necessarily be transferred from his personal life to his public one. "I think that public responsibility brings out a different response in him. . .I don't think anything he might do as President would be affected by Chappaquiddick." The singular difficulty with these views is that there is no public evidence to support them.



"I diagnose your problem as a biterminal combustion of the paraffinic illuminator—in other words, Charlie, you're burning your candle at both ends."

It *can* be said that in a Presidential campaign—or certainly after it—Ted Kennedy will turn out to be an activist. And that, whether he says it or not, he is for more government intrusion in the everyday life of the individual American. He would be for consumers over corporations, for poor people over rich people. He does not place a high priority on preserving the fortunes of the American middle class; he would develop policies which would have the middle class sacrifice further in order to help the poor—in tax policy, in welfare policy, in health care. He would be for a much softer approach to the Soviet Union than any recent President has been—he'd be for more sweeping nuclear test bans, for arms reduction, for more active steps toward nuclear nonproliferation. He'd be for increasing the security of the Israelis though it is unclear right now as to what his choice might be if—and when—the Arabs put the ultimate choice to the United States: Give up Israel or give up oil. The choices—including a third alternative: to risk a world war to seize the Middle East oil fields—are too dismal to contemplate.

One other factor enters into all this: Candidate Kennedy will not be running in a vacuum. He will have an opponent—one who is articulate, cunning and purposeful. There is no way of knowing now just who that opponent will be. There are an abundance of candidates for the G.O.P. Presidential nomination—"That's Jimmy Carter's gift to the Republican party: a feeling of opportunity," says a cynic—and a different scenario might develop for each of them in a contest with Kennedy. But it is illuminating and titillating to develop at least one scenario for the individual who was arousing the most interest and speculation as the heavy gray veils of summer humidity settled over the capital: John B. Connally, Jr.

". . .A Kennedy-Connally matchup would excite the country as few races have since Kennedy-Nixon in 1960," writes columnist Novak in the Washington *Post*. Certainly Connally goes to the electorate with a singular experience: He's been both a Republican and a Democrat; he was a longtime aide and close confidant of Lyndon B. Johnson and a short-time aide and close confidant of Richard Nixon; he was a sub-cabinet officer under John Kennedy (Secretary of the Navy) and a Cabinet officer under Richard Nixon (Secretary of the Treasury); he shared personally the great tragedies which hit the leaders of both parties—he was in the car (and was wounded by assassin's gunfire) when Jack Kennedy was killed in Dallas in 1963, he was implicated (but later acquitted) of a connection with what generally became known as the Watergate corruption of Richard Nixon's administration. He has everything that Ted Kennedy has and—many say—more: He has strong good looks, a considerable intelligence ("more than I associate with Senator Kennedy," says a man who's worked parallel with Connally in the Pentagon), and a strong and reflective sense of leadership.

Continued on following page

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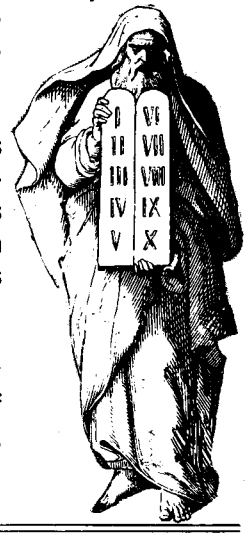

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The reason: Though Connally is less well-known than Ted Kennedy, his supporters are sure that he can out-think, out-talk and out-image Kennedy. They also think that he provides the best and clearest contrast to Kennedy in citing the issues. This is, perhaps, an exaggeration. Connally is of the "dynamic right." That's where he *has* to be to get the Republican nomination. But once he has the nomination, he will break speed records getting away from the right and into the middle. Why? Because the right has no place else to go—it would *have* to support him. And because the middle is where elections are won in America. And because Ted Kennedy is vulnerable out on the left wing. Thus Connally is not likely to draw the right-vs.-left distinction in a race against Kennedy. He is much more likely to draw the middle-vs.-left distinction.

There *is* another distinction that would surface in a Connally vs. Kennedy race. It is in the way that the two men approach the electorate. In a general election, Kennedy is very likely to mix Legacy with Liberalism, but also to stick to the issues and define them as he sees them. Connally is more likely to do what most other Presidential candidates have done in recent years: He will cite themes more than issues. It is not that he is unfamiliar with the issues or with what side he favors: He is wary about SALT II or any disarmament treaty with the Russians, he would try to halt inflation by cutting spending, cutting taxes, and replacing waste in Defense spending ("I'd try to ferret out as much waste, as much extravagance, as much water as I can find in the Defense budget") with a more effective weapons acquisition policy. For issues always come back to haunt you; themes are so general that nobody can ever quite argue with them. (Jimmy Carter illustrated the difference brilliantly in 1976; he approached issues cautiously but he repeated one theme over and over again: "Trust me.") The difference in techniques might be reflected in the matter of health care. Connally would likely cite a theme: "Every American should have the best health care in the world." Kennedy would likely cite the issue: "Who is going to pay for it? How? How much? Can health care costs be contained? If so, how? And should the health care community alone determine its income from health care? Or should the entire 'community of the nation'—i.e., all the people through their government—have a say about how much people make off the ills of others?" There is, in fact, no way that Kennedy could escape going deep into the issues, particularly in a TV debate: Connally would force it on him—along with questions about whether the federal budget can bear the burden of paying the health care costs of the nation.

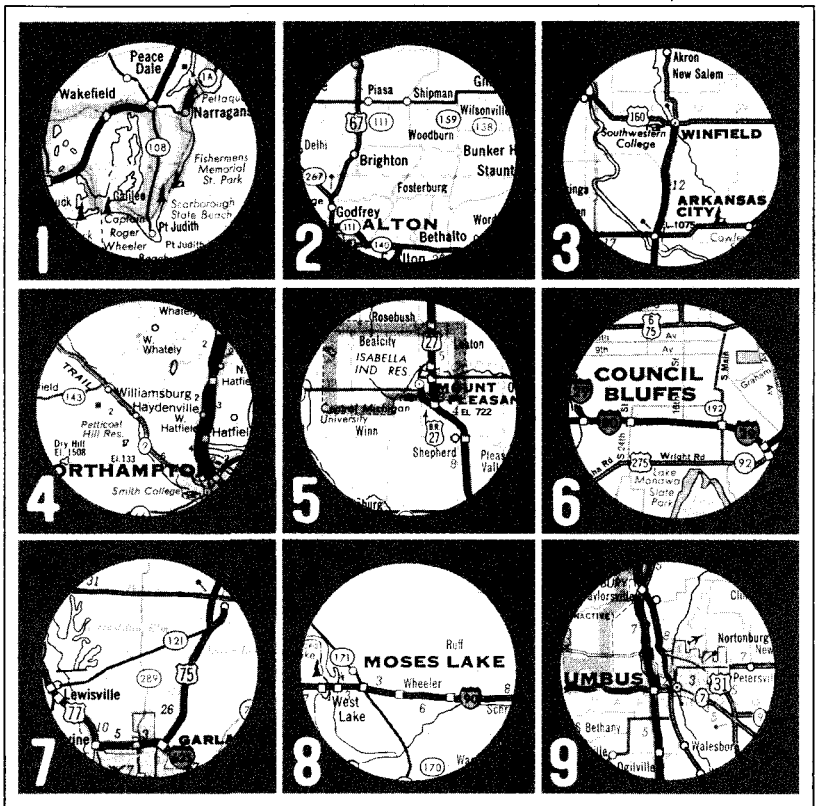
There is a vast irony in the kind of talk that a Kennedy-vs.-Connally campaign might produce. For it might find Ted Kennedy campaigning against what his brother, President Kennedy, stood for. And John Connally campaigning for it. On certain issues, Ted Kennedy has already come out against what his brother stood for: JFK took the first steps to get us into the Vietnam war and Teddy long ago came out against it; JFK made his bid for history by standing up to the Russians and their militant move into Cuba with missiles, Ted Kennedy is for being more soft and less bellicose with the Russians. But the difference is etched in yet another way. For John Connally is already campaigning with the same themes that John Kennedy used in 1960: strength, purpose, leadership, destiny. The words are only slightly different but the meaning is the same: America must move ahead; America must be strong, purposeful and unafraid at home and abroad; America must not hesitate to build or use her strength in the world; America must not stand still at home or abroad but must move ever forward. Nobody since Jack Kennedy has articulated those themes as forcefully as John Connally and nobody has risen so fast in the regard of the electorate by doing so. The irony is that this campaign may develop in such a way that Connally will be supporting the themes that Ted Kennedy's brother uttered—and that Ted Kennedy will be opposing them.

Who would win a race between Connally and Kennedy?

Nobody can say.

But one thing is sure: Kennedy would be the survivor. For no matter what happens in 1980, Ted Kennedy is very likely to be the Democratic nominee for President in 1984. In 1980 he could lose to Jimmy Carter in the primaries or to John Connally in the general elections and still be the choice of the Democrats in 1984. For Carter, if he wins again, cannot succeed himself in 1984 and Ted Kennedy will very likely be the Democrats' choice to succeed him. And if John Connally—or any other Republican—wins in 1980, Ted Kennedy will very likely be the Democrats' choice in 1984 to oust the G. O. P. from the White

Continued on page 96



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(Answers on page 118)

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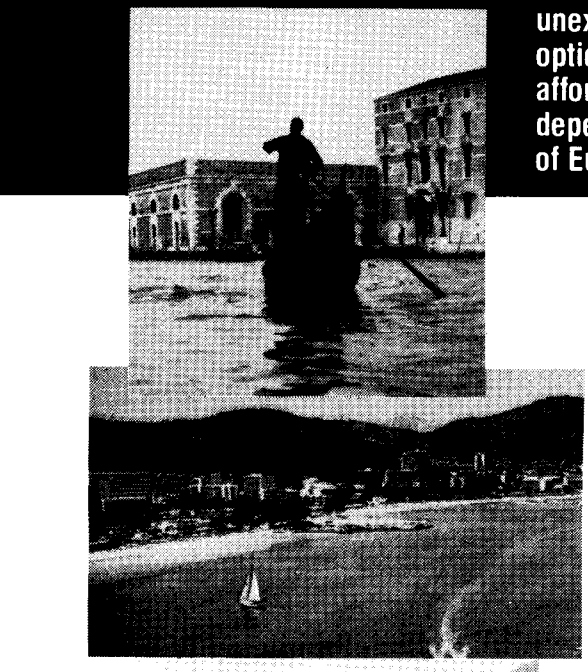

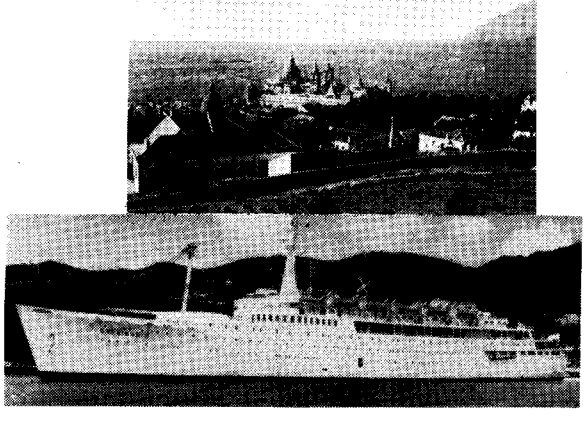

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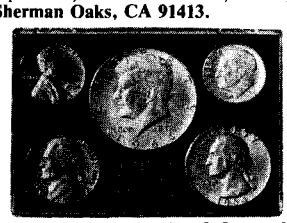

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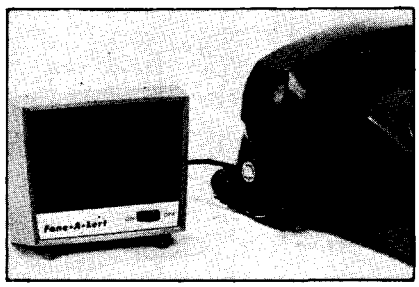

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Don't miss calls when you're in yard or away from phone or door. Lets you hear your phone or doorbell anywhere on your premises. Just apply suction cup to surface of phone or doorbell chime box. 40' wire. Uses std. 9-volt battery (not included). 4½"x3¾"x2½". $19.95 + $1.50 p&h. HOLST, Inc., Dept. SP-79, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

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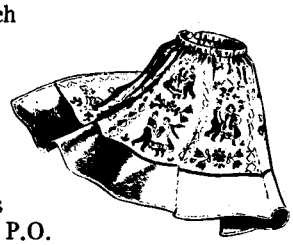

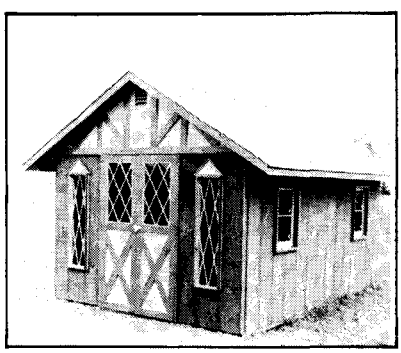

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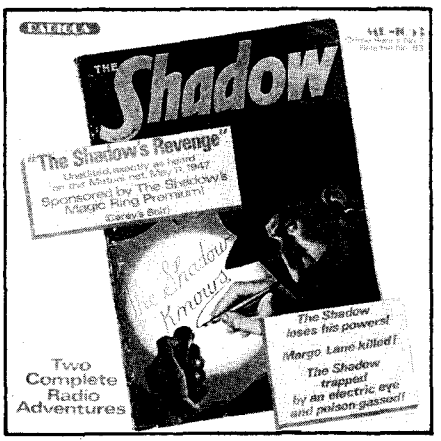
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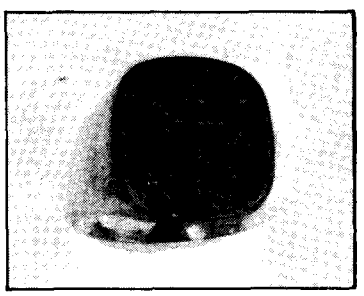

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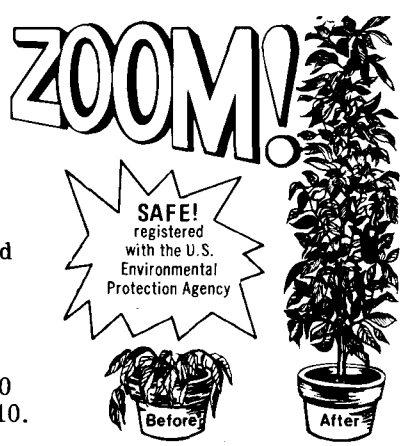

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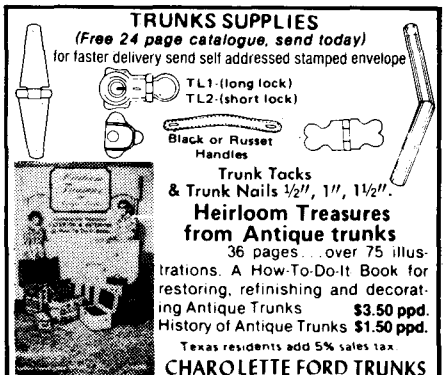

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Japanese Government certified

The Government of Japan tested and approved this necklace to be sold throughout Japan. As more and more people experienced the powers of this remarkable necklace, word began to spread around the globe. Articles about its vast *popular acceptance have appeared in* leading American newspapers.

Now it is being offered for sale in our country. Now you can wear the Epaule™ Magnetic Necklace yourself and experience its powers for a full 30 days—with no financial risk at all.

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No corporation was better equipped to harness magnetic power for personal use. A $500 million company, TDK has pioneered many breakthroughs in magnetics and electronics. TDK recording tapes and other magnetic products are renowned the world over.

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TDK B01

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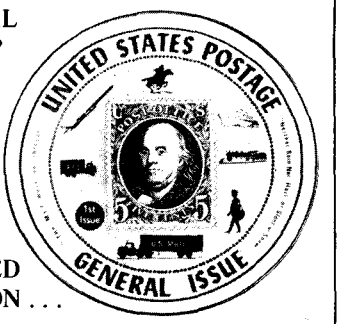

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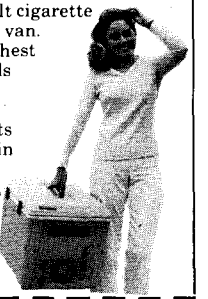

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Kennedy

continued from page 86

House.

In a sense, 1984 may be a more enticing prospect to Ted Kennedy than 1980. At least he could measure whether the nation's temperament was beginning to swing back from the right to the left once again. He would not lose power in the Senate; he would not lose celebrity. Indeed, the only way he *could* lose power and celebrity is by saying that he would never again be interested in the Presidency. For his clout in politics—the expectation that he would one day hold supreme power—would disappear instantly with such an announcement. And so would much of his staff (which would go off seeking power in some other way with some other person). On the other hand, he *could* maintain an assumed interest in the Presidency almost into the next century: He is so young that he could offer himself in any of the next six Presidential elections and—in the last one—still be only the age of Ronald Reagan in seeking the White House in 1980.

That would be in the year 2000. Another year ending in zero.

But perhaps a year when Teddy followers could hope that the memories of Chappaquiddick will have disappeared into the mists of time? ☒

Terrorism

continued from page 36

Maalot, where 20 schoolchildren were killed.

In the past, Arab terrorist groups splintered, and often wound up fighting each other. But now the radical Arab states so opposed to the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty might well focus on preventing such dissension among the terrorist groups that they support with money and weapons.

Despite their official disavowals of terrorism, the Soviet Union and other Communist states are often the source of weapons and training for terrorist activity. Dr. Brian Crozier states: "By far the greatest subversive center in the world is the U. S. S. R. which is actively supported by Eastern Europe, especially by East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria. . . . The U. S. S. R. spends enormous, but obviously incalculable sums, on subversion all over the world." One KGB defector, V. N. Sakharov, revealed that Soviet intelligence agents tried to establish terrorist groups in Saudi Arabia and other Arab states in the Persian Gulf, and also tried to penetrate the various Palestinian groups in 1970 and 1971.

* * * * *

Terrorism has been a constant in *Latin America*, sometimes aided by Fidel Castro's Cuba or Soviet agents, but more often indigenous. Venezuela, the Dominican Republic, Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina, Uruguay, El Salvador, Guatemala and Nicaragua have been afflicted with terrorism. Uruguay nearly fell to the Cuban-trained Tupamaros. More recently, Sandinistas, given refuge and help in Cuba, have created great civil disorders in Nicaragua, and gave its strong-man ruler, President Anastasio Somoza, the fits. He had to pay $5 million to ransom civil servants held hostage by terrorists, who then flew to Panama and finally to Cuba.

Puerto Rico, too, has witnessed the

Continued on page 101

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

F. R. Gruger and his Circle

North Light Publishers, Westport, Connecticut. Distributed to the trade by Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, a division of Litton Educational Publishing, Inc., 450 W. 33rd Street, New York, NY 10001. $14.95.

by Jean White

Only Norman Rockwell and a very few others can top the record of F. R. (Frederick Rodrigo) Gruger, whose illustrations were featured in the *Post* for 45 years, from 1898 to 1943. Unfortunately for us, Gruger specialized in story illustrations for the inside pages of the magazine rather than covers, so his work for the *Post* was all in black and white. Pen-and-ink, charcoal, pencil, wash drawing—F. R. Gruger was a master of all the black-and-white media, and a master at projecting a *sense* of color. He illustrated many historical adventure tales, and in his action-filled pictures for these stories one can almost see red, gold, and blue that aren't there.

Today an increasing number of people are interested in the traditions of magazine illustration, and they will be grateful for this book that preserves and presents in usable form a great deal of information about an artist whose work is not as well known as it deserves to be. Gruger was an artist's artist—eager young painters fought over scraps of his discarded drawings, analyzing his technique and trying to duplicate his effects. The inexpensive cardboard he used as a drawing surface was for many years marketed as "Gruger board." If Gruger's illustrations in magazines of the '20s and '30s look a lot like many other illustrations, it is not because he was imitating the work of other artists—they were almost all imitating him! (In 1923 young Norman Rockwell wrote Gruger a letter expressing admiration for his work and asking for an original sketch to hang on his studio wall.)

Samples of Gruger's illustrations for stories by such popular authors as P. G. Wodehouse, J. P. Marquand, William Faulkner, Irvin S. Cobb, Stephen Vincent Benét, MacKinley Kantor, and I. A. R. Wylie are reproduced in this book (along with examples of work done for *Good Housekeeping*, *Judge*, *McCall's*, *The Delineator*, and other magazines). Most are people-filled, and one is astonished to learn that Gruger never used models, but worked entirely from his excellent knowledge of anatomy and body structure.

The text of the book comes mostly from Gruger's diaries and letters (he was an indefatigable correspondent who thought nothing of dashing off a 30-page epistle to a distant friend)—and from the memories of his son, F. R. Gruger, Jr. The editor/author was Bernard B. Perlman, artist/historian who is chairman of the art department at the Community College of Baltimore and the author of three other books.

Gruger's life story is lacking in elements of struggle and suspense. He had good training (at the Pennsylvania Academy), good jobs from the beginning of his career, generally good health, and a good marriage. He rose to the top of his profession and stayed there until his retirement, earning top fees for the time, and being honored by *Time* magazine in 1939 as "dean of today's masters." The only sad note is that by his death in 1953 many of his contemporaries had passed on and his name was not well known. It is nice to know that this book will help to polish his memory and keep it bright, as will the donation of his surviving work and papers to the University of Oregon where they will always be available to scholars. This is particularly important because he knew and worked with many of the other artists of his time, and they are frequently mentioned in his letters and diaries—Maxfield Parrish, John R. Neill, Neysa McMein, James Montgomery Flagg, J. C. and Frank X. Leyendecker, and others. (Yes, there is an index; also a bibliography.) ☒

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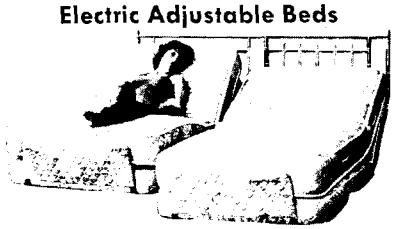

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GREECE'S BEST KEPT ISLAND SECRET

Clear water for scuba diving, an empress' palace, and trees, trees, trees—no wonder Shakespeare set his fantasy play The Tempest *on little-known Corfu.*

by Patricia Brooks

Ask ten Greeks to name their favorite island, and chances are eight of them will say Corfu. One of the things that makes this northwesternmost island in the Ionian Sea so special is its profuse greenness. Where most Greek islands are rocky, stark, and sun-bleached in their white beauty, Corfu is beautifully verdant, luscious in its pines, olive trees, and towering cypresses and in its flowering almonds, lemons, and oleanders.

Though never inaccessible, Corfu until recently has seemed off-the-track to many Americans, who have focused their island-hopping on the Aegean. But now, with a stunning new Hilton resort atop Kanoni, Corfu's most spectacular hillside, a new 18-hole golf course, and other sports-oriented inducements, Corfu is becoming more of a tourist magnet. High time. Such a marvelous secret couldn't be kept forever.

"Corfu is the ultimate escape," one Englishman confided to me. "It makes you feel you've really gotten away from it all—without the inconvenience and discomfort that *really* doing so would involve." That pretty well sums it up. There are long walks you can take from the top of Kanoni, and you won't meet a soul for miles. Or you can explore beaches as private and isolated as they were at the time Ulysses, according to legend, landed on his way home from the Trojan War.

Yet, for a change of pace you can sit in the Spianada, one of the prettiest, widest esplanades in Greece. Sip an anise-tinged *ouzo* and chat with Corfiots at neighboring tables. Corfiots are among Greece's most gregarious, hospitable people. Many speak a smattering of English and are happy to practice it at any opportunity. Chances are you may be invited to have a glass of "Tsintsibira," which turns out to be ginger beer, a local passion and one of Corfu's few legacies from its 50-year occupation by Britain.

The other lingering memory of British rule on the island is an addiction to cricket, which is played every Sunday on the Spianada in front of the former governor's palace. As cricket is a game that still mystifies most Americans, the local cricket vocabulary mystifies most visiting Britons. It is an engaging mixed grill of Greek, Italian, and Pidgin English.

Britain was not the only foreign ruler in Corfu's past. Part of the island's special piquancy is its rich mélange of many cultures. At one time or another in its past, Corfu's handy Mediterranean location put it smack in the path of every invading army since the Spartans. Romans, Vandals, Goths, Russians, French,

Legacies from past invaders include this Venetian fortress, which was once a Byzantine stronghold.

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even Germans (during World War II) plundered or conquered the island. But it was the neighboring Venetians who stayed longest and left the greatest imprint.

Corfu escaped the Turkish control that enveloped the rest of Greece, but paid for its escape by falling prey to Venice, which "protected" the island from Turks and pirates for 400 years. Venetian protection turned the island green—literally. The Venetians offered 10 gold pieces for every grove of 100 olive trees planted. By the time Venice's fleet sailed away in the 18th century, there were two million silvery-green olive trees left. Today there are some three and a half million.

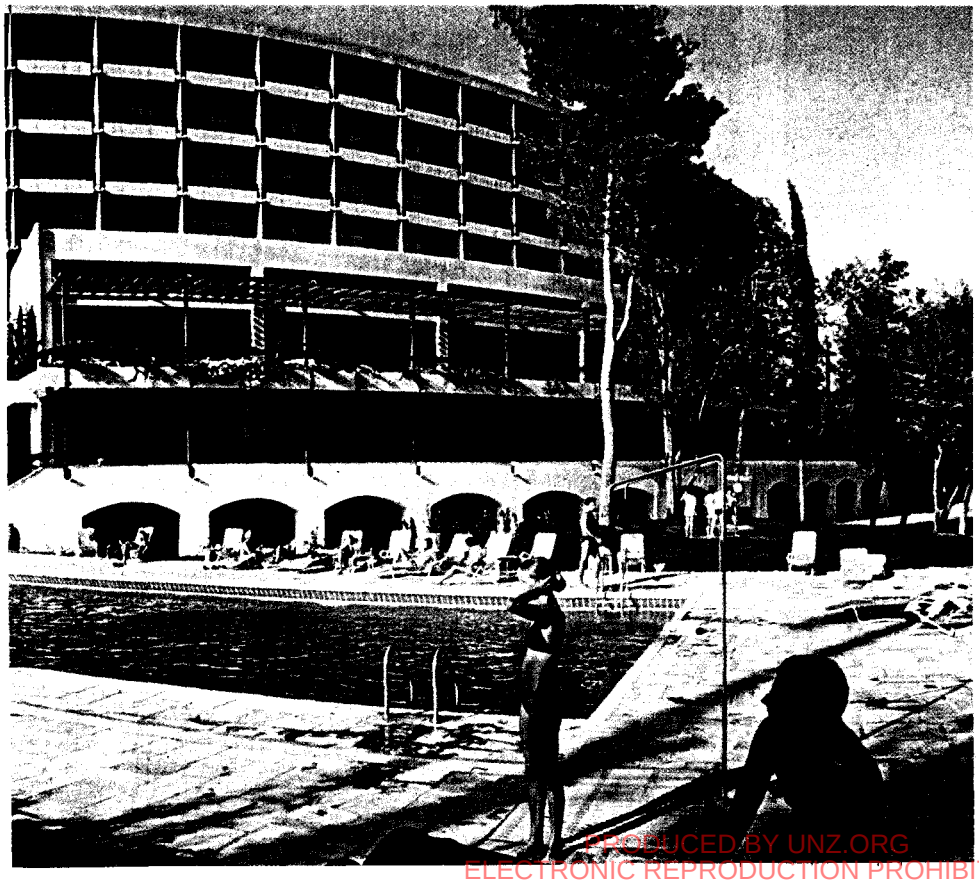
One of the pleasures of a Corfu visit is savoring the many influences on the island. A Frenchman told me Corfu reminded him of home. Though France held the island a mere 17 years, it left behind a number of elegant French buildings and petite little squares. (Napoleon relinquished Corfu reluctantly and wrote Talleyrand, "The chief maxim of the French Republic should be never to give up Corfu.")

Giving up Corfu is just as difficult today for anyone who takes the time to enjoy the island's seductive "do your own thing" lifestyle. Perhaps your own thing might be active sports participation, because Corfu is a recreation paradise. Mine is leisurely paced sightseeing. I find myself tempering my exploring instincts with long stretches of sunning beside the beautiful Corfu Hilton pool or on the hotel's private silvery beach down the Kanoni hillside.

There are plenty of fascinating sights to be seen, however, if you can bear to leave the hotel tennis courts or the challenge of the Corfu Golf and Country Club's championship course. Even harder to leave—if you're a scuba or skin-diving freak—is the crystalline clear Ionian Sea water, which makes Corfu one of the best underwater sports areas in the world.

Stroll down Kanoni from the hotel, along piney paths, across a narrow causeway to the tiny whitewashed convent of Vlachernai, whose simple courtyard is aflame with amaryllis and hibiscus. From there a motorboat carries you to Pontikonissi (called Mouse Island because of its shape), a short swim away, with its pristine little 13th-century chapel.

Also nearby is Mon Repos Palace, former summer residence of Greek kings, where Britain's Prince Philip was born. The palace is abandoned now, but there is a lively public beach nearby. Corfu's other major palace, the Achilleion, is also a short distance from Kanoni. Austria's Empress Elizabeth called Corfu "the most beautiful place in the world" and designed a palace to be built here. The resulting ornate neoclassical creation "with pillared colonnades and hanging gardens, protected from prying glances—a palace worthy of Achilles" was named the Achilleion. Later Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm II lived here. Today the



Prices on Corfu are surprisingly low. Special finds include gold or silver custom-made jewelry, hand-crocheted bags and shawls, delicate embroidered tablecloths, and nubbly hand-knit fishermen's sweaters. (Left) When the shopping spree is over, relax by the pool at the 290-room Corfu Hilton.

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lavish and somewhat overblown interior is used as a restaurant and gambling casino. You can eat splendidly in the Kaiser's old bedroom.

If you shop around in Corfu town, you'll find numerous one-day or half-day tours of the island. One such tour includes a stop at the White House, where author Lawrence Durrell lived from 1937 to 1939 while writing *Prospero's Cell*, probably the second-most famous book written about Corfu. The first, Corfiots insist, with ample documentation, is Shakespeare's play, *The Tempest*.

The island's tranquillity has long attracted writers and artists, among them watercolorist Edward Lear, Oscar Wilde, and Henry Miller. Naturalist Gerald Durrell brought Corfu's natural beauty to life in his *My Family and Other Animals*, and he and his family still live on Corfu from time to time. Guides love to point out the numerous Durrell houses.

After a conducted island tour, you may want to rent a car for your own selective touring. There are several agencies to choose among, and driving on the island is easy, although slow. Roads are well-kept but narrow, and the numerous curves, turns, and heavily thicketed countryside suggest caution. But the real pleasure of driving on Corfu is serendipitous—the discovery of an isolated cove for bathing and picnicking, a magical vista around a bend in the road. Pack a bathing suit (though on tucked-away inlets such modesty is hardly needed), get your hotel to prepare a picnic lunch, and escape for a peaceful day of personal exploration. That's what Corfu is all about.

A very special sandy beach is near Palaeokastrista (it's easier to reach than to pronounce), which Henry Miller described in *The Colossus of Maroussi*. Near the beach is the 13th-century monastery of the Virgin Mary. One can understand why the monks built here. The beauty of the craggy cliffs, glorious beach, and emerald sea invites monkly meditation.

Our Lady of Vlachernai, Corfu's "trademark," is nestled in a serene cove. Not far away are the sites of Zeus' altar and Tiberius' luxurious summer villa, now long gone.

Most of your wanderings won't be that meditative. For me, part of the fun of exploring side roads and byways on Corfu is dropping into different villages along the way. Every village, no matter how tiny, has a special outdoor cafe or *taverna.*

Elsewhere, you may encounter villagers making wine the old way, by dancing energetically on huge tubfuls of grapes. Or you may discover a fiesta in progress, with full costumed procession in honor of a local saint. Typical fiesta food consists of the local specialties: whole lambs being crisply roasted on long spits, seasoned with the ubiquitous Corfu herbs—oregano and thyme; fresh Greek salad with the ripest, reddest, tastiest tomatoes, unavailable anywhere else in the world. Visitors who happen on such a celebration are quickly made a part of it. Such hospitality gibes with the local greeting *Yia Hara!* "Be Happy!" Easy advice to follow in this lotus-eating land.

It is also fun to head into Corfu town. From April through October "Sound and Light" performances are held in the massive old Venetian fortress in Corfu harbor. You'll get an encapsulated history of the island in easy-to-take dramatic form—in English. Earlier there is folk dancing in the open air of the fortress. Or join the promenading Corfiots along the Spianada and listen to the bouncy band concert, enjoy a honeyed dessert and sweet "Turkish" coffee at one of the cheerful sidewalk cafes, or window-shop in the old town's many stylish shops and boutiques. The many labyrinthine lanes of the old town yield numerous good buys. But expect to haggle a bit—that's part of any purchase.

Haggle also when you negotiate for a ride through town in one of the colorful horse-drawn carriages. But do it *before* you take the ride. It is expected and good-natured, as is most everything on this easy-going island.

There is no single "best" time to visit Corfu. Spring, summer, and early fall would be high on the list. From November to March the rains come—and come—which contribute to the island's joyful greenness the rest of the year. Special holidays, celebrated with the usual Corfiot exuberance, include Palm Sunday, Easter Saturday, and August 11. These are days of special homage to St. Spyridon, the island's protector, for whom at least a third of all male Corfiots seem named (and nicknamed "Spiros").

Reaching Corfu is easy. If you fly from Athens, as most Americans do, it will be via Olympic Airways, on any of several daily one-hour flights. There are nonstop flights via Olympic from London to Paris and direct connections from other European capitals as well. Arrangements can be made through your travel agent.

Leaving Corfu is more difficult. And if you become an addict, as most first-time visitors do, a good way to insure a return is to drink from the fountain at Kakardi. Corfiots swear it is absolute insurance that you will return. It's always worked for me. ☒

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Terrorism

continued from page 96

rise of terrorism, following decades of relative stability. After a number of bombings on the island, Puerto Rican terrorists bombed New York's historic Fraunces Tavern in 1975, killing four and wounding 50. Since then, there have been scores of bombings attributed to the Puerto Rican (Fuerza Armada de Liberacion Nacional) terrorists, with 100 injuries and millions in property damage. New York's senators Jacob Javits and Daniel P. Moynihan both state that FALN members are trained in Cuba.

The "Weathermen," oldest and best known of U. S. radical groups, claim credit for bombings of the Pentagon and other federal buildings. Their ideology stresses solidarity with revolutionary movements in the Third World. American leaders have taken training in explosives and guerrilla warfare in Cuba and in PLO camps in Lebanon and Syria, besides visiting North Korea and North Vietnam. During the anti-war period, "Weathermen" kept in close contact with the Baader-Meinhof gang in Europe.

Federal authorities say the "Weathermen" have been inactive for about one year now, but are probably reorganizing for a new wave of violence.

The New World Liberation Front, an offshoot of the Symbionese Liberation Army which kidnapped Patty Hearst, has been bombing energy utilities, businesses and anything connected with the "ruling class" on the West Coast since 1974. They relish bombing private clubs that "cater to the rich." They also have an "Environmental Assault Team" which succeeded in exploding a pipe bomb outside the Trojan nuclear plant at Ranier, Oregon, and three pipe bombs at a Pacific Gas & Electric substation at Cupertino, California.

The terrorist organizations associated with revolutionary blacks—the Black Panthers, Black Liberation Army and the George Jackson Brigade—have pretty much been crushed by the police. These groups seemed to like to shoot it out with the police and, in the process, suffered so many casualties that surviving members lost heart for the struggle. Still, there is always the possibility that a new wave of embittered young blacks could assume the names of these once dangerous black terrorist groups and renew assaults on police and others they regard as enemies of the people.

The hard core of any of these U. S. terrorist units never numbered more than 200. But there were thousands of sympathizers and potentially tens of thousands more, especially during the Vietnam war period. American youth today is not as receptive to slogans invoking Communism, Fidel Castro, Che Guevara or Ho Chi Minh. Again, given changed circumstances in our society, the anti-establishment feeling which expressed itself in violence in the '60s and early '70s could reappear.

U. S. authorities today feel the terrorist problem here deals more with what outsiders could do. The threat by the Baader-Meinhof gang to shoot down a Lufthansa jet in November 1977 was taken seriously. Leftist radicals have shown they can get and use surface-to-air missiles of Soviet manufacture for such missions.

On July 16, 1978, Kristinia Katherina Berster was arrested in Vermont after illegally entering the U. S. The West German Embassy in Washington subsequently identified her as a terrorist. U. S. and Canadian authorities are now seeking three accomplices, suspected of being terrorists, who probably helped her enter the country.

It only takes dozens, not thousands, of terrorists to cause great trouble. That's why West German and Israeli intelligence experts warn that U. S. radicals might be helping Palestinian terror-

Continued on page 103

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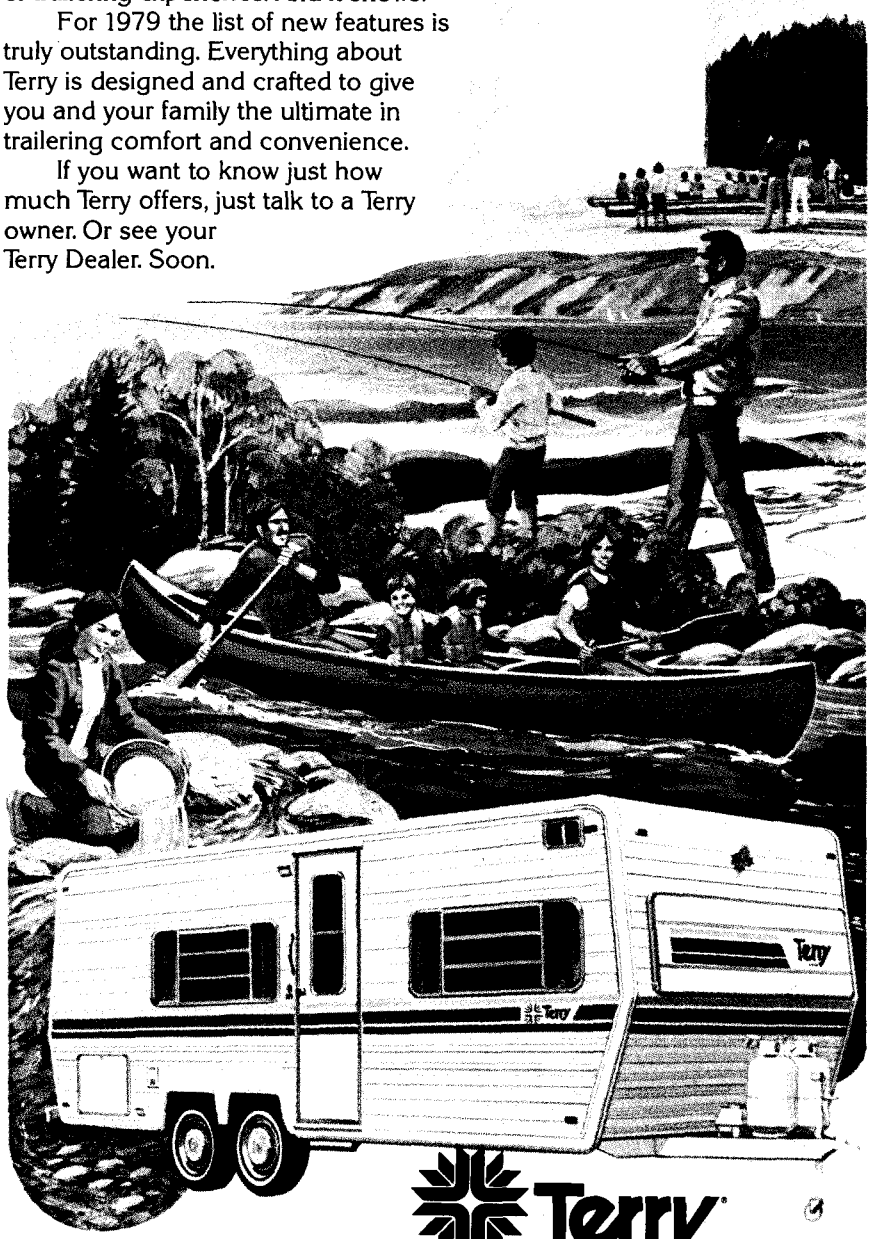

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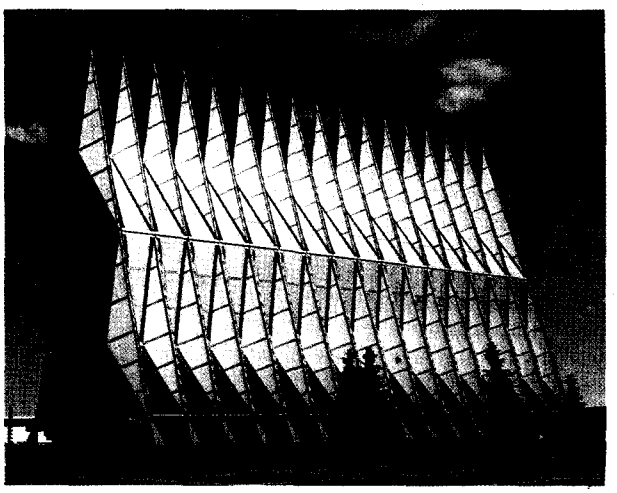
WHERE IN THE WORLD?

You don't have to be a world traveler to recognize these places and things. We'll give you a few clues; you guess where they are.

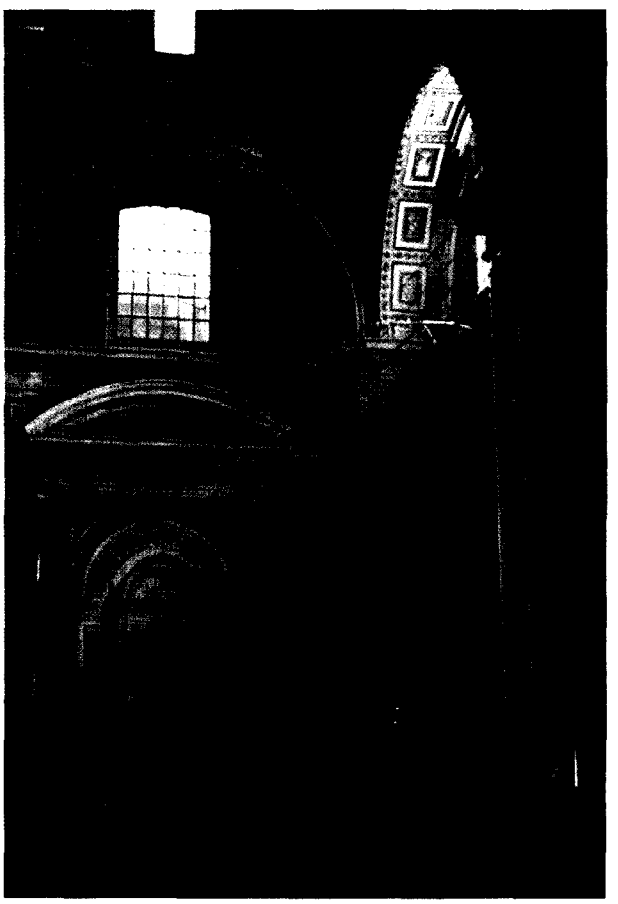
Photography and text by John Fulton

1 ☐ Zermatt ☐ Innsbruck ☐ Bern
One must arrive here by cog railway, as automobiles are not permitted in the village at the foot of this famous mountain. Worshippers at this Reformed church can look out on surrounding glaciers.



2 ☐ Oxford ☐ Colorado Springs ☐ Annapolis
This ultra-modern chapel contrasts sharply with the tradition of the military academy it serves. The city stands on a 6,008-foot mesa at the confluence of two creeks.

3 ☐ Paris ☐ Rouen ☐ Rheims
Nearly all French kings were crowned in the cathedral in this city. Situated in the champagne wine district, the church was damaged in World War I, but was beautifully restored.



4 ☐ Monaco ☐ Vatican City ☐ Andorra
Visiting this church gives one an opportunity to view many art and historical treasures, as well as a possible chance to see the head of the world's smallest independent state.

(Answers on p. 111)

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Terrorism

continued from page 101

ists enter the U. S.

Indeed, nations hit by terrorism increasingly exchange information with each other about movements of terrorists. Only Malta and Ireland remained outside a European Convention on the Suppression of Terrorism which calls for extradition or prosecution of persons suspected of violent offenses, whatever the political motivation.

Last summer in Bonn, European nations agreed to cut off air commerce with nations refusing to deal with hijackers and/or to return hijacked planes. This was the first anti-hijacking agreement with teeth.

When Aldo Moro was kidnapped last year, officials of 11 nations met secretly with the West German and Italian interior ministers to arrange a four-way hotline using telephone, radio and telex. Purpose of this network was to get direct, fast exchange of information, coordinate strategy, coordinate radio wavelengths, and establish a continental computer system making data on car markings, license plates, currency and terrorist movements available to police in all European nations.

In the U. S., the Air Line Pilots Association lobbies hard for a bill requiring the President to publicly identify nations supporting terrorism, and to take action against them. The bill is given a fair chance of being passed in 1979.

Since Israeli and West German commando teams pulled successful raids on planes held by terrorists, other nations are developing paramilitary squads for such rescue missions. Businesses, particularly multinational corporations, are also hiring specialists who develop security techniques designed to protect executives and property. Law enforcement authorities in the U. S. voice frustration with what they call excessive restraints on their capability to keep tab on terrorists. The F. B. I.'s capability has been greatly weakened, it is argued. It is necessary, officials say, for law enforcement agencies to use wiretapping, mail coverage and inspection and placement of informers, in order to cope with terrorists.

Terrorism has become the World War III of our time. At stake is the ability of democratic nations to continue the freedoms people expect. If terrorism pushes free nations into repression, free nations are the losers.

At this point, the U. S., while not experiencing a terrorism crisis, is terribly vulnerable because of the new "hands off" policies adopted in the wake of the Vietnam war and the Watergate period. A hard-nosed, more rational approach to terrorism, a phenomenon which won't go away, is sorely needed.

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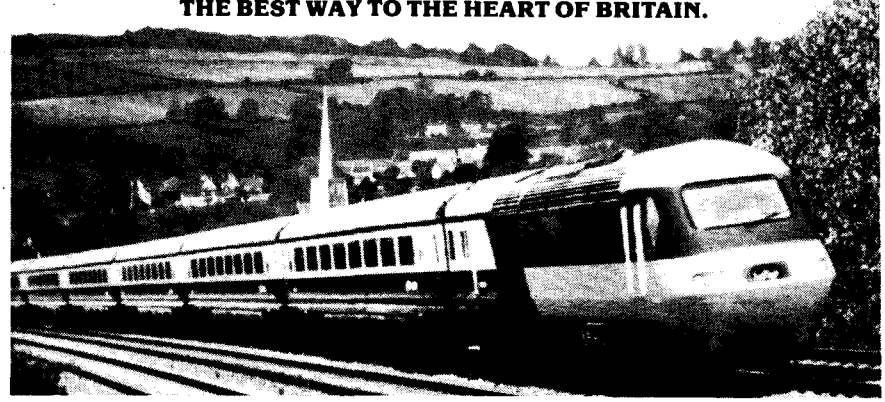

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Dolly and Johnny exchange quips, summit to summit. Top show biz people have great camaraderie.

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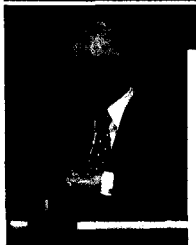
...this Dolly Parton issue Free!

This joyful issue is a celebration of the beauteous Dolly, as the title of the cover story about her indicates: "A Basket of Orchids for Dolly." A fan who actually gave her such a basket tells what makes him—and her host of other admirers—sure that Dolly tops 'em all in looks, music and downright lovability. All this is part of our Dolly story, told in photos, anecdotes of her personal and professional lives, as she goes on to greater triumphs in her crossover from country music to pop. Next, meet Nancy Kassebaum, Alf Landon's daughter, mother and businesswoman—who finally followed the yellow brick road from Kansas to Washington as our only lady U.S. Senator. "How To Kick Your Bad Habits" explains the latest techniques in overcoming obsessive smoking, drinking and eating. . . .and it *works*! You'll enjoy another of Norman Rockwell's reminiscences as he tells his life story in his own warm, witty and unforgettable style. Plus the *Post*'s regular cartoon, food, travel and forget-me-not features for your scrapbook. Your subscription to the *Post* carries a money-back guarantee if you are not satisfied.

An ecstatically reviewed Parton-Burnett CBS special was just another day's work for the unstoppable Dolly. This summer she will visit New Zealand, Hong Kong and Australia.



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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"We can make these times better if we bestir ourselves." Benjamin Franklin

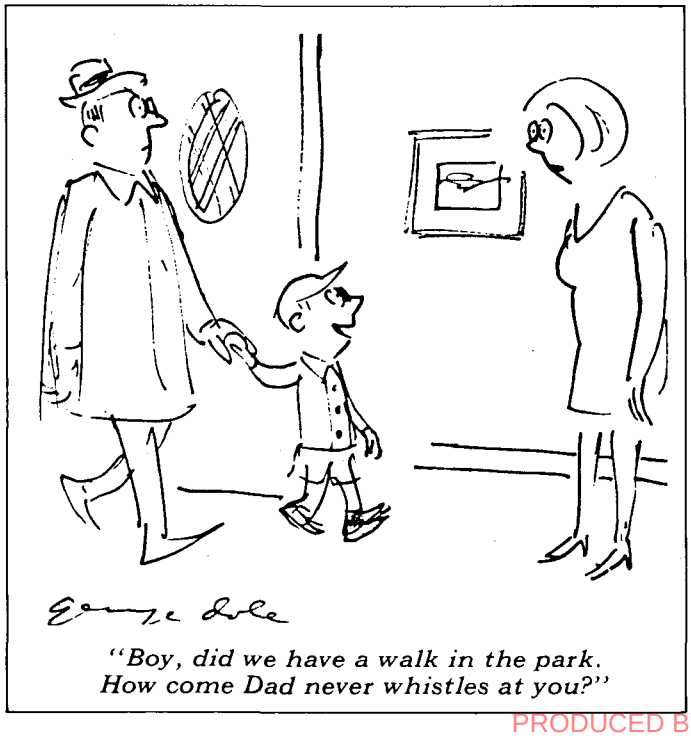
Start a Heart

The *Post*'s Benjamin Franklin Award of the Month goes to Richard E. Stetler of the United Methodist Church in Cheverly, Maryland. With 40 instructors in their church, they have certified nearly 1,000 people in CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation). He writes:

"Our 6-hour course has been an excellent experience and a wonderful witness to our community about the importance of health and the life-saving knowledge of CPR.

"Would you like a real scoop? Kansas City is getting ready to have a massive certification which will rival or outdo Seattle. The program will be underwritten by Marion Laboratories."

"CPR IS LOVE . . . START A HEART" is the warming sweatshirt slogan, supported by Robert O'Connor, Mayor of Cheverly, Maryland, and Congresswoman Gladys Spellman, whose staff was certified. CPR enthusiasm is catching in one community after another.



"Boy, did we have a walk in the park. How come Dad never whistles at you?"

Potassium

Q. My mother is hypertensive but often doesn't take her potassium because she doesn't like the taste. What are some foods which are rich in potassium?

A. If you can tell your mother more about the importance of potassium, perhaps she will want to take her medicine.

Potassium is needed in each muscle cell of the body every time it contracts. This means one needs sufficient potassium for the heart muscle to contract properly. Abnormal heartbeats can occur from potassium deficiency. Lack of potassium in the body can also cause muscle weakness, lethargy and tingling sensations.

Exercise is important for the maintenance of a good potassium blood level. It is believed that physical exercise activates the release of potassium from the cells and increases plasma potassium which is used by the heart.

Some patients are more faithful in taking their potassium if they are switched from liquid to tablets.

Potassium-Rich Foods

Food	Approximate Amount	Potassium mEq
Cantaloupe	½ small	13.0
Honeydew	¼ medium	13.0
Squash, baked	½ cup	12.0
Radishes	10	8.0
Brussels sprouts	¼ cup	7.6
Cauliflower, cooked	1 cup	7.6
Broccoli	½ cup	7.0
Tomatoes	½ cup	6.5
Rhubarb	½ cup	6.5
Strawberries	1 cup	6.3
Peach, fresh	1 medium	6.2
Orange		
Juice	½ cup	5.7
Fresh	1 medium	5.1
Sections	½ cup	5.1
Watermelon	½ slice	5.0
Banana	½ small	4.8
Asparagus, cooked	½ cup	4.7
Lettuce	Varies	4.5

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Leukemia

Q. Can cats transmit leukemia virus to humans? Is there anything to be done about preventing it?

A. Since no one as yet knows what causes leukemia in humans, no one can say that it *is* or *is not* caused by cat leukemia virus. We spoke with veterinarian Myron Essex, Professor of Virology at the Harvard School of Public Health, and he suggests that more studies need to be done to determine if there might be any correlation between cat leukemia and leukemia in children. He was a member of the team of investigators at Harvard who found a virus that causes leukemia in the saliva of some otherwise normal, healthy cats.

Dr. Essex feels that it is too early at this point to rule out a link between any human disease and exposure to feline leukemia virus. He believes epidemiologists should do a more careful investigation.

Parents who are concerned about whether or not their cat is a carrier of feline leukemia can have their cat's blood tested for about $15.00. This is especially important if there are other cats in the household since the disease is known to be contagious among cats. The younger the cats are, the more susceptible they are and most veterinarians note that some cats seem to build up an immunity after the third or fourth year. There are about a half-dozen laboratories in the United States where veterinarians can send tests for cat leukemia.

A leukemia vaccine has been used successfully on lab cats and will soon be perfected for feline house pets, according to Dr. Wm. Brady of Sloan-Kettering.

Dr. Essex suggests that epidemiological tests should be made comparing the number of human leukemia patients in contact with virus-carrying cats to those who were in contact with non-carrying cats.

A Roswell Park Memorial Institute study found an increased risk of leukemia in children exposed to the family cat. Then a subsequent study was done by a veterinarian connected with the State Department of Public Health in Berkeley, California, in which the Roswell findings were not reconfirmed. The latter study was of a completely different design and Dr. Essex has heard both studies described as completely inadequate and full of scientific loopholes. He feels a new conclusive, all encompassing study should now be done.

"While there isn't a vaccine as yet for feline leukemia, there soon may be one, as the field of immunology is progressing with rapid strides," says veterinarian Dr. Larry Borst. "I remember when we first got vaccines for chicken leukemia and this made a tremendous economic impact on the poultry industry. The vaccine was put in a spray can, and 20,000 chickens could be put in one room where they would inhale the vaccine. There are some cat viruses for which we now vaccinate by the nostrils. We also have a vaccine against common warts which are caused by virus. You'll see a dog or a cow that may have up to 200 warts on the tongue and inside of the mouth and on the lips. The vaccine can prevent and also get rid of them on an infected animal."

The *Post* would welcome hearing from anyone who has a theory about causes of viral leukemias in animals, or leukemia in humans.

Obesity

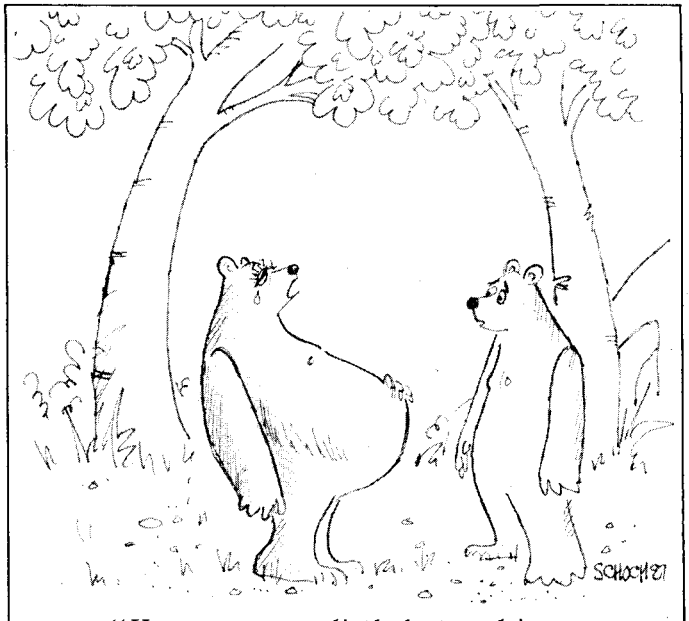
Obesity with its attendant diseases is one of the biggest health problems in our country. Dr. Peter Bennett of the U.S. Public Health Service found that well over half of the adult population of Pima Indians on a reservation south of Phoenix were diabetic and obese. It would appear that in our evolutionary development we are not ready for the diet which is consumed by most of us.

An editorial elsewhere in this issue opines that the major health problem of food-stamp recipients is probably obesity.

Obesity is associated with a variety of diseases which have profound effects on the morbidity and mortality of this country. These diseases include coronary heart disease, strokes, high blood pressure, altered blood lipids, diabetes, gallstones and a myriad of other problems associated with being obese. Although a cause-and-effect relationship between obesity and these problems has yet to be definitively established, it does appear that factors which cause obesity (such as lack of exercise and the intake of too many calories) are linked with these medical problems.

Coronary heart disease, which includes diseased heart vessels, myocardial infarction (heart attack) and angina, has been known to be associated with obesity

Continued on following page



"He wore a cute little hat and jeans and I thought he was going to give me a lecture on fire prevention."

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for some time. In studies, it has been found that the increased incidence of heart disease in the obese is largely accounted for by associated risk factors, such as high blood pressure, diabetes, reduced plasma HDL and increased blood cholesterol. In other words, the heart disease is associated with these risk factors rather than simply with corpulence.

Strokes also occur much more frequently in obese people than in people of normal weight. In contrast to heart disease, strokes are linked strongly to the condition of being significantly overweight.

High blood pressure is closely linked with obesity. Some authors feel that hypertension (high blood pressure) related to obesity is the most common form of hypertension. Some researchers feel that the hypertension is due to an increased salt intake, and have found that low salt diets and diuretics (water pills) help to control the blood pressure. More recently, however, it was found that weight reduction is the most effective method of treating obesity-related hypertension. Thus, by losing weight, the hypertension can be better controlled, and risk of other hypertension-related complications is reduced.

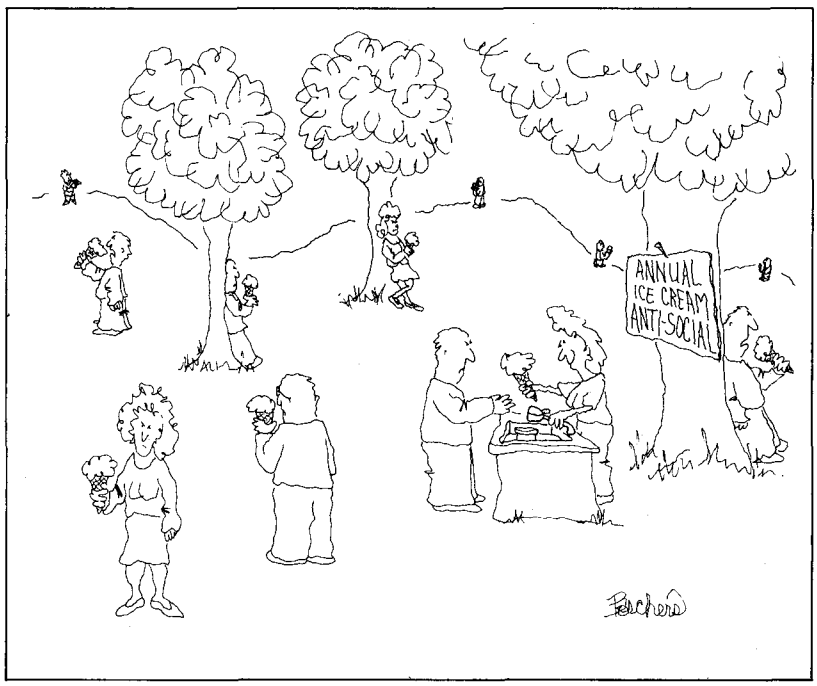
Obese patients run a much greater risk of developing diabetes; indeed, the risk increases with the duration and severity of the obesity. The reason for this is thought to be that as insulin (a hormone that helps control blood sugar levels) requirements increase in response to a large carbohydrate load, the body becomes somewhat resistant to the insulin, thus causing an altered ability for the body to handle sugars. It has also been found that obesity-related diabetes tends to be familial. It has been found that this type of diabetes responds well to restricted dietary intake; an obese person can regain normal sugar metabolism if he loses weight.

At one time, there was a question about the effects of obesity on blood lipids, since the effects were not clear-cut. After it was found that the most potent lipid risk factor in the development of coronary heart disease was the plasma HDL concentration, it was noted that this value was altered by obesity. It was also shown that weight reduction increases the HDL concentrations in obese people and thus lowers their risk of heart disease.

Some studies have shown that obese people have more than a sixfold increase in the occurrence of gallstones. If surgery is necessary to correct this problem, obese persons also have a greater chance of complications. The incidence of gallstone formation decreases as the obese person loses weight. If the person's ideal weight is reached, the risk of gallstone formation becomes normal.

Other problems often seen in connection with obesity are joint disorders due to increased weight bearing, leg ulcers due to poor circulation, skin disorders, gynecologic problems and psychosocial disturbances.

To summarize: Obesity is associated with a variety of complications. However, the conditions associated with obesity are not necessarily permanent, and many respond to weight-reduction therapy. ☒



WEIGHTY THOUGHTS

Pound Foolish

My zeal in dieting knows no bounds,
My calorie counting skill astounds.
Good grief! It appears
In the last 30 years
I've lost over 800 pounds!

Count on It

How sleek and how chic we all would be
and wow! We'd be euphoric.
If spinach and parsley were fattening
And candy and cake non-caloric.

—by Ruth Schetman

Blue-Plate Special

continued from page 20

"I thought you would, being an Englishman." The Man turned, slid open a hatch and reached for a plate of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. "There you are—roast beef and Yorkshire pudding—ten cents, since you're broke."

Jeremy had taken a pace backward. With a very dry mouth, he said huskily, "Look! I know! I know what you are—or at least I know you aren't what you seem to be."

"Don't you want your roast beef?" the Man said.

"Not likely!"

"Oh." The Man was disappointed. He took the plate off the counter.

"Where do you come from?" Jeremy asked.

Silence. The Man wiped the counter with a dishcloth. He looked up. "You wouldn't know if I told you."

"Not Mars?"

"No, not Mars."

"What happened to the other people who walked into one of your—your traps?"

"They were taken back to our World."

Jeremy laughed. "Well, you're not going to get me, chum," he said. "I'm going to write up every word of this fantastic conversation and it'll be printed in every newspaper in the world. After that you'll not find it so easy to get people to walk into your filthy traps."

"I'm afraid," the Man said, pressing a button as he spoke, "that we've got you already."

There were more visitations. Reports came in from the Argentine, Australia, Japan, France again, Germany, Scotland, Switzerland and Sweden. In the States, one of the traps caught a mentally deficient boy of 15 when it landed on a vacant lot in a suburban-development area near Detroit. But in the States by now, and in Europe, too, for that matter, the pickings were less easy for the saucers.

In a town in England, housing mostly miners working in nearby coal fields, a man threw a bundle of five pounds of gelignite through the window of a suspect roadhouse, but before the fuse had burned through, the restaurant changed back into a saucer and was off.

In the States again, near Fort Benning, an Army tank crept into range and pumped a high-velocity three-inch shell

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into one of the traps. Again it instantly changed shape and flew away, and nobody was near enough to say whether it had a hole in it or not. After that there were no more visitations in England or the United States of America and the newspapers chortled their triumph for weeks, until their readers were bored to death with the subject.

The visitations in remoter parts of the world declined in number and the day came when no human being had seen a flying saucer land for more than a year.

Then, early one chilly November morning, when the smog was lying thick over Los Angeles, a police prowl car at La Canada spotted a saucer landing in the valley below, somewhere in the vicinity of Montrose. Radios yakked and chattered. Police cars like swarming bees flocked to Montrose to prowl the streets in search of an unfamiliar restaurant. By half past seven they had found it, a squat, California sort of eating place, ranch style, calling itself The Gaucho Grill.

The National Guard turned out. Reporters gathered. Three television trucks arrived and half a dozen mobile radio transmitters. While the commander of the National Guard detachment was waiting for the word to open fire in his command vehicle, parked in a side street behind The Gaucho Grill, the restaurant door opened and Jeremy walked out.

In the street outside, he paused indecisively, looking right and left at the police cordons. Then, with a shrug, he walked slowly toward the cordon on the right, holding his hands at shoulder level and eying the battery of pistols and Tommy guns which were covering him with an expression of apprehensive distaste. He was wearing a gray suit, as well cut and conventional as one that his London tailor might have made for him, and he looked very well indeed.

When Jeremy was a few paces away from the cordon, a police captain snarled, "Hold it! One false move and you get the lot, buster!"

Jeremy stopped. He swallowed, finding it difficult to know what to say.

"I'm human."

"Yeah?"

"I'm called Jeremy Standing. I'm an Englishman. I'd been living in the States for five years when I walked into—into one of those places at an intersection on Highway 66 near Gallup, New Mexico, on the fifth of May the year before last."

A woman in the crowd shouted, "Don't you believe him, officer! He's a monster in disguise! Whyn't you shoot? You never know what he'll do!"

"I'm not a monster in disguise," Jeremy said huskily. "Please believe me. I'm an Englishman. My name's Jeremy Standing. I told you——"

"Funny name," the police captain said. "Where've you been, mister?"

"On a planet outside our galaxy, hundreds of millions of miles from the Earth. I——"

"What's it called?"

"They call it Zinfandel."

"Never heard of it."

"I don't expect you have. It exists, though. I'm not lying. After all, why should I lie? I—— "

"What do you want?" the police captain growled.

Jeremy shrugged. "I've come back, that's all. I don't know what I want, really. I want to write about it, I suppose. I've got ideas for a film, and I thought maybe——"

A man with a microphone was pushing his way through the crowd, trailing cable behind him. "Make way there! Make way, please!. . .I bet you got ideas, Mr. Standing! I bet you have, yes, sir! Now, what about telling the people of America what it was like on—on Zin——What'd you say the planet was called?"

"It was called Zinfandel!"

"No need to shout, Mr. Standing. Now what was it like? Just tell the nation everything you know about this far-flung planet. You're the first man alive——"

"It was beautiful," Jeremy interrupted. "Green. Mountainous—at any rate in the place where I spent most of my time. That was a city called Arryl. The houses are built of a crystalline material which lets in the sunlight. There are strange trees everywhere, and flowers—just like the earth, but different in much of the vegetation. They have daffodils, though, and narcissi that you couldn't tell from terrestrial ones."

"What did you do?" a voice shouted from the crowd.

"I—I lived," Jeremy answered. "I told my friends all that I could about Earth."

"Friends! You mean the inhabitants of Zinfandel, Mr. Standing?" the radio reporter queried.

"Of course—and my other friends, too, people who had walked into one of the eating places as I did; there were about ten in Arryl, others in other cities."

The police captain rubbed his cheek with the barrel of his police positive. "Why were you taken, Standing? What's the reason behind all these abductions?"

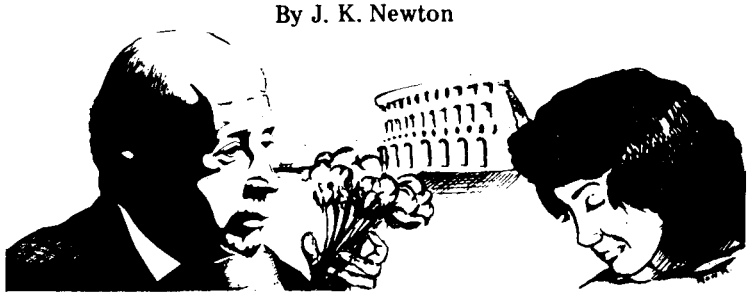
"Curiosity," Jeremy said simply. "The scientists on Zinfandel wanted to know how human beings worked."

A woman standing

Cont. on following page

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton



"He's the man of my dreams!" exclaimed 15-year-old Maria after she married Antonio during a trip to Italy with her mother. The fact that she had known him only one week before the wedding and then had returned to the United States before the marriage was consummated didn't dim her enthusiasm one bit. But when Antonio—a much older man—neither took action to bring her back to him nor sent her any money, Maria's passion cooled. For two long years she waited for "her man" and then realized it was all in vain.

"I want out of this marriage," she decided and promptly filed an action in court for annulment. "My mother pushed me into marrying Antonio, so I could be a proper Italian bride with a groom from 'the old country.' But this marriage is one in name only."

Antonio—for reasons known only to himself—refused to allow the marriage to end. "Even though Maria lives in the United States, she's still my wife," he told the court through his American attorney. "The marriage is a valid one under Italian law and she was certainly old enough to know her own mind when she married me."

If you were the judge, would you let Maria out of the marriage?

The court applied the law of the state of New Jersey and annulled the marriage on the ground that Maria was under age. It said that a marriage arranged by a mother for a daughter to a man in a foreign country who showed no interest in the responsibilities of marriage must have been one for his convenience only. It should, therefore, be annulled on public policy grounds due to Maria's young age.

(Based on a 1961 New Jersey case)

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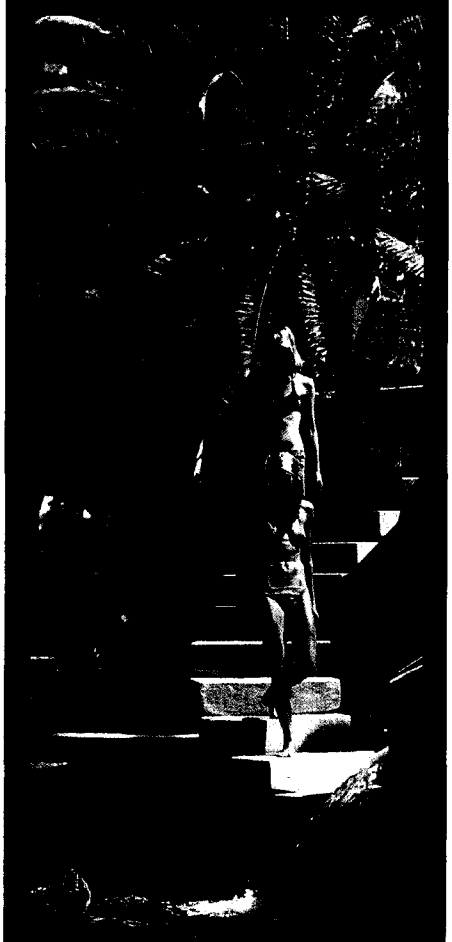

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up in the back seat of a convertible shrieked, "Oh, my heaven! He means vivisection!"

"No!" Jeremy was angry. "No," he shouted, "nothing like that! Some of us volunteered for physical examinations, but mostly we just talked, and answered questions. All about our life on Earth, and wars, and politics, and things like that."

The police captain nodded slowly. "O.K. That may be true. But now tell me this: You're back, why aren't the others?"

"Because they didn't want to come."

"Didn't want to come! Don't give me that stuff! You mean to say——"

For almost the first time now, Jeremy smiled. There was an air of knowledge about him, an almost professorial assurance. The threat of dying under the impact of police bullets seemed to have gone. He was holding himself easily, and he looked like a man without a worry in the world.

"Life on Zinfandel is pleasant to live," he interrupted quietly.

"Better than here on Earth?" the radio reporter queried. "Better than life in the United States of America? That's mighty hard to believe, Mr. Standing."

"I'm sorry if I seemed not to appreciate the American way of life," Jeremy said. "But believe me, life on Zinfandel is far and away happier than anything we have ever known."

"How come it's so good?" the police captain wanted to know.

"There is no poverty, hunger or disease," Jeremy answered. "What one needs is there for—for the making. One works if one wants to, not unless. One just lives. And the air on Zinfandel contains a higher proportion of oxygen than terrestrial air. One's brain is marvelously alive, like a child's brain—curious, seeking, unworried, infinitely free to be used. Do you see what I mean?"

"More or less," the police captain said. "Sounds to me like the mountains. I go to the mountains every summer with my kids. Got a shack up there."

Silence. A fat man behind the police captain said suddenly, "What did you eat, mister?"

"Anything," Jeremy answered. "Broiled steak and fried potatoes, Chesapeake Bay oysters, fried fish and chips, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding."

"Do you mean to say their food's just like ours, for Pete's sake?"

"Oh, no. Their food is so much better than anything we know that most of us stopped making things like steak and oysters after a while. We ate Zinfandel food because we liked it better."

"What's this 'making things,' Mr. Standing?" the radio reporter cut in. "You keep on talking about making things. Would you care to explain?"

Jeremy looked at the crowd. His expression became a little doubtful. Then he shrugged. In for a penny, in for a pound. "It's very simple," he said. "One can make things by thinking them into existence."

Silence. The crowd took the information, chewed on it, said nothing.

A quiet, pinched little woman ducked beneath a policeman's arm. "Make something," she said. "Go on, sir. Show us. Make something we can see."

"What?"

"A—a diamond bracelet."

Jeremy held out his hand. The bracelet glinted and glittered in the pale November sunshine.

"What are we waiting for?" shouted the man beside the police captain.

From the windows of The Gaucho Grill the Man who liked to call himself Charlie Smith on his visits to Earth saw the crowd stampeding down the street. He hesitated no longer than a split second. Too many. Dangerous. If they overflowed from the restaurant out into the street many might be injured during the time of the metamorphosis. Then there was accommodation on the journey to be considered; he could expand the saucer up to certain limits, but not beyond. Poor creatures.

Standing in the road outside the restaurant, he let ten people past him—the police captain and the man beside him, because they had a flying start and were first, several younger people who could run faster than the majority and, last of the ten, the quiet little woman who had asked Jeremy to make something. Behind her there was a gap in the crowd.

Charlie Smith held up his arms—and they changed into tentacles. His body became insectlike, scaly; it thickened; it took on a greenish-yellow color and a metallic sheen. His eyes increased in diameter, became multilensed, like the eyes of a housefly, and shone dully and terrifyingly red. Four more tentacles grew from his thorax, and his legs took on the shape of a beetle's. His gross metallic body canted forward until it was on all fours, more or less, supported by his beetle legs and two of the tentacles. The terrible eyes shone redly at the leading members of the crowd, and the remaining four tentacles waved slowly in the air—in readiness, it seemed, to grasp or to flicker out like striking snakes.

The crowd came to a standstill. The ones in front pressed backward and the ones behind readily gave way. There was a deathly silence and a stillness that was as brittle as ice.

Jeremy worked his way through the crowd. He held up his arms. "I'm sorry!" he shouted. "I'm afraid you've frightened him!"

Silence.

A woman's voice shrieked, "He's

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afraid we've frightened him!" Her hysterical laughter shattered the stillness.

Jeremy held up his arms again. "There are too many of you, that's the trouble. I expect they'll be back for more, but they can't take everybody, don't you see?"

A man said, "My heaven, look at it! Horrible. Just like a beetle!"

Jeremy turned. He went up to the beetle. Tentacles wavered, feeling his face. A sensitive man at the back of the crowd frowned as it dawned upon him that this was affection—a parting.

The beetlelike creature scuttled into the restaurant. The building shimmered, dissolved, became a silver saucer-shaped machine, rose 100 feet vertically from the ground and was gone.

In the road, Jeremy stood still, looking up in the air, following the flight of the saucer until it was no longer even a speck in the sky.

After a while, as their confidence returned, the people advanced again. When Jeremy tore his eyes from the blueness of the sky and looked at the crowd gathered round him, a burly individual in the uniform of an ice-cream peddler said, "O.K., mister. How about making me a gold brick for a start?"

Jeremy saw greed entering the faces of the crowd. He waited for a moment; then shrugged and held out his hand. A small block of gold materialized in the palm—yellow, yellow as sunlight! A great gasp of awed delight rose from 200 throats.

Jeremy threw back his right arm. With the powerful round-arm swing of the grenade-throwing infantryman, he hurled the gold block far over the crowd's heads onto the open space the saucer had just vacated. For a split second the people in the crowd were paralyzed. Then they moved. The gold block disappeared beneath a heap of struggling, cursing human beings.

A police car nearby had its door open. A gruff voice said, "Better get in, Mr. Standing. Looks as though you're going to need a bodyguard from now on."

"Yes," Jeremy said. "Thank you."

He got in. The door slammed shut. The car edged forward. One of the two cops in the front seat sucked his teeth and said, "You shouldn't have let on you could make things, Mr. Standing. You'll never get any peace, now that folk know about it."

A thought was coming to Jeremy across a thousand miles of sky. It was coming from the Man who called himself Charlie Smith. "When you are ready, Jeremy."

Jeremy opened his eyes. "Yes," he said to the cop on the front seat. "But, then, it will always be possible for me to go back. . . . Now, what can I make for you two boys?"

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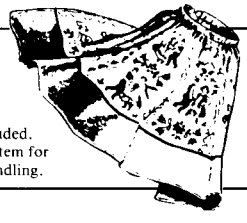

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 102)

1 Disneyland copied Mt. Cervin, better known by its German name: Matterhorn. Zermatt, the village at the foot of the great mountain, derived its name from its position. *Zur Matte* means "in the Alpine meadow."

2 The U.S. Air Force Academy, established in 1954, furthered the growth of already-popular Colorado Springs, Colorado. Pikes Peak and Pike National Forest are nearby.

3 Although Rheims was bombed every day for four years during World War II, the cathedral was left almost untouched. A 3rd-century Roman arch and 12th- and 13th-century windows blend with its Gothic architecture.

4 Vatican City has its own complete facilities, even though contained within the city of Rome. The colorful Swiss guards wear yellow, orange and blue uniforms designed by Michelangelo. Their function is to protect the Pope and the Vatican treasures.

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Still the land of opportunity

In 1952 Ronald Cosgrave stepped through the gate of a U.S. Marine compound in southern California. He was a free man now with a decision to make: Should he pack up and head back home or set out on his own? Cosgrave did what you might expect of a tough ex-marine. He embarked on the roughest road he could find: the Alcan Run, a 1,420-mile obstacle course of ruts, gravel, and volcanic dust at whose terminus lay Alaska.

Twenty-seven years later Cosgrave proudly makes that trip again, but now he goes in style in the sleek, white 727 jet of Alaska Airlines, the company which, as a novice to the airline business, he saved from insolvency and which he now heads.

When Cosgrave first arrived in Alaska, he worked as a longshoreman at $3 per hour, but then turned his sights to Fairbanks, where he started a land investment company with $3,000. The company, Alaska Continental Development Corporation (ALCO), saw some rough times. At one point Cosgrave had to take a job as a sanitary engineer to pay carpenters, but the initial stake was parlayed into a $6 million corporation.

Alaska Airlines came on the scene in the late 1960s when ALCO traded apartments and mobile homes for a half million dollars in Alaska Airlines stock. That was when Cosgrave began learning things about Alaska Airlines that he would sooner not have known at all. The carrier owed creditors nearly $20 million and was losing $5 million each year. Travelers had nicknamed it Elastic Airlines because of its stretchable departure schedule.

Cosgrave and associates quickly learned that it would be a grueling task to sift out what glittered from the surrounding debris, as tough as panning for gold in the frigid Klondike. To turn this base metal of an airline into an aureate eagle would take some real financial alchemy.

Alaska Airlines' greatest liability was its chairman of the board, an ex-Navy pilot who ran the company like a monarch and blamed his mistakes on the "dummies" who were working for him. Faltering under the ever mounting baggage of his financial faux pas, the airline was about to make a final deadweight plummet to earth. Its demise seemed imminent when in 1971 Chevron Oil Company delivered the ultimatum, "Pay up your $1.5 million fuel bill or else."

It was then that Cosgrave, past experience serving him well, took action to save his investment. He promised Chevron a complete reorganization of the airline, one that included as its first step the removal of the "monarch" from the board, a project that proved none too peaceable. In 1972 the board elected him chairman, because (he says now) he knew less than the rest of them about the true mess the airline was in.

The first year of Cosgrave's leadership Alaska Airlines turned a $400,000 profit—compared to a $2.5 million loss the year before. Cosgrave brought in his partner, Bruce Kennedy. Together they began undoing the damage accumulated over years of bad management. They tightened departures to 92 percent punctuality.

After a ground-floor start, Ron Cosgrave (right) and Bruce Kennedy are flying high with Alaska Airlines.

Early this year, to the glee of stockholders, Alaska Airlines paid the second cash dividend in its history. Financial analysts say the company's earnings could reach $100 million in 1979. Two Boeing 767s are on order for 1983.

As Cosgrave observes the wooded landscape through the capacious windows of his new $1.8 million home office in Seattle, he might well muse on what might have happened had he not taken the road to Alaska. For him the company's slogan is especially appropriate—Alaska, The Sky's the Limit. ☒

Alaska

continued from page 75

not only build a great state of the Union, but a great country of the world.

This is still the issue. In 1979, less than one-third of one percent of Alaska's land is held in private ownership. Apart from the recent land settlement with Alaska's Eskimos, Indians, and Aleuts, the state is government owned, and 42 percent of the working population is on the public payroll.

Land ownership is the key to release people from the heavy hand of government. In the battle for statehood, we convinced Congress to grant 103 million acres to our state. But before the vast majority of those acres were selected, in early December 1966 Interior Secretary Stewart Udall put a land freeze on Alaska, and we still haven't received title to most of our lands.

Today the mood in the U.S. Congress is still to place as much of Alaska as possible under lock and key.

While the romance of Alaska is well known around the world, very few people understand its realism. Our state has an incredible natural beauty that will enhance the spirit of all mankind for as long as he inhabits the earth, but that's not all.

The state's 365 million acres are laden with rich minerals that start in Siberia and move across our four time zones into Canada. Our oil wealth is well known, although only a tiny percentage of the 600 to 750 billion barrel potential has yet been tapped.

We have two trillion tons of recoverable coal, some of it in seams 600 feet thick. While the President has asked the U.S. coal industry to gear up to produce a billion tons a year, at that rate Alaska alone has enough for 2,000 years.

There are mountains of copper. There are tin, iron, forests of timber rotting for lack of harvest, a continental shelf larger in size than that adjacent to the rest of the U.S. This shelf, home of one of the world's greatest fisheries, has been largely plundered by foreign fishermen because of our own national neglect.

The question uppermost in the minds of most Alaskans today is the same as it was prior to statehood, but the national significance of the question is now greater: Can America afford to keep Alaska on ice?

The nation as a whole is being devastated by a tide of inflation, a direct result of our dependence on foreign energy and other resources. At the present rate of inflation, ten years from now the dollar will be worth a dime. America's wage earners are being locked in place by the escalating cost of living, and her senior citizens reduced to poverty-level subsistence.

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There is no wealth without production, but America seems to think it can afford the luxury of bringing its own production to a halt.

The prevailing attitude is that utilizing the oil, natural gas, and coal within our own country, off our coasts, in the great plains, or in Alaska is somehow evil. We buy 45 percent of our energy from overseas, shipping over $40 billion a year to the Arab-OPEC states in exchange for their oil. And we stand idly by as those same nations buy up our real estate and corporations with our own money.

If that energy were produced within our own borders, think of the jobs that would be created, the taxes that would be generated, and the profits that would remain within the borders of America, strengthening the dollar.

This is not narrow nationalism. It is the struggle to keep a free society independent and healthy, a vital mission in an unstable world.

That's one reason the Alaskan people are upset. We want to make and keep ourselves self-sufficient, and we want to help the rest of the nation. Yet, instead of being thanked and encouraged, we are accused of being ignorant or callous to the beauty and the natural glory of our state.

The exact opposite is true. Most of us who came here from sunnier, more comfortable parts of the nation were attracted by the beauty, the wonders of the outdoors, and the challenges and satisfactions of living on the frontier.

But we have a different view of the environment than those in the South 48 who want to preserve Alaska untouched, as some kind of atonement for their environmental sins of the past. To us the environmental issue is truly global, and it encompasses the needs of man as well as nature.

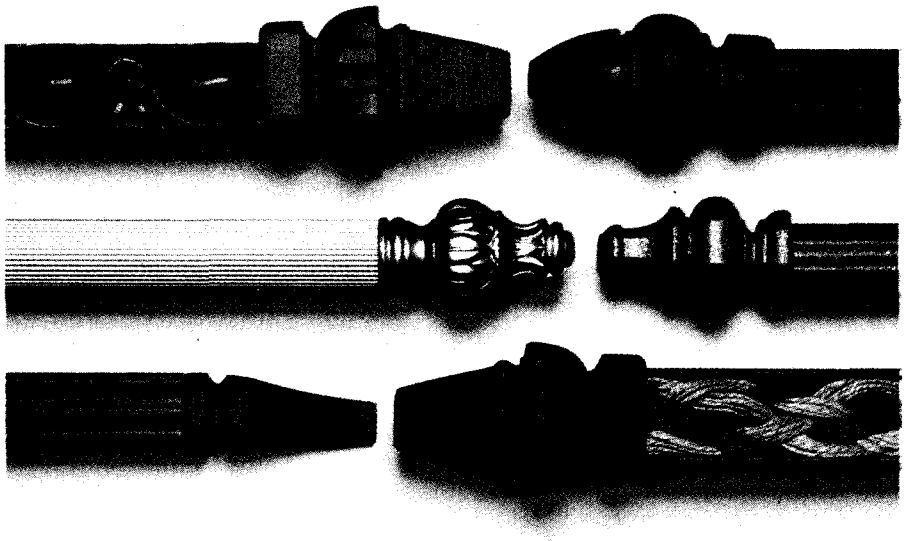
No wonder. With Siberia and Canada as next-door neighbors, Alaska stretches out toward Asia as a welcoming hand. We relate to Japan as easily as we do to parts of the U.S. that are equally distant.

You cannot be a true environmentalist and shut out the rest of the world.

Continued on following page

THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS
by Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's
lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and
the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still
water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and
am free.



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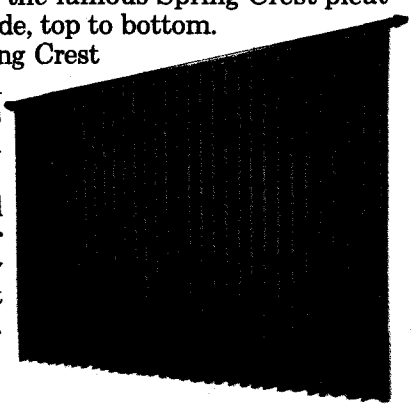

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Pollution knows no boundaries. All major rivers flow into the common seas. Why is it right to extract resources from Indonesia or Nigeria, where pollution standards are not as strict as our own, but not from our own country?

The truly enlightened nations are those that will use their own God-given resources—but carefully, without waste. It is only the short-sighted or the selfish who would export the problems of pollution and development, rather than face them and solve them at home. If we with our technology and creative population don't conquer these challenges, we cannot expect the emerging nations to do so.

Nature is part of the wheel of life, but it is not the total wheel. The color of the environment is not just green. The color is real. A man who is cold, hungry, and unemployed is in an ugly environment. And any compassionate individual or government must be concerned about that reality.

History shows that civilizations can enhance wildlife populations and the environment. Left to itself, nature becomes intolerant, with no compassion for any living need. Only man in concert with nature can add the compassion and emotion so vital for balance.

With that view of the world and people's needs, we need not fear the challenge of Alaska as much as understand it. And it's basically been that fear, the lack of knowledge by others, that is our greatest handicap.

I am continually impressed, even awed, by the depth and breadth of ignorance about Alaska among our nation's leaders, the academic community, and especially the congressional and bureaucratic personnel who are making the decisions on the future and use of our land.

A perfect example is President Carter's action last November to place 56 million acres of Alaska in National Monuments. Obviously the President wants to do what is best, but he has made an error of national and historic proportions. With one stroke of the pen, he has made a dramatic, negative impact on the accessibility of at least $20 billion worth of proven mineral reserves. And this is only the first move of those who are playing for the total lockup of Alaska, and of millions of other acres of public lands in many western states.

What most Americans don't realize is that the vast areas of Alaska that are the subject of the current heated debate are *already* protected. They are all federal lands under federal jurisdiction. There is no way that a squadron of bulldozers, or even a single backhoe, can move into these lands without the approval of numerous layers of government, each armed with its own regulations and environmental precautions.

The tragedy is that, under the new classifications being thrust on these lands, they will be virtually off-limits to people for all kinds of activities, not only resource use but also most types of recreation, hunting, fishing, and even dog-sledding.

The public is being told that great national parks are being created that they will one day be able to visit. But there are no plans to provide access to these areas so that average Americans of all classes, senior citizens, the very young, or the disabled can have a chance to view and enjoy the wonders of these areas. An exclusive domain is being created for the bureaucrats and the wealthy elite, and at tremendous cost.

During the next few months, the National Park Service will hire 110 more employees, at the expense of $5 million a year, to police these areas, to keep the people out. The public thinks this land is being set aside for them. They will learn differently when they run into "no trespassing" signs and uniformed officials.

The great challenge of our time lies in the creative use of our resources and care of our national environment at one and the same time. The two can be compatible. We have already proved this in Alaska.

The Trans Alaska Pipeline, at first attacked in the national media as a great threat to the environment, is now heralded as one of the wonders of our time. It has demonstrated that we can use the vital life-support resources in Alaska and care for nature and wildlife. Today 1.2 million barrels of oil are pumped through that pipeline every day. Since it began operating in June 1977, over 725 tankers have sailed from Valdez harbor carrying North Slope oil to the rest of the nation. Few Americans realize that that 789-mile pipeline right of way utilizes only 15 square miles of Alaska out of 586,000.

Oil is just one of the North Slope's great riches. Even more valuable is the reservoir of trillions of cubic feet of natural gas that is now being reinjected into the oilfield because there is no way to get it to market.

A gas pipeline is planned, but it has been stalled and now is scheduled to be built through Canada. Financing of the Canadian line may prove impossible.

The best solution is to run the gas pipeline along the same path as the oil line, causing no additional environmental disturbance. Then the gas can be liquefied at an ice-free port for

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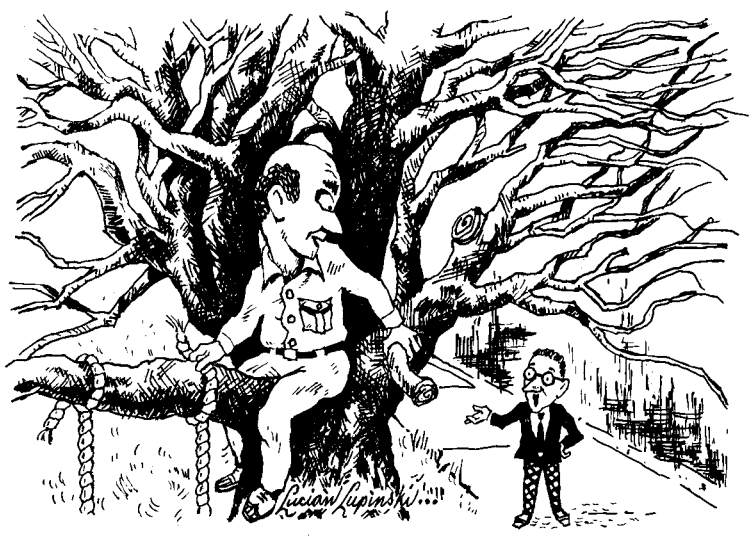

The Perfect Squelch

Roberts, a young intellectual, viewed his suburban neighbors with frank distaste. "A bunch of Babbitts struggling through a maze of diapers and P.T.A. meetings," was one of his kindest comments. "The men are impossible," he often said, "and their wives incredible."

Starting out for a thoughtful stroll one Sunday, Roberts saw one of his neighbors perched in a tree, fastening the ropes for a child's swing. "Ah, Henderson," he called. "Reverting to type, I suppose?"

When Henderson just waved a friendly greeting, Roberts moved closer to say, "I always suspected you evolved from some monkey ancestor."

Dropping to the ground, Henderson smiled. "I guess I did," he said. "And may I wish *your* descendants just as good luck?"

—*Hal Chadwick*

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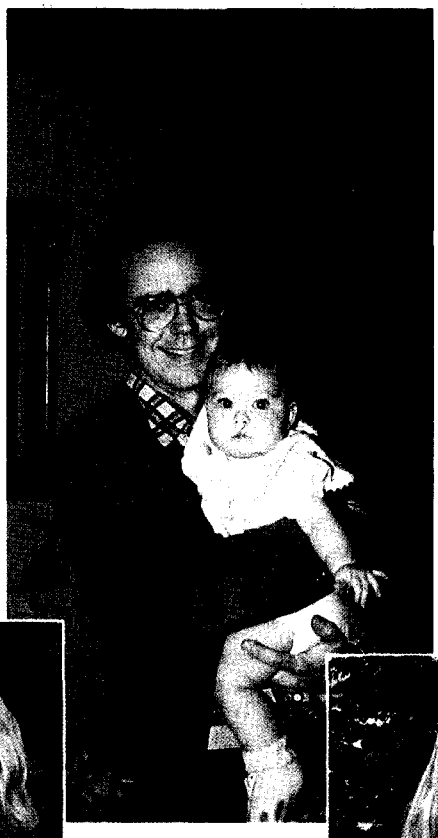
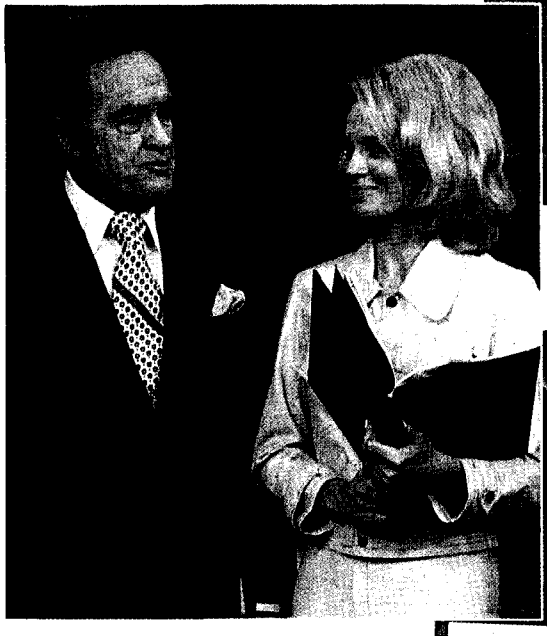
POST PEOPLE

Catching Angie Dickinson and Bob Hope together is an explosive event in itself, something akin to bringing Mt. Aetna and Mt. Vesuvius into the same photo. The luscious Angie, whose 48 years make her something of a miracle when you consider that she has possibly the most spectacular legs this side of Ann Miller, is constantly in the news based on her attracting the world's most celebrated escorts. Quote: "Essentially a woman's job is being a woman." Bob, whose leading ladies in the past have included all the beauty and glamour Hollywood has had to offer, appears to be both transfixed (not usual with him) and attracted: Seemingly he is in the process of awarding her an "A" or "A-plus." The eternally fascinating thing about Bob is his unquenchable youth and charm. Now past 75, notice how the man is bringing out Angie's greatest smile.



The world as a whole has a soft spot in its heart for any young father proud of his first offspring, but when the bright-eyed infant bears the name of Jennie and the beaming father is Dwight David Eisenhower III, the picture of the two is worth another look. David's new book is due off the presses shortly (women's libbers may derive some satisfaction that wife Julie Nixon Eisenhower is quite a few volumes ahead of him in the literary production sweepstakes). Folks who remember that Ike took David in hand as a little tyke are eager to learn how the young political prospect is maturing and what kind of sparks of his own he may be sending out. He's seen a lot happen in and out of the White House. Anybody here know if he's had any thoughts about Jennie winding up in the White House herself?



John Connally, on the campaign trail, arrives at Indianapolis airport and is greeted by City Council President Beurt SerVaas. Off the record report: Connally's luggage went flying off to parts unknown, but the man himself breezed through the ceremonies and speechmaking in high style, making some of his opponents wonder how he would have done with a full set of duds. He so galvanized the audience of GOP Midwestern leaders that a CBS News poll gave him a hands-down preference over other GOP candidates. The Republicans named Connally over Reagan by a 3-2 margin.

Gary Player, winner of three Masters' titles in golf, three British opens, one PGA tournament, and uncounted others all over the world, is justly famous for his good sportsmanship as well as his skills on the greens, and a trimness which puts younger PGA players to shame, as the result of his passion for physical fitness. Back in his native South Africa, Player enjoys his 4,000-acre ranch, his lively brood of four daughters and two sons, his wife Vivienne (who wishes he'd stay home for good) and 130 horses, in a country squire's reward for his triumphs. Just the same, with such temptations at hand, Player can't quite get himself to retire from golfing competition. "I used to say I'd quit at 35," says the 43-year-old veteran. But quitting doesn't seem any closer now. He has plenty of wins ahead of him the way he's hitting the ball these days, and an extra added incentive to keep him on the links—son Wayne has announced his intention to pursue a career in golf. If it's going to be like-father, like-son, the name of Player is going to decorate an awful lot more silver trophies in the future than even in the past.

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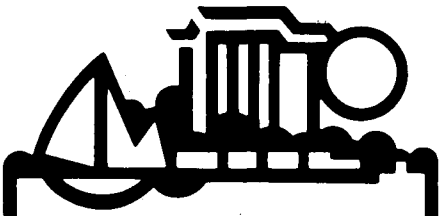

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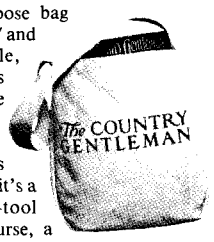

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transportation to market. The great wisdom of this approach is that the gas can be utilized for petrochemicals, with all the beneficial by-products that range from vitamins and antibiotics to fertilizers, valued at 10 to 40 times the raw resource.

Unlike the temperate climate of the rest of America, the harshness of Alaska inspires the inventiveness of man. Very few of the conditions are the normal or expected. A perfect example is transportation.

It was over 60 years ago that Judge James Wickersham went before a joint session of Congress and pleaded for the building of a simple railroad from the port of Seward north. Congress passed an act authorizing the President to build a railroad not to exceed 1,000 miles in length. Its primary purpose was to open up the country. That's still a valid need today; yet the railroad is only half completed.

Rather than locking up Alaska, Congress and the President should see the great opportunity and challenge of opening it. If they could only understand this land and its true greatness, they would extend the railroad from Fairbanks to the Arctic Ocean, east to Canada's Yukon Territory and west to a port on the Bering Sea.

The Arctic scenery is one of the unsung wonders of the world. If you could ride a transarctic express in the winter you would stop thinking of the Arctic in shades of blue and see it in hues of red, orange, and subtle pink, as well as the luminous greens and yellows of the northern lights.

And the wildlife. Witness the overwhelming impact of thousands of majestic snow geese sweeping across the horizon and you will appreciate the magnitude of God. Alaska is a refuge for many endangered species, such as the trumpeter swan and the bald eagle, but it is also the home of abundant species. One million caribou range across Canada and Alaska, and a train does not disturb them.

Once you reach the Bering Sea, it's only a short boat or airplane ride to Gambell Island. I have stood there many times and watched the Siberian mountains appear to go down into the water and come out again. Siberia, a far distant land in another part of the world? No. Just an eyesight away. All this is available to this generation if we only have the imagination to attain it.

These are the kinds of challenges that the Alaskan people want to undertake if they are encouraged, not suppressed, by the federal government.

I don't condone the burning in effigy of President Carter and the current demonstrations that border on violence, but I understand them. The American revolution demonstrated that a free people in a free society, if ignored and overregulated for too long, will revolt. If the federal government continues to take drastic action, it will get drastic results.

After all, as well as the beauty of this land, it was the freedom of spirit, the freedom of the land, and the freedom of thought that attracted our population not only to America but to Alaska.

Here in the North we learned to cope with the elements. We won statehood. We survived the Good Friday earthquake in 1964, one of the most violent and lethal ever recorded on the North American continent. Three years later Fairbanks was swept by flood. And worst of all, we have lived under the restraints of a 12-year federal land freeze.

The greatness of America was fashioned by the free spirit of free people creating a kind of society never tried before on earth. That is all that the Alaskan people ask to be a part of. If they are trusted to follow that road, the rest of the nation, indeed the world, will be better for it.

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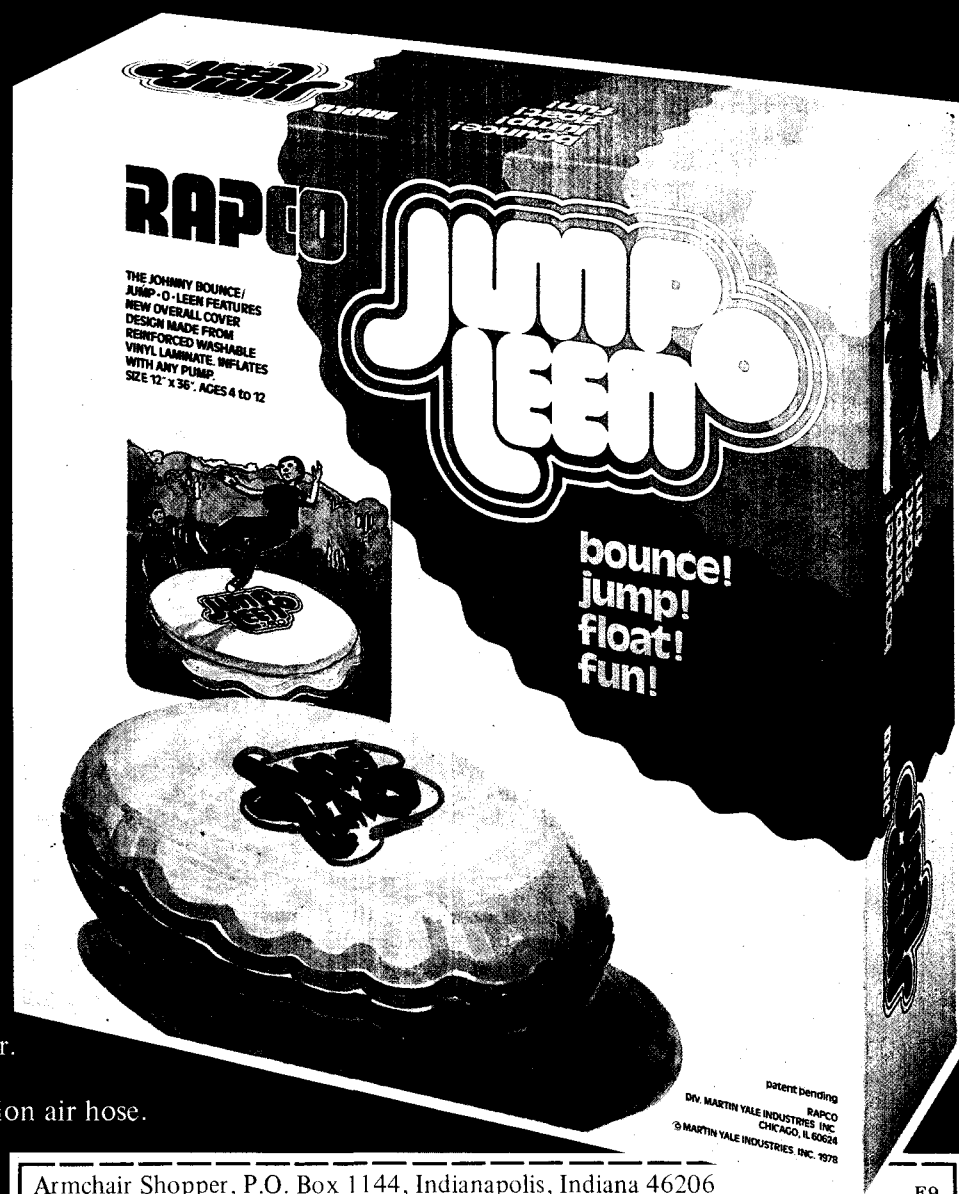
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Ragin' Cajun

continued from page 14

darn thing cheats," he says and then returns to the subject at hand.

"A few years ago, players would say, 'I made $50,000, let's get me a big car.' Today, they got nothing. Once that car's engine goes, you got to get a new one, and you got to have more money to pay for it." Guidry's right hand kneads his money arm unconsciously. "When I want to get into activities outside of baseball, I don't want to get by on loans from every bank in town."

His tastes, therefore, are simple. "I could care less what it means to have 1925 wine compared to 1976. You ask for a bottle of wine, you get a bottle of wine. Strawberry Hill is just as good as 1912 Bordeaux."

But then, as if the statement he has made is a bit *too* facetious, the Louisianan moderates his stance. "I might buy the most expensive item sometime, but when I do it's because I don't want to buy two or three things like it in five years' time. It's not done because I'm trying to show the guy next door that I'm wealthier."

During seven years of barely .500 pitching in bush league ball, the late-maturing Guidry slept on the floor with wife Bonnie because rent was tough to scrape up. "Now," says the ballplayer, "we make enough money where we can sacrifice a little. We have an apartment that we stay in outside New York City and rent all year round. So what if we pay four or five months' rent more? It saves us the hassle of sometimes two or three weeks searching for a place."

Guidry's eyes slide to his wrist once again. It is 1:00 and Clay is due in at 1:20. The pitcher goes to the bullpen, and wife Bonnie comes in to relieve him—lovely complexion, eyes soulful as a fawn's. Somehow I am not disappointed by the substitution before me on the sofa.

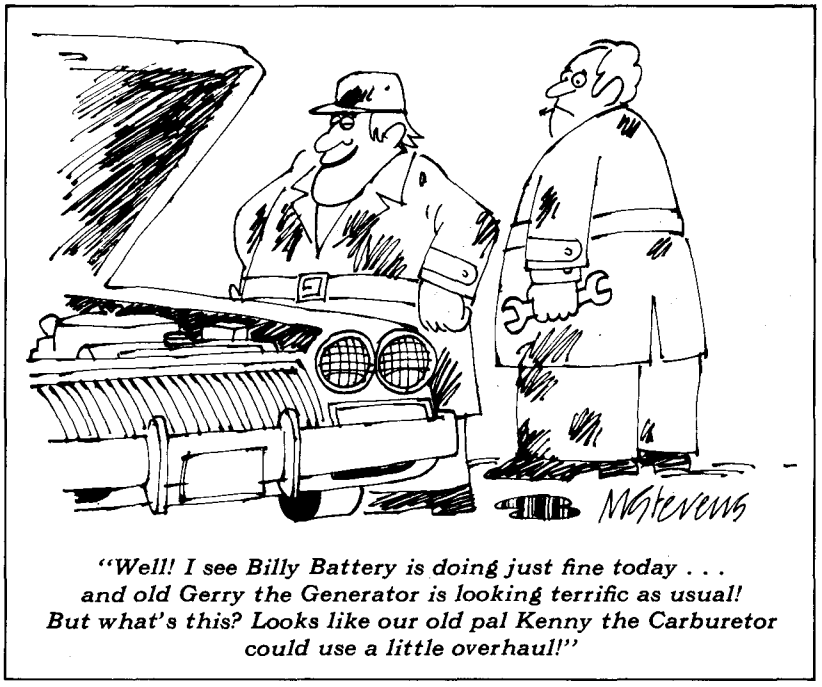
"Don't ask me what everybody else does," she pleads. I look at the trim cheerleader frame packed into a tight blue turtleneck sweater and expensive jeans and decide not to ask that question. Ron Guidry's no fool. I already have the answer.

Instead, I ask how she gets along with the wives of other ballplayers. Is there a pecking order among the ladies? Is there a clique of superstar wives who crowd out the spouses of lesser players?

"Not with the Yankees," Bonnie answers. "I understand that with other clubs there are such problems. The Yankees don't care what the wives do. We could have a fistfight in the stands, and it wouldn't bother them."

So how does a small-town girl from Lafayette, Louisiana, cope with the pressures of life in the Big Apple? "You have to be very independent to be a baseball wife," she says. "Everything happens when the guys are on the road. That's when the kids get sick and you're on your own."

Ron and Bonnie are the doting parents of a two-year-old charmer named Jamie. "We planned it so that I'd have her while Ron was home," says Bonnie. "She was born in November. Ron was in the labor room but didn't want to come into the delivery room. He wasn't quite sure what was going on, but maybe next time I'll get him to come with me."



"Well! I see Billy Battery is doing just fine today . . . and old Gerry the Generator is looking terrific as usual! But what's this? Looks like our old pal Kenny the Carburetor could use a little overhaul!"

The two met in high school when Ron was a senior, Bonnie a lowly sophomore. "He was the big stud in school," she says.

Ron comes back into the room. He has changed shirts. "Don't say I don't get dressed up sometimes," he throws out to us. We don't say anything. He still has on Levis that look like they've been rescued from an incinerator. There's a knock on the door, and we all tromp downstairs.

Cathy Ducote, right-hand assistant to Ron Guidry's agent, sweeps into the house wearing a smile bright as chrome. She dumps a load of baseballs, personal papers, and baseball gloves down on the kitchen counter. Ron kisses her by way of greeting and sets himself for the storm he knows is coming.

"You promised to come into the office once a week to sign all this stuff," scolds Cathy. "Now I've *gotcha*," she adds triumphantly. But Ron is already out the door and scurrying toward his blue Corvette while his visitor pouts in mock anger.

Bonnie brings out a plate of pastries piled high enough to give all Louisiana pimples. I ask her if she ever gets involved in Ron's hobbies—hunting, for instance. Bonnie giggles while pouring coffee.

"We were married maybe a year and living with his mom and dad because we couldn't afford rent," she says. "Ron kept telling me that hunting is hard work, so one day when I had nothing to do, I decided to go with him. One morning, in the middle of the night, I put on my shoes inside his army boots, a camouflage suit, and a wool hat; and off we went."

The Guidrys arrived before dawn and set up watch in a wet, wind-drilled blind. After 15 minutes, Bonnie began to feel fidgety. "After 25, I left," she confesses. "It was the most *boring* thing. We didn't see a bird. We didn't see anything." Then, to top things off, on her way back to camp, Bonnie complains, she "got stuck in this gloshy, icky mud with those big boots."

So much for togetherness. But one thing Bonnie and her husband have in common is love for kids. Without fanfare, the two frequently visit ill children in Lafayette hospitals. In fact, the day before Bonnie and Ron had stopped by the bedside of a desperately ill boy who asked them to wash his face because Ron Guidry was coming. "Well, who do you think I am?" Ron asked the boy. Says Bonnie, "The kid's eyes got big as saucers and he

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Where Do You Think You Are?

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1. Rhode Island
2. Illinois
3. Kansas
4. Massachusetts
5. Michigan
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yelled, 'Ron Guidry!' " Bonnie smiles a bittersweet smile and says it is getting increasingly difficult for Ron to answer all these requests. Time is one factor, but the emotional toll on Ron is another. "He tries to hold it in, but it shakes him up," admits Bonnie.

Cathy announces that it is time to visit the law offices of her boss, John Schneider, who serves as Guidry's counsel, friend, and agent. Bonnie mentions that Ron will be speaking at a Rotary luncheon the next day, and it might be a good opportunity to see another side of her husband. Good-byes are said, and I manage to stuff a frosting-covered bearclaw into my briefcase for future munching.

Twenty minutes later, we arrive at the office. Immediately, I decide that Schneider is a most pragmatic man. A placard reading "Please Do Not Smoke" rests against an ashtray on his desk. A Bible competes with a Chivas bottle for space. At 29, the same age as Guidry, the attorney has had to step down from an important City Council post to devote all his energies to the Yankee's finances. Still, Schneider's cut of Guidry's future millions may one day help him stump for a Senate seat. "Politics is a rich man's game," shrugs Schneider.

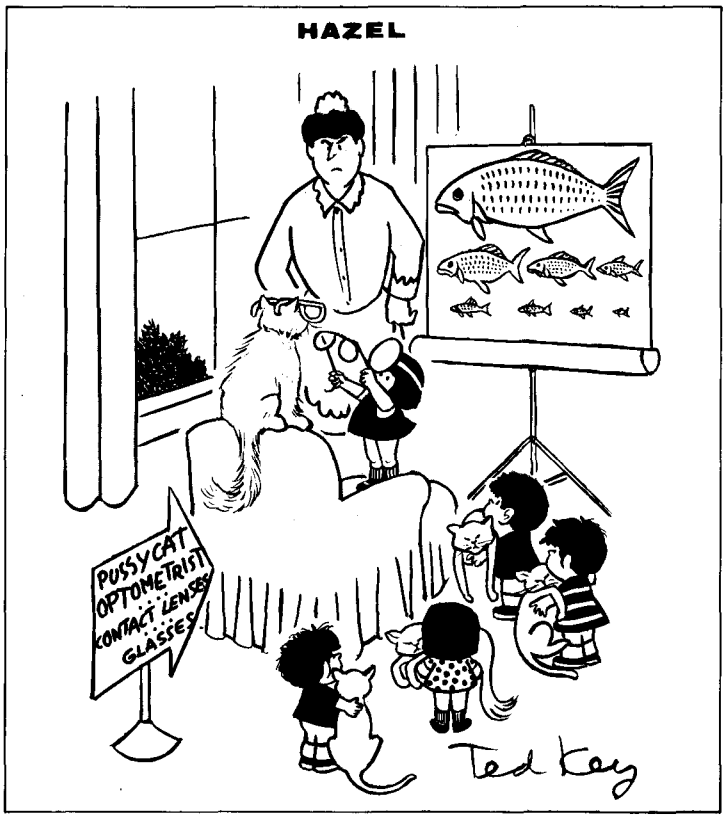
Stolid as a bomb squadder, the ruddy-complected Schneider easily made the transition from bayou to Bronx as Guidry's rep in salary hassles with the Yanks. He believes today's gargantuan player salaries are justified, and that owners can easily afford to meet a superstar's demands.

"I don't believe that owners like George Steinbrenner or Gene Autry who have proven conclusively that they know how to handle large sums of money over the years will suddenly become suckers or fools when confronted with somebody's bright young agent," says Schneider. Baseball is a big business which pays on the results that are produced. Ball clubs are for the most part making a profit, and if they're making a profit now while paying high salaries, they'd only be making even higher profits if they weren't paying them. It's supply and demand. The owners pay a ballplayer $3.2 million because that's what is needed to get to the World Series. In order to get the ballplayers, they have to pay the price. And by paying the price, the fans are satisfied and everybody goes away happy."

In the old days, argues Schneider, owners took advantage of players who were unwilling to seem immodest by blowing their own horns at contract time. "Ballplayers were in a sense tied up by a ballclub for their entire lives. If a player didn't accept an offer, what could he do? There was no bargaining position. Players were at the mercy of their ballclub.

"Ron is the perfect example of an athlete who finds it hard to talk about himself. He has this basic humble instinct in him. He doesn't keep up with every award so that he can rattle them off. But I *can*. I come in there as an agent who represents him. It's statistics, it's a track record which speaks."

At the end of the current season, Guidry's new track record will give Schneider further bargaining power with Yankee officials. Guidry's record nowhere matches his won-lost record of 1978, but he's demonstrated his worth to the team by filling in as a much-needed relief pitcher. Schneider is obviously attached to Ron. He is a man who easily drops his carefully tailored three-piece suits to flop in a duck blind alongside Guidry. "Our friendship has really deepened over the last year," says Schneider proudly.



The next day, it is Schneider who accompanies Ron and Bonnie to a Rotary luncheon in the ballplayer's honor. It is Schneider who shields the ballplayer from a half dozen sportswriters from as far away as New York who've come in search of a local color story. It is Schneider who introduces his friend, cracks some jokes, makes the atmosphere as relaxed as a sauna by the time Ron Guidry takes over the mike.

Ron is clad in a soft green sweater and brown slacks which contrast with seven rows of blue suits before him. These are men who followed his career back when he was a local American Legion and college athlete. Each is voicing the same unspoken question: Has success spoiled Ron Guidry?

But Guidry gives them chatter and quips. He gently gibes an old college coach; he thanks someone who helped him win a scholarship. His delivery is as flawless as it is on a mound. Someone in the audience throws out a rather impertinent question concerning Billy Martin's abilities, but Guidry graciously tries to answer.

"Being a Yankee manager is a tough job," he says. "You have 25 guys from 25 different places who have 25 different ideas about winning ballgames."

His spiel is punchy and quickly over. He gives public thanks again to all who have supported him, apologizes if he's left anyone out. The New Yorker with the most Southern of Dixie drawls has but one last thing to say. "The Yankees are a ballclub, not something I'm going to become. I'm always going to be a Cajun first."

The restaurant explodes in applause. Every chair is vacant except for Ronnie's as he sits red-cheeked amid friends and neighbors who love him. To my right, a stocky man with gray, close-cropped hair is shouting something to his companion. I have to strain to hear.

"Ronnie is Ronnie," shouts the man, "He'll *never* change."

I guess Tom Wolfe was wrong. Some men *can* come home again.

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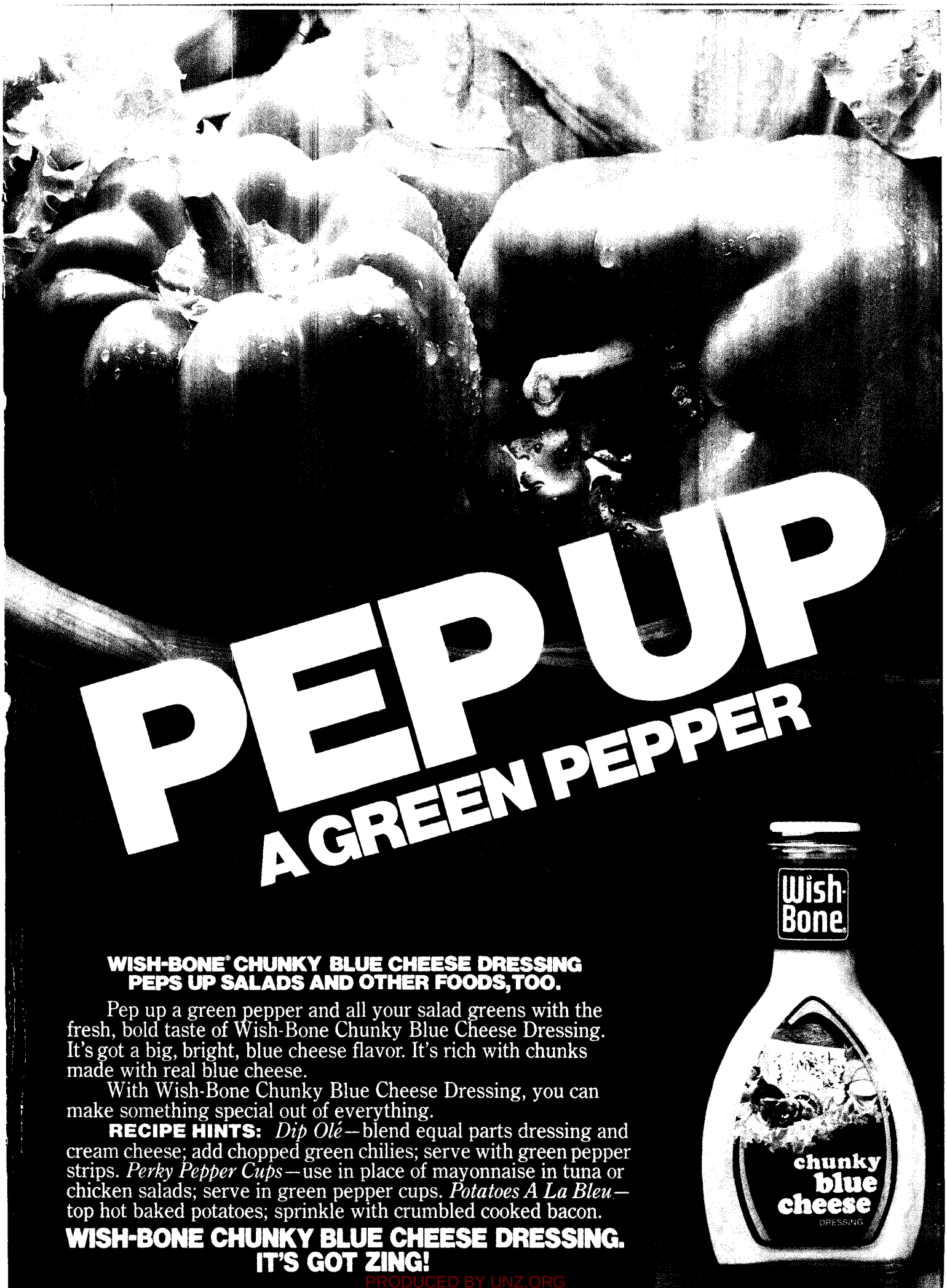

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